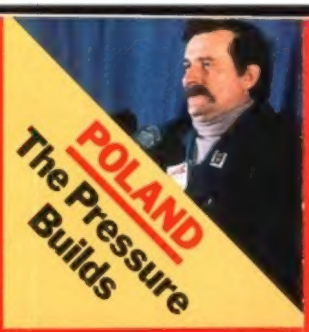
DECEMBER 15, 1980 $1.50

TIME



POLAND
The Pressure Builds

Rocky Mountain High

SOARING PROSPECTS FOR THE '80s

10090 0 50 724404

PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K WAGON

$6,721†

40 24*

EST HWY EPA EST MPG

PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K SEDAN

$5,980†

41 25*

EST HWY EPA EST MPG

PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K COUPE

$5,880†

41 25*

EST HWY EPA EST MPG

PLYMOUTH TC 3 HATCHBACK

$6,149†

41 27*

EST HWY EPA EST MPG

PLYMOUTH HORIZON MISER

$5,299†

50 30*

EST HWY EPA EST MPG

PLYMOUTH CHAMP HATCHBACK

$4,988†

50 37*

EST HWY EPA EST MPG

	EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K CUSTOM WAGON	**40**	**24**	**6**	**FRONT**	**$6,721**
Oldsmobile Cutlass Wagon	30	21	6	REAR	$7,417
Chevrolet Malibu Wagon	26	19	6	REAR	$6,792
Pontiac LeMans Wagon	30	21	6	REAR	$7,316
Toyota Corona Wagon	37	25	5	REAR	$6,649
Datsun 810 Wagon	34	23	4	REAR	$7,929

PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K CUSTOM WAGON STANDARD FEATURES: • Trans-4 2.2-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power front disc and rear drum brakes • Concealed windshield wipers • AM radio (may be deleted for credit) • 69.2 cu. ft. of cargo volume (with rear seat down) • Custom all-vinyl bench seats • Radial tires • Woodgrain appliqué on instrument panel

	EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K SEDAN	**41**	**25**	**6**	**FRONT**	**$5,980**
Chevrolet Citation 4-Dr. Hatchback	35	22	5	FRONT	$6,404
Buick Skylark 4-Dr. Sedan	35	22	5	FRONT	$6,551
Ford Granada 4-Dr. Sedan	34	23	5/6	REAR	$6,633
Oldsmobile Cutlass 4-Dr. Sedan	27	17	6	REAR	$6,955
Chevrolet Malibu 4-Dr. Sport Sedan	26	19	6	REAR	$6,614

PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K SEDAN STANDARD FEATURES: • Trans-4 2.2-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4-speed manual transaxle with overdrive • Color-keyed wraparound wide vinyl side molding • Concealed windshield wipers • Cloth-and-vinyl bench seats • Radial tires • Color-keyed carpeting

	EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K COUPE	**41**	**25**	**6**	**FRONT**	**$5,880**
Chevrolet Citation 2-Dr. Hatchback	35	22	5	FRONT	$6,270
Oldsmobile Omega 2-Dr. Coupe	35	22	5	FRONT	$6,343
Buick Skylark 2-Dr. Coupe	35	22	5	FRONT	$6,405
Ford Fairmont 2-Dr. Sedan	34	23	5/6	REAR	$6,032
Ford Granada 2-Dr. Sedan	34	23	5/6	REAR	$6,474

PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K COUPE STANDARD FEATURES: • Trans-4 2.2-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4-speed manual transaxle with overdrive • Color-keyed wraparound wide vinyl side molding • Concealed windshield wipers • Cloth-and-vinyl bench seats • Radial tires • Color-keyed carpeting

	EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
PLYMOUTH TC3 2-DR. HATCHBACK	**41**	**27**	**5**	**FRONT**	**$6,149**
Honda Prelude	36	27	4	FRONT	$7,095
Datsun 200SX 2-Dr. Hatchback	39	28	4	REAR	$7,189
Ford Mustang 2-Dr. Hatchback	34	23	4	REAR	$6,408
Toyota Celica GT 2-Dr. Liftback	37	25	4	REAR	$7,209
VW Scirocco 2-Dr. Hatchback	40	25	4	FRONT	$8,495

PLYMOUTH TC3 STANDARD FEATURES: • 4-cylinder 1.7-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4-speed manual transaxle • Tinted glass • Radial tires • Fold-down rear seat • Custom all-vinyl bucket seats • Sport steering wheel

	EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
PLYMOUTH HORIZON MISER 4-DR. LIFTBACK	**50**	**30**	**5**	**FRONT**	**$5,299**
Ford Escort L 4-Dr. Liftgate	42	27	4	FRONT	$5,814
VW Rabbit L 4-Dr. Liftback	42	28	4	FRONT	$6,520
Datsun 510 4-Dr. Hatchback	41	30	4	REAR	$6,639
Toyota Corolla Deluxe 4-Dr. Sedan	39	28	4	REAR	$5,458
Chevrolet Chevette 4-Dr. Liftback	39	30	4	REAR	$5,394

PLYMOUTH HORIZON MISER STANDARD FEATURES: • 4-cylinder 1.7-liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack-and-pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4-speed manual transaxle • Radial tires • Multifunction steering column lever • Fold-down rear seat (liftback utility) • All-vinyl bucket seats • Color-keyed carpeting

	EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE†
PLYMOUTH CHAMP HATCHBACK	**50**	**37**	**5**	**FRONT**	**$4,988**
Ford Escort 3-Dr. Hatchback	44	30	4	FRONT	$5,158
Toyota Tercel Liftback	46	34	5	FRONT	$5,058
Datsun 310 2-Dr. Hatchback	42	32	4	FRONT	$5,189
Honda Accord	36	27	4	FRONT	$6,449
Chevrolet Chevette 2-Dr.	39	30	4	REAR	$5,255

PLYMOUTH CHAMP HATCHBACK STANDARD FEATURES: • 1.4-liter OHC MCA Jet engine with hemispherical combustion chambers • Electronic ignition • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power front disc brakes • 4-speed manual transaxle • Steel-belted radial whitewall tires • Trip odometer, temperature and fuel gauges • Reclining bucket seats • Folding rear seat • Front and rear bumper guards

IT'S NO MYSTERY WHY PLYMOUTH SALES ARE UP AND AUTO INDUSTRY SALES ARE DOWN.

Plymouth is the number 1 American car company brand for high-mileage** cars. With more of the top mileage cars. More low-priced front-wheel-drive vehicles than any other nameplate.

*Use EPA EST. MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Calif. ests. lower.
†**Base sticker prices. Comparisons based on sticker prices, unadjusted for differences in levels of standard equipment. Destination charges, title and taxes extra.**
WSW $51 extra on Reliant $52 extra on Horizon and $58 extra on TC3.
**Based on projected fleet average of 28.1 MPG.
***Based on 1981 EPA ratings of vehicles with 24 EPA EST. MPG or higher.
****$6721 or less.

Why has front-wheel-drive become the wave of the future?

Fuel-efficiency.

The new front-wheel-drive technology mounts the engine sideways over the front drive wheels for direct power.

Then it takes the bulky transmission, drive shaft and rear differential out of the way of the passenger compartment. And moves them all up front with the engine to form a single compact power train unit.

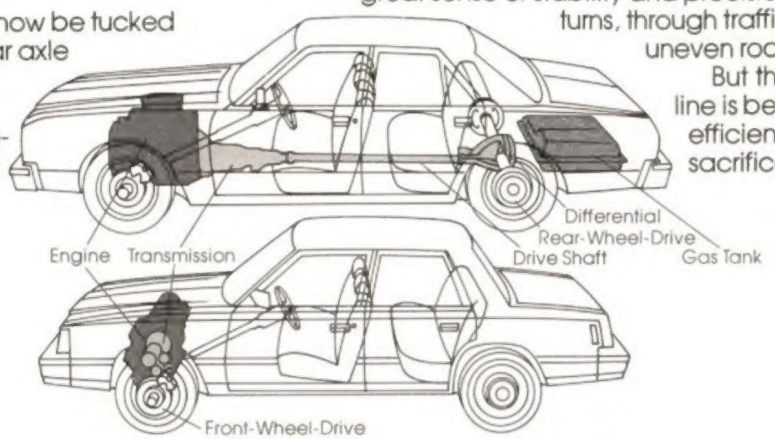
The gas tank can now be tucked safely in front of the rear axle and out of the way of the trunk.

This simple, space-efficient design allows a roomy passenger and luggage compartment in a smaller high-mileage car.

That's not all. With the weight of engine and power train directly over the front drive wheels, you get better traction in snow, rain and on slippery surfaces.

And because front-wheel-drive pulls a car rather than pushes it from behind, you get a great sense of stability and precision around turns, through traffic and over uneven road surfaces.

But the bottom line is better fuel-efficiency without sacrifice of room.



Why Plymouth front-wheel-drive?

Plymouth advanced, state-of-the-art, front-wheel-drive technology is acknowledged throughout the industry. We've had the benefit of over 11 billion miles of owner experience with fuel-efficient front-wheel-drive cars in America. That's more than Ford or GM. More than Datsun or Toyota. And we're just warming up.

Plymouth now has more different kinds of high-mileage front-wheel-drive cars than any other nameplate.††

Foreign or domestic.

Most of the cars we sell today are high-mileage front-wheel-drive. The new Trans-4 engines, standard in most of our domestic front-wheel-drive cars, are specifically designed and engineered for front-wheel-drive. This not only makes them exceptionally fuel-efficient, it also makes them wonderfully easy to service because most things are up-front, on-top where you can easily reach them.

Plymouth front-wheel-drive cars share in our new mileage breakthrough—an advanced electronic fuel-control system that continuously monitors and adjusts engine timing and air/fuel ratio for optimum efficiency. Result: Plymouth is the mileage leader in more classes than any other nameplate.†† American or import.

Plymouth front-wheel-drive cars are designed and engineered so carefully that they have traditional resale leadership.

In fact, our Horizon has the highest resale record of any car built in America, based on recent Automotive Market Reports of 1979 models with automatic transmissions.

Plymouth has been able to achieve all this and still maintain competitive prices. In fact, Plymouth has more of America's lowest-priced front-wheel-drive cars than anyone else.

And think about this. If everyone drove a Plymouth front-wheel-drive car, America wouldn't have to import one drop of OPEC oil for gasoline.†††

Plymouth

The American Way To Beat The Pump.

†† Based on EPA categories. ††† Based on 25 EPA EST. MPG rating and 15,000 annual miles vs. current 14 MPG avg. for 110 million U.S. cars. (44% of our OPEC oil is made into gasoline.)

DECEMBER 15, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 24

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Richard Woodbury did not plan it that way, but this week's cover story on the booming, environmentally fragile Rocky Mountain West coincides roughly with his—and TIME's—return to the region. Born in Manhattan, Woodbury worked for newspapers in Denver and Grand Junction, Colo., in the 1960s. Earlier this year TIME marked the Mountain West's growing importance by reopening its Denver news bureau after a 13-year hiatus, and by installing Woodbury as chief. He barely had a chance to unpack his skis before this week's story propelled him on a two-week, 2,500-mile sweep across seven states from the Canadian border to New Mexico. "I had been warned that the region would be unrecognizable to me," he says. "Things like the brown pollution cloud over Denver's skyline, the mind-boggling traffic in Jackson Hole, the rising crime rates. But I was just as surprised by the things that had not changed: the eerie desolation of a high-country road in Wyoming, the majesty of the Teton mountains, and especially the open warmth of the Westerner. I left behind me a string of meal invitations and bottomless coffee cups."

CARL IWASAKI

Woodbury with oil rig in Colorado

Gavin Scott, TIME's San Francisco bureau chief, spent 17 days on the Rocky Mountain trail. He liked Boise best, he says, "mostly because of the people, who are contented but not complacent, but also for the clean air, picturesque rivers and forests. Boise residents live there not by chance but by choice." Correspondent Michael Moritz trekked through Tucson, Santa Fe and Salt Lake City before winding up at Arco's Black Thunder mine in Wyoming. He watched in awe as "shovels the size of freighters dumped coal into trucks the size of houses." In Washington, D.C., Correspondent Gary Lee interviewed Congressmen and other powerbrokers active in the frontier states.

The writer of the story was Jim Kelly, who spent a week driving around the Western states. A native New Yorker, Kelly dropped in on Steamboat Springs, Colo., where he had been a camp counselor ten years ago. "I found it nearly unrecognizable because of all the new housing developments," he says. "But elsewhere you can drive for hours and see hardly a soul." Los Angeles Bureau Chief William Rademaekers, who will soon be leaving the U.S. to become senior correspondent in Europe, picked up a memento of the West's vast distances during his many long days reporting the story: a $5 speeding ticket in Montana. The friendly patrolman told him, "If you want to drive fast, just keep $5 on your dashboard. We don't take checks."

John a. Meyer

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Your Bank _____ Account Number _____

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PAY TO THE ORDER OF Save the Children 19 $16.00

Sixteen and no/100 DOLLARS

(Signature) _____

MEMO: *U.S. Income Tax Deductible Monthly Sponsorship*

(Your Address) _____

City & State _____ Zip _____

Fill out this check (or use your own) and save the children

For only 52¢ a day (just $16 a month) you can befriend a needy child through Save the Children. Your money, combined with that of other sponsors, can breathe new life into an impoverished village…help hardworking people in their fight for dignity…turn despair into hope for a child who has known only disaster. 52¢ may not buy much where you live. But for the poorest of the poor, where the need is so desperate, it can work miracles.

For your first monthly sponsorship contribution, just fill out and sign the check at the top of this page (yes, as long as you indicate your bank name and account number, it is negotiable). Mail the entire page to Save the Children. Of course, you may use your personal check if you prefer.

TELL US HOW YOU WANT TO HELP BY ANSWERING THESE QUESTIONS.

Your name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

1 What kind of child would you like to help?
☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Either

2 What geographical area are you interested in?
Urgent need exists in all the areas listed below. Select an area, or let us assign a child where the need is greatest.

☐ **Where the need is greatest**
☐ Africa
☐ Bangladesh
☐ Chicano (U.S.)
☐ Colombia
☐ Dominican Republic
☐ Honduras
☐ Indian (U.S.)
☐ Indonesia
☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
☐ Israel
☐ Korea
☐ Lebanon
☐ Mediterranean
☐ Mexico
☐ Southern States (U.S.)
☐ Sri Lanka (Ceylon)

3 Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?
Shortly after we select a child for you, we can send you a photograph and brief personal history, if you desire.
☐ Yes ☐ No

4 Would you like to correspond with your sponsored child?
If desired, correspondence can help build a meaningful one-to-one relationship. Translations, where necessary, are supplied by Save the Children.
☐ Yes ☐ No

5 Would you like information about the child's community?
Several times a year you can receive detailed reports on community activities to benefit your sponsored child. These community reports show how your money is being used most effectively for permanent improvements to the child's environment—for health care, education, food production, nutrition, and community training. Would you like to receive such information?
☐ Yes ☐ No

6 Do you wish verification of Save the Children credentials?
Save the Children is indeed proud of the handling of its funds. Based on last year's audit, an exceptionally large percentage (80.3%) of each dollar spent was used for program services and direct aid to children and their communities. Due to volunteered labor and materials, your donation provides your sponsored child with benefits worth many times your total gift. Would you like to receive an informative Annual Report (including a summary financial statement)?
☐ Yes ☐ No
(A complete audit statement is available upon request.)

7 Would you rather make a contribution than become a sponsor at this time?
☐ Yes, enclosed is my contribution of $_____.
☐ Check here for general information about our unique programs for aiding impoverished children.

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Mail to:

Save the Children®

50 Wilton Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880
Attn: David L. Guyer, President

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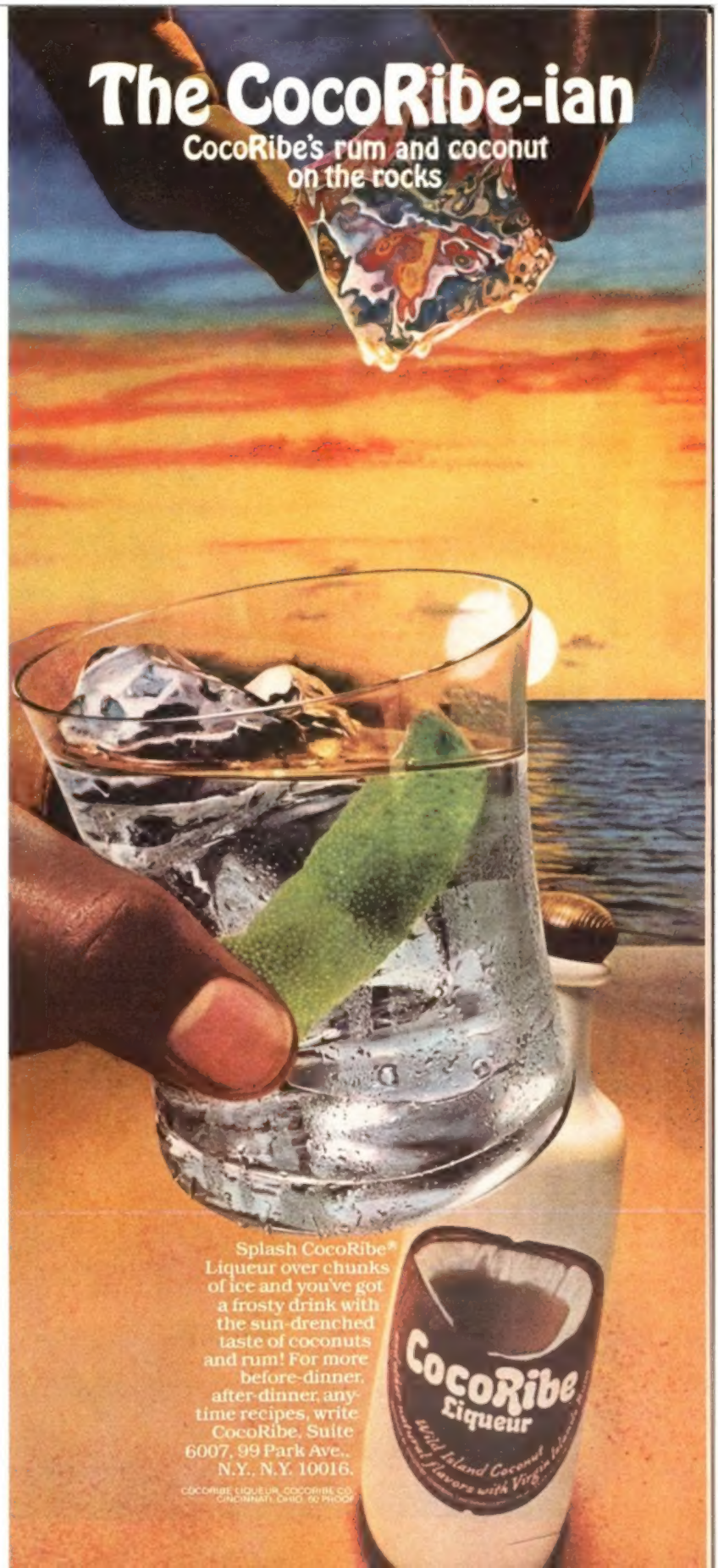

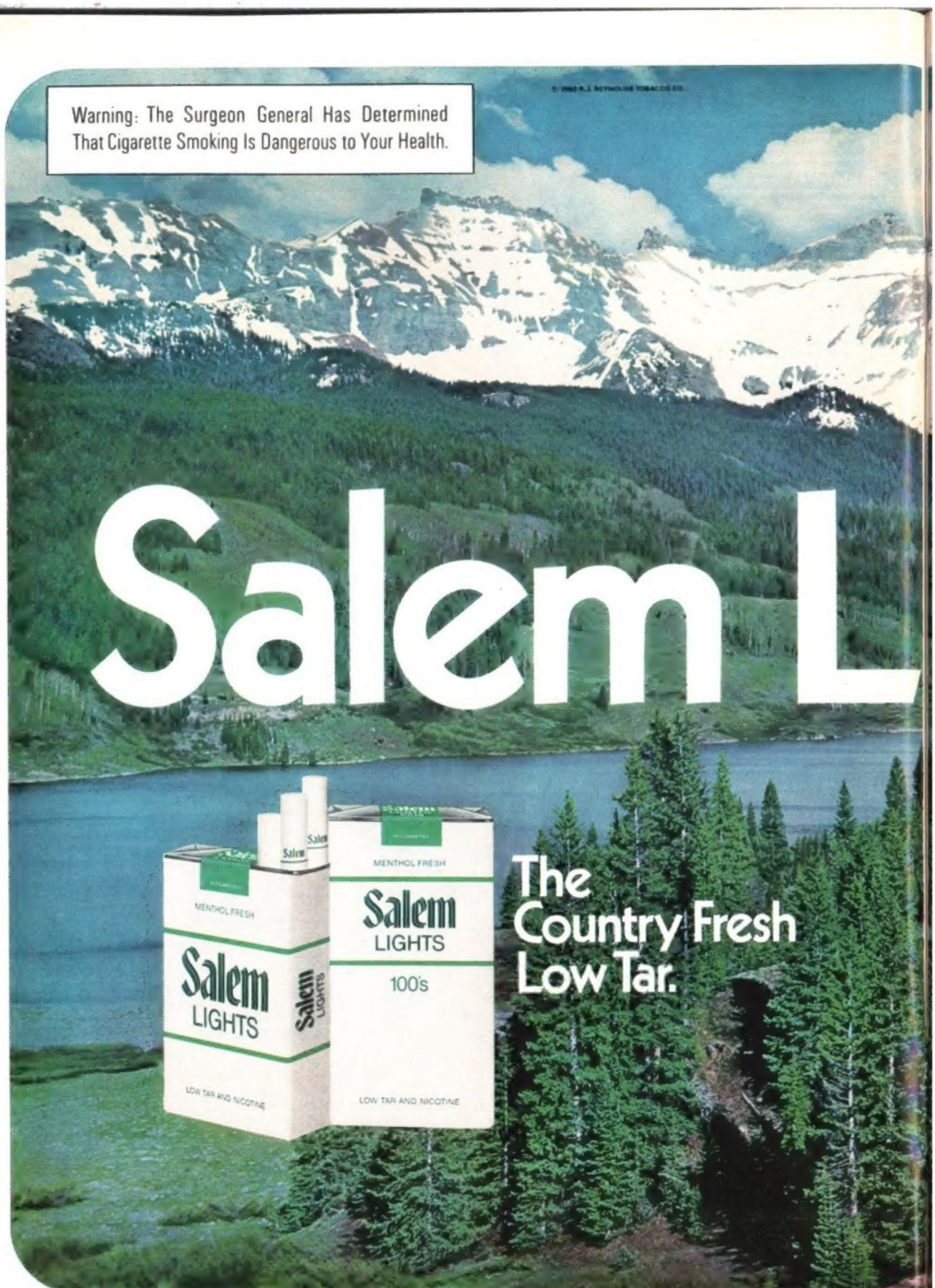
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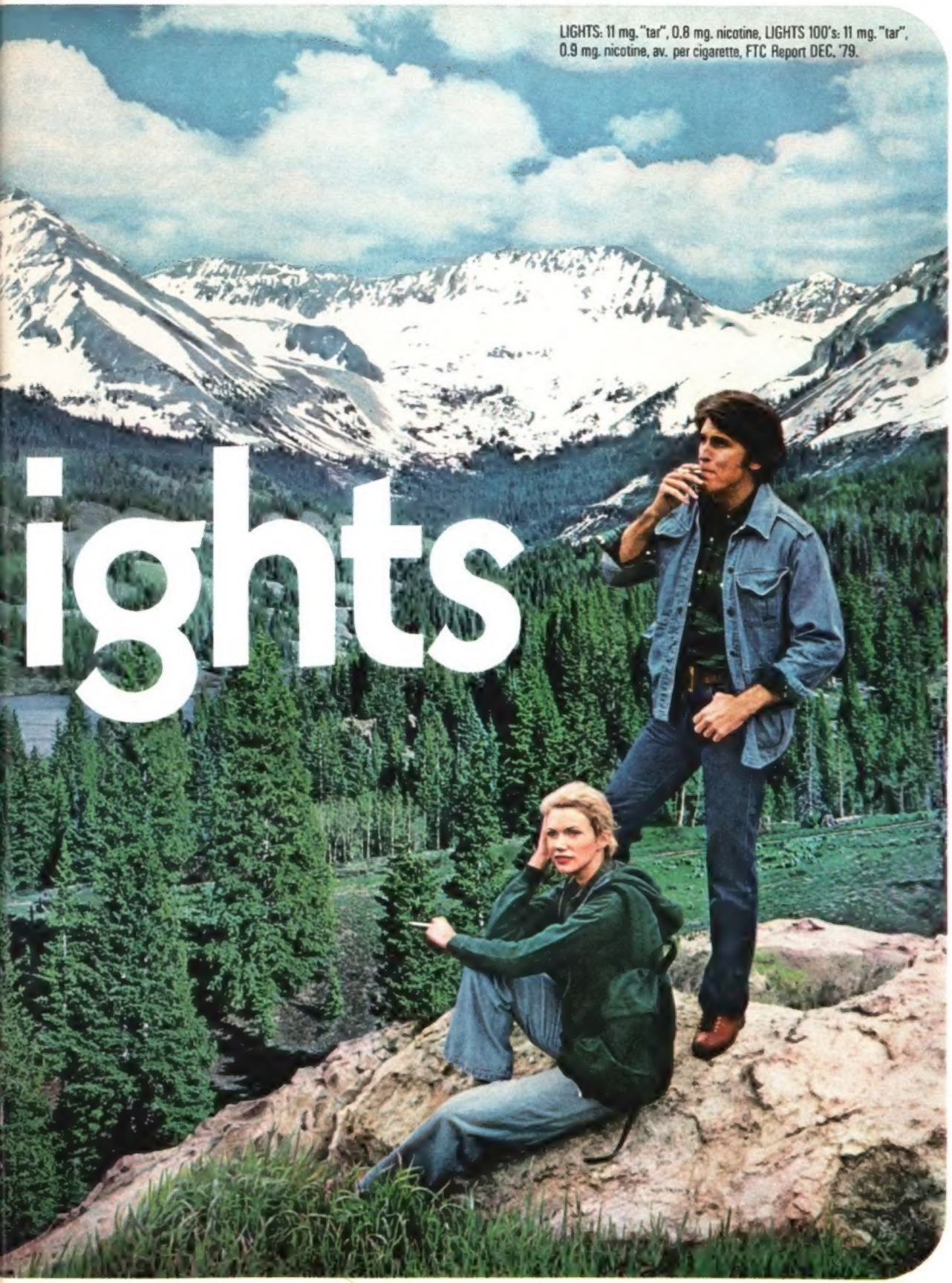
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Letters

Visit to Saturn

To the Editors:

Never have I seen so breathtaking a photograph as the one of Saturn and its rings that appeared with your story [Nov. 24]. For a few exciting seconds, I felt as if I were sitting astride Voyager 1 and that I could almost reach out and touch the rings

John M. McKenna
Wireton, Pa.

The most glaring and obvious fact that appears from the data collected from our celestial neighbors is that none are even remotely similar to earth. The cliché, "There's no place like home," rings true. Whatever else space exploration may provide, it will surely not be the new "suburb" into which to move when the neighborhood goes bad.

James M. Kiturkes
Wyandotte, Mich.

How shocking it was to read that the space program is on the wane because of insufficient funding. If we have a box on our tax forms to give a dollar to the campaigns of politicians, certainly we can have one to support voluntarily the exploration of space.

William N. Confer
Dothan, Ala.

May the millions of the starving sing hosannas in praise of our science god, who provides such life-enriching technological developments as microwave ovens and live TV broadcasts. Would that this god look about his feet with the same dedication that he looks at the stars.

Ralph J. Keller
Nesconset, N.Y.

The irony of it all. The rings of Saturn and beyond—and here we are diligently seeking ways with which to destroy ourselves and the tiny planet on which we live.

(The Rev.) G. Rowell Crocker
Wethersfield, Conn.

Man of the Year?

I strongly believe that this time you will have the same Man of the Year as in 1979, the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini.

Behram D. Irani
Zumikon, Switzerland

The American hostages dominated our minds and hearts in 1980, and affected the way we Americans think about ourselves and our role in the world: They are the Men and Women of the Year.

Frank A. Wood
Waterville, Me.

My vote goes to the same person I chose on Nov. 4: Ronald Reagan.

Stuart L. Walker
Grand Forks, N.Dak.

Lech Walesa, leader of the Polish workers, who has championed freedom and the rights of his fellow Poles.

Lucien C. Olivier
Meerbusch, West Germany

Carl Sagan, by a long cosmic mile.

James Lauck
Miamisburg, Ohio

After a summer of record heat and drought, Hurricane Allen, Mount St. Helens, earthquakes, I nominate Mother Nature for Woman of the Year.

Susan Loscalzo
Lafayette Hill, Pa.

Battling over Biking

Your Essay "The Great Bicycle Wars" [Nov. 24] rang a bell with me. When I was young, I went to the Big Apple to seek my fortune. All I found was a job as a bicycle messenger in midtown Manhattan. I'm glad I returned to New Hampshire, where they don't have dangerous work like that.

Kenneth Desmarais
Peterborough, N.H.

Bikes were fine and fun when I grew up in the 1930s. Today they are a menace. There is no way that you can put bikes into a 40-m.p.h. zone without endangering both bikers and motorists.

Wilfred S. Allen
Huntsville, Ala.

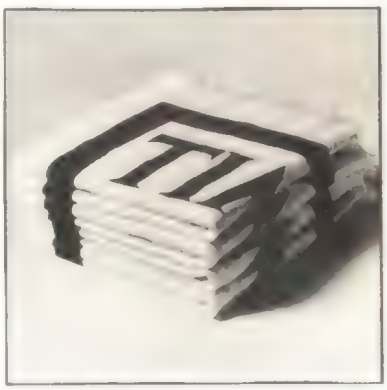
We should have a pretty good idea whether the bike or car will still be at work in 100 years. Surely when God tells us to line up for the next century, he'll be preparing us for a long bike ride.

James C. McCullagh, Editor
Bicycling *Magazine*
Emmaus, Pa.

Citizens *vs.* Crime

In "Absolute War in Our Streets" [Nov. 24], your reporters suggest that it is irresponsible for police officers to en-

COLLECTIBLES
FROM TIME



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Letters

courage citizens to arm themselves. If government cannot provide protection, what is the answer? Roll over and let the criminal element do whatever it chooses? Or take up arms and defend yourself, your family and your property?

Roger Mitchell
Fresno, Calif.

You endorsed the Citizens Crime Watch in Dade County, whose members call police when spotting a crime and "armed with pencils and notebooks . . . jot down details." You may prefer to have a notebook by your bed when some drugged-up nut kicks down your door, but I'll stick to my .357 magnum.

Leonard E. Hess
Latrobe, Pa.

The Citizens Crime Watch is rational and effective. It is refreshing to see equal space given to a sensible and successful crime-fighting technique based on community organization and police support, not individual anger, frustration and revenge with a gun.

Steve Thomas
Gainesville, Fla.

Judging Judges' Salaries

The claim of some federal judges that they cannot live comfortably on a $54,500 salary [Nov. 24] defies common sense, and will add to public cynicism about government and the legal profession.

Joel Jacobson
Ithaca, N.Y.

Blessing the Prayer Book

The trouble with many of those who claim that the new revisions of the *Book of Common Prayer* [Nov. 24] diminish "the majesty of God" is that they wish God's majesty preserved only in the prayer book and the traditions of the church. Many people in this country who have participated in services from the new book have found that a vague aesthetic appreciation has been supplanted by a real challenge to greater commitment and faith in God and his Christ.

(The Very Rev.) Thomas E. Winkler
Faribault, Minn.

That's Entertainment

I was really amused at the review of *Private Benjamin* by Richard Schickel [Nov. 24], who couldn't, it seems to me, give the movie any credit for being just plain entertainment. The film is simply an amusing way to face the fact that it is —has been, and always will be—"a man's world." Goldie Hawn was great.

Patricia O'Brien
Detroit

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Championship Backgammon in Chicago hosted by Black & White Scotch.

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American Scene

In New York: Ellis Island Revisited

Sophie Wolf in the registry hall through which 12 million immigrants passed

Sophie Wolf, 83, is a small, solid woman with curly white hair. She speaks softly but forcefully in faintly accented English. One day not long ago Sophie visited Ellis Island. The cold weather reminded her of the raw foggy day 57 years ago when she saw Ellis for the first time.

She was Sophie Steurer then, 25 years old, one of eleven children born to a German hatter and his wife. They had lived comfortably in Ebingen, about 40 miles south of Stuttgart. But the inflation and unemployment that ravaged Germany in the 1920s changed all that. By 1923 a loaf of bread cost up to 3 million marks. Sophie could find work only half a day a week —sewing men's shirts. Her friends sought jobs in The Netherlands and Spain. "But for me," Sophie recalls, "America was the thing." She was fortunate in having a sponsor: an uncle who ran a bakery in Madison, Ind. He paid for her steerage-class ticket and sent $25, the amount needed to prove to the U.S. that she would not become a public charge.

With only one suitcase, filled with clothing and favorite photographs, she set sail from Bremen on the steamship *München*. "I had seen the Rhine, but this was the biggest puddle of water." The ship reached New York on Dec. 11, 1923. The spectacle of the Statue of Liberty and the New York skyline lavishly lit up at night seemed to be a sign of America's astounding wealth. "At home, lights were out after 9," says Sophie. Her overwhelming sensation was fear: "If you didn't pass the tests, they would send you back."

For a place once so feared, Ellis Island has a surprisingly welcoming air today, though most of its 35 buildings have badly deteriorated from decades of neglect and vandalism. It would take an estimated $150 million to save them all. "It sure looked better then," admits Sophie. The low-slung main building of warm red brick with limestone trim has large paned windows to let in air and light. Trees and lawns sweep to the gently lapping waters of the harbor. But at the time, immigrants like Sophie did not notice such things. They simply felt lost, especially in the great registry hall, where 5,000 immigrants a day were processed. A constant babble of incomprehensible tongues rose like flocks of starlings to the ceiling. Sophie did not speak English, but managed to comply with directions: "I just followed the pointing."

"It was so impersonal," she says. "Bring the cattle in and ship them out." There was a rapid legal examination. In two minutes, inspectors aided by interpreters fired 29 questions at a newcomer. Among them: "Are you an anarchist?" And the trick question: "Do you have a job?" A few proud would-be citizens could truthfully answer "Yes." But a yes answer raised suspicion that the newcomer was a strikebreaker—or had been conned into a slave-labor agreement.

The medical examination began before immigrants were even aware of it. Doctors stationed in the hall simply observed the newcomers as they walked by. In six seconds, physicians checked off 15 diseases. They placed chalk marks on the lapels of those who needed closer scrutiny: H for heart, L for limp, X for mental defect. With still evident embarrass-

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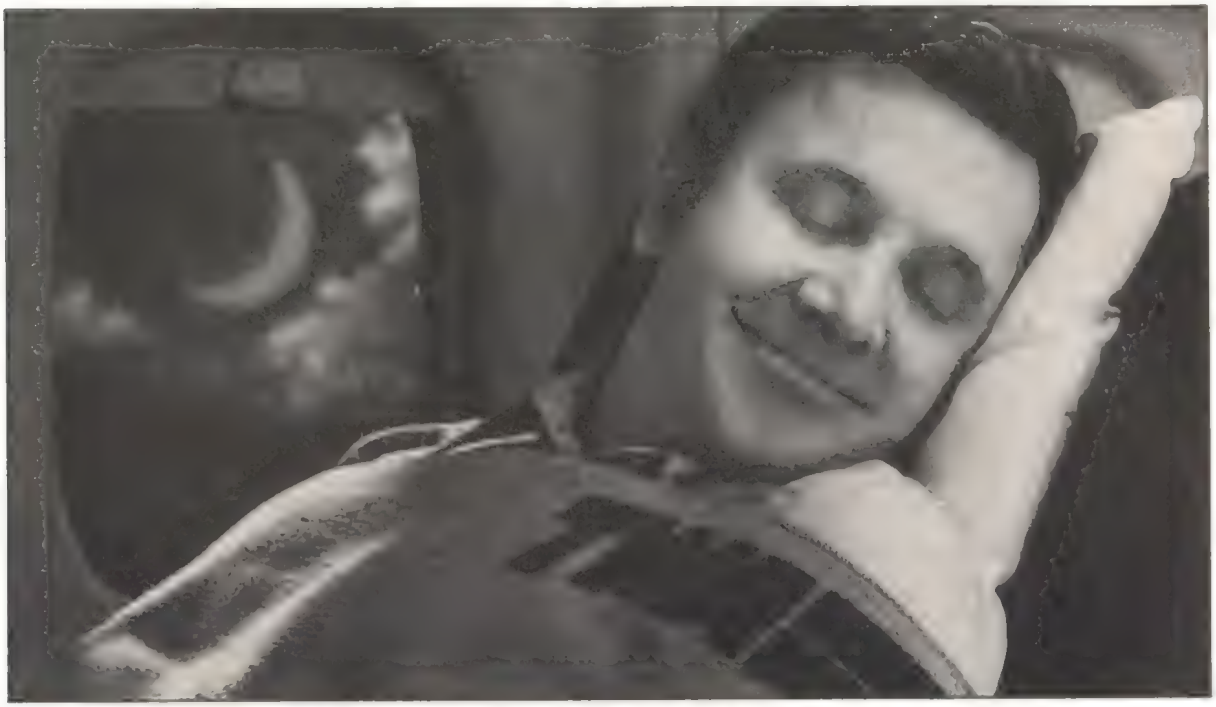

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Ad Council

American Scene

ment, Sophie recalls a distressing moment when a nurse "put her hand under my skirt. She was checking for I don't know what, but she did it to everyone." Then a doctor dipped a buttonhook into an antiseptic solution and used it to flip back the eyelid. The reason: to check for trachoma, a blinding disease that would leave the immigrant an unwanted public charge. Trachoma was the most common medical reason for sending immigrants back to their native countries. (In fact, out of 12 million or so people who came to Ellis, most during the peak years of 1900-24, only 250,000 were turned away.)

Sophie may have been the unwitting object of another American worry: that young single women would become prostitutes. So great was that concern that if a woman claimed she was engaged, immigration officials actually hunted up her fiancé and saw to it that they were married before relinquishing control over the newcomer. Authorities wired Sophie's uncle in Madison before letting her visit relatives in New York. The first days in Manhattan were overwhelming. Sophie had never seen subways, trolley cars, coal stoves, pineapples and mobs of people "so friendly you did not have to be afraid to talk even if you didn't speak English. In Europe we'd have made fun if you couldn't speak right. I thought, that's America." She looked askance at only one thing: "What got you as a European was the filth." She remembers a shiny red apple she wanted to buy. It cost only a penny. But she didn't want to break her uncle's $25.

On her way west, during a stopover in Cincinnati, she used pin money from relatives to buy her first machine-made piece of clothing, a short-sleeved dress in French blue. After three years, selling the bread, macaroons and cake in her uncle's bakery in Indiana, she saved enough for a trip east to visit her aunts. One night, dancing to the music of a German band in Manhattan's Yorkville section, she met Fritz Wolf, a baker from Baden who had also graduated from Ellis in 1923. They married, settled in Queens and had two sons, who now live in Los Angeles. One is in the refrigeration and air-conditioning business. The other served in the U.S. Army for 20 years. Sophie became a U.S. citizen in 1937. She has since voted in every election, federal, state and local.

She is proud of her sons and troubled about the new wave of Cuban, Mexican and Vietnamese immigrants. "We should not let anyone in," she says firmly. "When we came, the rules were you could not be a burden to the state. There were no schools where you could learn the language." Then she sighs, and adds: "But you've got to give people a chance. You can't send them back." As for herself, at 83, she is busy organizing outings for senior citizens and looking forward. Says Sophie: "You give up and you're dead, and I am not yet." —*By Anastasia Toufexis*

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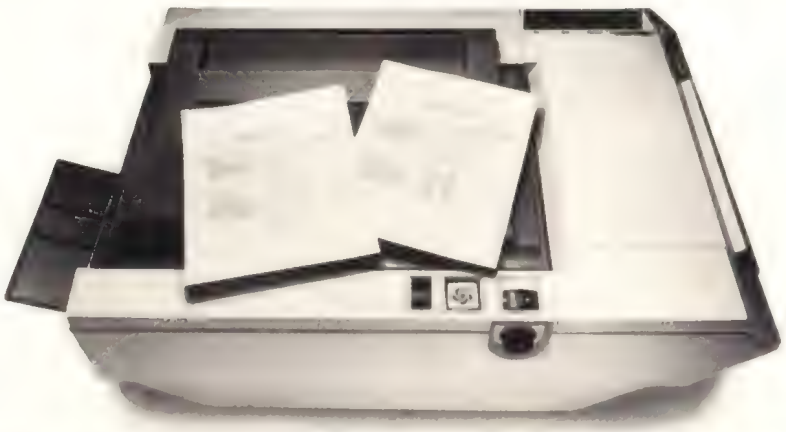

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TIME DECEMBER 15, 1980

Who's In? Who's Out?

Reagan struggles to form a Cabinet able—and willing—to serve

Early in the evening, a yellow Ford pulled up to the southwest entrance of the White House. Transition boss Edwin Meese and Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt piled out and proceeded to the Situation Room in the basement. They were about to make their nightly call to Ronald Reagan at his Pacific Palisades home and now they felt it necessary to use the most tap-proof telephones in the nation to discuss the most top-secret political topic in town: Who would be members of his new Cabinet?

Meese, Laxalt, a few other aides and Reagan were about the only people in the country who knew for sure last week what was going on. Outside Reagan's home, reporters stood long vigils waiting vainly for scraps of information. When Reagan emerged from conferences with his lieutenants to attend a series of private dinners, he merely smiled away correspondents' questions. In Washington rumors and speculation buzzed louder every day, reproducing a touch of the he's-down, he's-up, he's-down-again hysteria of '30s fight broadcasters in Reagan's radio-announcing days.

Long lists of "all-but-certain" Cabinet members appeared daily in the nation's press, only to change with the next edition. Like Kremlinologists, Washington's mighty attempted to read vast significance into who was placed next to whom at dinners. Meese created a stir at one by sitting next to the wife of former NATO Commander Alexander Haig. But Haig, who was also present, would say nothing, and Meese kept repeating his favorite line: "Those who know aren't talking, and those who are talking don't know."

There was much more to the hubbub than deliberate mystification. Meese insisted that the selection process was proceeding on schedule, and at least the first appointments are expected to be announced this week, about the time incoming Presidents generally disclose their choices. But there were strong indications that the "Reaganauts," as the transition aides have taken to calling themselves, were having unexpected trouble making some of their boss's first choices stick. That was surprising enough for an Administration-to-be that boasts it will bring efficient business-management techniques to Government. But it was even more surprising because Reagan was known to have decided on his initial top choices at meetings with his California kitchen cabinet before Thanksgiving, providing ample time to notify and check out the chosen.

One problem that turned out to be severe was the danger that a nominee would have a conflict of interest—or the appearance of it—between his private affairs and his Government job. Reagan is the first President-elect to staff a full Cabinet under the 1978 Ethics in Government Act, which tightens financial reporting for top Government officers and sets up elaborate rules to guard against a clash between their federal and private lives. Says Meese: "A President-elect used to call up a prospective Cabinet member. He would consult with his wife, call back in 24 hours and the deed was done. Now he has to sit down with a lawyer from the transition team, his own lawyer, his accountant and a number of others."

The hurdle posed by conflict of interest hindered the selection process in another way: since the Reaganauts anticipated that some of the people they approached would turn them down because they did not want to expose their financial affairs or sell off lucrative assets, the aides had to be prepared with alternative choices. Says one: "We were like a coach

Fitting together the pieces of a complicated jigsaw puzzle: the President-elect considering Cabinet nominees at his home in Pacific Palisades

fielding a team, constantly making sure that there were a lot of quality players on the bench as backup."

The problems of financial review knocked Clifford Hansen, former Wyoming Governor and Senator, out of the Cabinet. At midweek he seemed certain to be Secretary of the Interior; at week's end he suddenly removed himself from consideration. The key factor was that Hansen's wife and daughter have permits to graze cattle in Grand Teton National Park, which is run by the Interior Department. Said Hansen: "I presume we'd have to forgo using the permits, and that would put us out of business."

Conflict-of-interest difficulties also may have affected Reagan's choice for Secretary of the Treasury, a senior post whose occupant will be an especially close adviser. After the G.O.P. ultras and moderates had fought to a draw over who should occupy the chair, Reagan picked a man acceptable to both camps: Walter Wriston, 63, chairman of Manhattan's Citibank, second largest in the U.S. Wriston is one of the energetic creators of modern, expansionist, risk-taking banking, yet his views are unimpeachably conservative.

To become Treasury Secretary, Wriston would have had to sell $2.3 million worth of stock in the parent company of Citibank, which has claims against the assets that Iran wants to trade for return of the American hostages and which participates in Government-guaranteed loans to New York City and Chrysler Corp. At week's end, Wriston's aides said that he was not interested in the job.

Other problems arose to turn Cabinet-making into a complicated jigsaw puzzle. Reagan clearly wanted to select experienced people, but hard-line conservatives like North Carolina's Jesse Helms opposed having too many "retreads" from the Nixon and Ford Administrations. An added complication was the fact that Reagan intends to govern largely through an executive committee, an "inner circle" of six or so senior Cabinet officers, plus, on appropriate occasions, the directors of the CIA and Office of Management and Budget. The inner circle will meet with Reagan regularly to review the whole range of Government problems and will be charged with making sure that his orders are carried out. Thus the people filling these posts—basically the Secretaries of State, Defense and Treasury and the Attorney General—must be capable of giving advice on a broad variety of subjects.

The key piece to the inner puzzle turned out to be Caspar Weinberger, 63, who from the beginning was almost certain to enter the Cabinet. "Cap the Knife" Weinberger acquired his fearsome nickname as a budget slasher in 1968 when he was Reagan's finance director in California, and he embellished his reputation as Nixon's OMB director and Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Weinberger is a devoted advocate of the inner circle idea, having worked under a similar arrangement with Reagan in Sacramento.

The problem was where to put Weinberger, and the answer seemed to be in the Pentagon, primarily because Secretary of Defense was the hardest senior post to fill. Other candidates kept getting ruled out. Texas Senator John Tower campaigned for the job, but Reagan wanted him instead to be chairman of the Armed Services Committee in the new Republican-controlled Senate. John Connally pushed to become either Secretary of State or Defense, but the Reaganauts balked at the outspoken and controversial Texan. Says one: "There are just too many problems with John, and he brings with him no political benefits."

That pretty much left Weinberger, although some complained that a budget slasher was a strange choice for a President who intends to mount a major military buildup. In Reagan's view, however, Weinberger may be just the man to make sure that generals and admirals spend their unexpected dollars wisely.

Weinberger's selection, which was still not final at week's end, opened the job of Secretary of State as a possibility for General Haig, 56. Haig's insistence that the U.S. must counter the Soviet military buildup and threatening moves in the Third World parallels the foreign policy views of Reagan. Haig also wins applause from Western Europeans for his stress on strengthening the NATO alliance. Says a top West German defense official: "The man is quite simply the best that Washington has ever sent us." Haig was considered for Secretary of Defense, but that post traditionally goes to a person with a civilian background.*

Although he was the leading candidate for State, Haig had his own problems. Conflict of interest was no apparent hazard: Haig is now president of United Technologies Corp., which does nearly 25% of its $9 billion business with the Government, but he has been in that job only a year and could cut his ties with little strain. The real trouble was that party factions on both the right and left found fault with Haig, who had been Richard Nixon's last White House Chief of Staff. Although Haig is often credited with having kept the Government functioning through the last agonies of the Nixon regime, liberals grumble that he protected his President too zealously against the revelations of Watergate. Some liberals and conservatives are dismayed by Haig's alleged involvement in wiretapping while in the Nixon White House, and other conservatives consider Haig to be an opportunist.

At week's end Washington was alive with reports that Haig would face a stiff confirmation fight in the Senate, and that the President-elect had still not definitely offered the general the job. There were few other serious candidates. Reagan might offer the post to Weinberger, but that would leave a vacancy at Defense, or to former Secretary of the Treasury

As the list of names changed, Haig was considered for State, Weinberger for Defense, Schweiker for Health, Smith for Attorney General

*The only professional military man ever to have served as either Secretary of Defense or Secretary of State was General George C. Marshall, the World War II Army Chief of Staff who later held both Cabinet posts.

George P. Shultz, but he was thought to be too pro-Arab. The guessing game went on.

Some other prospective appointments:

▸ Secretary of the Treasury. Rightists had pushed Lewis Lehrman, 42, a little-known New York drugstore magnate, but moderates rejected him as being too much of an ideologue. Their candidate was Alan Greenspan, 54, a traditionalist who was Gerald Ford's chief economic adviser. Ultraconservatives fought him as a Ford rerun whose devotion to deep cuts in income tax rates was suspect. Doubts about Wriston's availability brought Greenspan back into the race, but he was far from alone. Reaganauts also talked about Charls Walker, 56, a tax expert, top Treasury official under Nixon and business lobbyist; Donald Regan, 61, head of Merrill Lynch, the giant investment firm; and Reginald Jones, 63, chairman of General Electric Co.

For CIA: William J. Casey?

For OMB: David Stockman?

▸ Attorney General. For a change, no dispute: William French Smith, 63, led the field. His appointment would continue an old and not entirely hallowed Bobby Kennedy–John Mitchell tradition of the Government's chief lawyer being a close confidant of the President. Smith has been Reagan's personal lawyer since the mid-'60s, guides many of Reagan's investments, and is chief chef in the President-elect's kitchen cabinet of unofficial advisers.

Smith told TIME last week that he feels the "post-Watergate rules" that sharply limit contact between the Justice Department and the White House are too restrictive. "Unfortunately, the whole Watergate experience placed so much emphasis on that aspect that it's tended to infect normal ties and relationships," said Reagan's longtime friend. "Rigidity was built up by necessity, but I would hope for an easier relationship. For example, I go back to J.F.K. and R.F.K."

▸ CIA Director. William J. Casey, 67, Reagan's blunt-spoken campaign manager, is the clear front runner and almost certain to be appointed—if a Haig drop-out does not cause him to be considered for Secretary of State. During World War

The Organization Man

The walls are bare in the large office on M Street except for a print of a Norman Rockwell portrait of Ronald Reagan. On a conference table lie nearly 100 letters in careful rows, waiting for signatures. On the desk is a picture frame, but instead of family photographs (wife and three children) it contains a schedule, neatly filled with appointments, six days a week, beginning with a daily 7 a.m. planning meeting with top assistants and ending often at 8 p.m. Next to the schedule is a clock.

The office is the headquarters of the Reagan transition team, and its sparse, precise furnishings reflect the personality of its occupant: Edwin Meese III, 49, whose affable manner and Teddy bear frame belie the analytical mind that for 13 years has made him one of Reagan's most trusted advisers. Now, as No. 1 aide to the President-elect, Meese is coordinating Reagan's transition to power.

In Washington, Meese has functioned as smoothly and effectively for Reagan as he once did in the smaller political arena of Sacramento. He is accessible to politicians, reporters, Carter Administration officials—anyone who matters in the capital. He has a self-effacing lack of interest, rare in Washington, in the trappings of personal power.

Meese chairs most meetings of Reagan's top advisers. He jots down the often conflicting views in his ever present spiral notebook and later distills them into well-reasoned, easily digested, single-page memos or brief oral reports to Reagan, just as he has been doing since 1967, when he first joined the Governor's staff. Says Edward Thomas, Meese's chief aide: "He can hash out a complex issue until it can be stated as simply as A, B, C. It puts the Governor right at ease." After Jan. 20, Meese will perform much the same role as coordinator of the inner circle of Cabinet-level officials.

Because Meese rarely interjects his own views into discussions and his memos are objective, he is accused of having no political ideas of his own, a charge that he emphatically denies. Meese calls himself a "practical conservative," meaning that he favors less Government but is not bound to a rigid anti-Government ideology. "I have a lawyer's sense that your purpose is to serve your client," says Meese, a former prosecutor. "My service to Ronald Reagan is to see that he gets objective advice and to filter out my own personal viewpoint. But the idea that I don't have any particular philosophical viewpoints is baloney."

BRACH—BLACK STAR

Edwin Meese: reducing issues to A, B, C

Meese never seems harried and rarely seems to mind when staff members interrupt him. Reports TIME Correspondent Walter Isaacson, after observing Meese in action: "Every time his door opened, there was a staffer sticking his head in with a brief request. 'Sure, no problem,' Meese says over and over. Scheduler Chuck Tyson wants to put an item on the agenda for Reagan's visit this week. 'Let's go over it,' Meese says, putting on his glasses. Then he spots an old friend wandering in the hall. 'Jim,' Meese calls out, grabs his arm and introduces him around. Every conversation starts with a pleasantry. Often a visitor, who has carefully planned the quickest way to say what he needs to say, is disarmed."

All very low key, all very businesslike. But the man whose passion is organization relishes horseplay in his private moments. For example, he does a first-rate imitation of George Washington trying to talk and straighten his wooden dentures at the same time. It is an act that will play well on tense White House evenings.

II. Casey was a crafty and inventive chief of OSS intelligence operations in Europe. As Nixon's Securities and Exchange Commission chairman, he was accused of complicity in some scandals; though the charges never stuck, they may be revived in confirmation hearings. Although a dedicated conservative, Casey is flexible enough to win praise from liberal Democrats, including Historian Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.: "He'd be a good CIA chief. He's not a frenetic hard-liner."

▸ OMB Director. The leading candidate is Michigan Congressman David Stockman, 34. Stockman's zeal disturbs some of his colleagues: New York Congressman Barber Conable, a leading Republican tax and budget expert, says that he has "a very precise mind" but considers him "difficult and inflexible ... very rigid." But Stockman's appointment would please the New Right. New York Congressman Jack Kemp, the leading apostle of deep tax cuts, has been pushing hard for the young Congressman.

▸ Secretary of Health and Human Services. Pennsylvania's Senator Richard S. Schweiker, 54, is a Reagan surprise choice —again. Just before the 1976 Republican Convention, Reagan stunned the Republican Party by naming Schweiker, then something of a liberal, as his prospective running mate. The maneuver made Schweiker an instant convert to strict conservatism, although it failed to win the nomination for Reagan. Schweiker's G.O.P. Senate colleagues regard him with reservations. Says one: "He's Mr. Average in ability, but he's tenacious and might make a very good Cabinet officer if he has a strong back-up staff." Reagan thinks so highly of Schweiker that he might well enter the inner Cabinet.

Some of Reagan's other apparent choices would be totally new to the national scene. Drew Lewis, 49, a Pennsylvania businessman who was Reagan's personal envoy to the Republican National Committee during the campaign, is being touted for Secretary of Transportation; Manuel Lujan Jr., 52, a little-known New Mexico Republican Congressman, is being discussed for Secretary of the Interior; Raymond Donovan, 50, an even lesser-known New Jersey contractor with a reputation for getting along with blue-collar unionists, is being tapped to become Secretary of Labor.

Considered as a group, Reagan's Cabinet selections are dominated by solid conservatives who are respected more for their accomplishments than their ideologies. The President-elect seems to be trying to assemble a team that would please, if not delight, both the party's moderates and its right-wingers. But the struggle to find the right mix—and men who could accept the jobs—was the first patch of trouble that the Californian has encountered since his surge to win the election. Ronald Reagan got a whiff last week of what life in Washington will be like. ***—By George J. Church. Reported by Walter Isaacson/Washington and Evan Thomas/with Reagan***

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Look for an Ickes or Two

Harold Ickes, the Secretary of the Interior under Franklin Roosevelt, once got a phone call from the White House, and one of those self-inflated aides began the conversation with, "The President wants you to ..." The experienced curmudgeon quickly interrupted: "Oh, yeah? Then let me talk to him."

That is the most succinct and accurate explanation of what is described as Cabinet Government: a President and a Secretary working together with no in-betweens. Ickes knew Roosevelt's heart and mind and devised brilliant policy innovations within that framework. The Secretary battled adversaries, wooed friends, took sweeping bows for success, the kicks in the pants for mistakes, argued vehemently at times with Roosevelt but in the end loved the President and his cause beyond himself. Roosevelt knew it and honored him. Ickes took few orders from underlings.

Ronald Reagan wants to try a modern version of Cabinet Government. If he is lucky, he will have a loyal Ickes or two in his group. The larger question is whether he can in some fashion duplicate Roosevelt's management of strong people in difficult jobs. The most encouraging sign is that Reagan wants to try. The second good omen is that he plans to set the direction from

Before his inaugural in 1961, Kennedy sits with Eisenhower and Cabinet members

the top and trust his people to take care of the details while achieving his goals. Whether or not he holds full Cabinet meetings, none at all, or gathers supercommittees within the Cabinet, matters little. The issue is the distribution of authority.

The academic skepticism is thick. The Carter people scoff; they tried the same thing and failed. Conventional wisdom suggests that Government is too complex these days for Cabinet officers to have true authority. The problems, say the experts, cut through several departments and agencies and only the White House can arbitrate them. In that environment, Presidents turn to the men nearest them. Aides become, in effect, Cabinet members.

It may work out that way for Reagan despite his best intentions. The fact is that no President since Dwight Eisenhower has really wanted Cabinet Government, their public declarations notwithstanding. John Kennedy thought he knew more about almost anything than his Cabinet. L.B.J. installed himself as king. He ruled on every detail. Richard Nixon ignored domestic matters and in foreign policy bypassed the State Department, which he did not trust. Jimmy Carter never did know where he wanted to go—and neither did his Cabinet.

A proper power relationship between the Cabinet and the President's aides is essential—and the White House staff belongs in the lower echelons. More important than anything else is whether Reagan and his people have enough confidence and humility to shift the great media spotlight from the front lawn of the White House to the offices of the Cabinet Secretaries. There were actually days in Ike's time when Press Secretary Jim Hagerty would open and close the daily briefings by saying: "There is nothing here today." Pentagon news most often came from the Pentagon. Developments in Agriculture were announced by the Secretary of Agriculture.

In Kennedy's Administration, the White House began to take upon itself the responsibility for all major announcements that could be used for the personal and political benefit of the President. Later Presidents were even more determined to take credit for everything good the Government achieved. Cabinet Secretaries today hover at the dim edges of power and authority; with luck they are occasionally brought to the Oval Office to share triumph with the President. The consequence of this media maneuvering by the White House is that Cabinet officers are peripheral figures, ranked below a President's personal staff in actual power. Indeed, the fact of diminished importance has followed the perception. Maybe a lifetime on the stage has taught Reagan that in a good act all the important players get some of the spotlight.

Challenge for the Lame Ducks

Carter works with Reagan to maintain U.S. foreign policy

When, in disgrace with fortune
and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast
state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my
bootless cries...

Like the subject of Shakespeare's sonnet, Jimmy Carter sits, sometimes for three or four hours at a stretch, in his small private study off the Oval Office, listening to classical music and mulling over Government reports—and his future. He is making few domestic policy decisions in these waning days of his Administration, although last week he did announce plans to veto a $9.1 billion appropriations bill because the measure included a controversial provision, with troubling civil rights implications, that would bar the Justice Department from seeking court-ordered busing to desegregate schools. When enough House members sided with Carter to sustain his threatened veto, House Speaker Tip O'Neill and other congressional leaders postponed adjournment until this week so that a compromise could be worked out.

But Carter's most pressing problems, ones that could not wait for the change in Administrations, were matters of foreign policy. Both Carter and Reagan are deeply concerned about the hazards of "lameduck diplomacy"—that nations abroad might try to exploit the long transition between Administrations on the assumption that Washington would be too distracted and irresolute to respond.

Carter and his aides have carefully kept Reagan and his advisers informed of developments in foreign policy and, at critical junctures, tried to win their support. Jack Watson, Carter's Chief of Staff, consults regularly with Edwin Meese, Reagan's top counselor; Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter's National Security Adviser, talks frequently with Richard Allen, Reagan's chief adviser on foreign affairs and the man likely to become his National Security Adviser. As a result, insists Watson, "there is no paralysis. There is no breakdown in our capacity to react."

Thus Carter and Reagan last week issued separate but equally stern warnings to the Soviets on Poland. Said Carter: "The attitude and future policies of the United States toward the Soviet Union would be directly and very adversely affected by any Soviet use of force in Poland." Allen declared that the consequences of a Soviet invasion of Poland "could border on wrecking relations [with the U.S.] for a long time. Business as usual after such a profound event could not easily be restored."

Similarly, the President and President-elect have stood together on the hostage crisis in Tehran. In Algiers last week, Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher, accompanied by U.S. Ambassador Ulric Haynes Jr., warned Tehran through Algerian intermediaries that Iran could not expect to get a better deal from the Reagan Administration. He reminded the Iranians that Reagan has pledged to support any agreement on the 52 hostages reached by the Carter Administration.

Still, both teams are helpless to control one-man missions like the one to Moscow two weeks ago by Republican Charles Percy of Illinois, the next chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. He boasted afterward that he had smoothed the way for reopening the SALT talks, which offended both Carter and Reagan aides. Percy also told Soviet leaders that he favored the establishment of a Palestinian state, even if it were led by Yasser Arafat, head of the Palestine Liberation Organization—a step that is opposed by both Carter and Reagan.

In addition, the Reagan group has been embarrassed by misunderstandings on the part of foreign emissaries who overanxiously try to predict the new Administration's policies. For example, after several meetings with Reagan advisers, a group of El Salvadoran businessmen went home with the erroneous impression that Reagan had decided to send military aid to help their nation's centrist government fight leftist guerrillas. To prevent further miscues, Allen warned Reagan's 120 defense and foreign policy advisers to be cautious in their conversations with reporters and visitors from overseas.

Haynes and Christopher heading for talks with Algerians on the hostage crisis

"There is no paralysis. There is no breakdown in our capacity to act."

Meanwhile, the outgoing Administration was quarreling over what had been the failures of U.S. foreign policy in the past four years. Brzezinski squared off once again against Cyrus Vance, his adversary when Secretary of State. Brzezinski said last week that he interpreted Reagan's victory as signifying that Americans are ready to back a "policy of assertive competition" with the Soviets. Brzezinski implied that the Administration, when it agreed with the State Department, had been too soft on the Kremlin. He said U.S. lack of response to Moscow's support of Ethiopia in its war with Somalia in 1978 may have prevented Senate ratification of the SALT II treaty. Said Brzezinski: "SALT lies buried in the sands of Ogaden." Retorted Vance: "Hogwash." He believes that Brzezinski puts too much emphasis on the "use of military power or bluff, ignoring, in my judgment, the political, the economic and trade aspects of our relationship with the Soviet Union."

The sharp exchange not only reopened old wounds, it offered the ultimate testimony as to why the Carter Administration had never been able to develop a consistent vision of U.S. foreign policy. The exchange also added to the conviction of Reagan and his aides that the National Security Adviser must play a subsidiary role to the Secretary of State in forming and proclaiming U.S. foreign policy. That may be one of the most valuable legacies left to the new Administration by the old. —*By Frank B. Merrick. Reported by Christopher Ogden and Eileen Shields/Washington*

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CANADIAN
MIST.
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Benson & Hedges Lights

Only 11 mg tar

"B&H, I like your style."

Reg.: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Striving to Shake Up Jell-O

Religious groups fight sponsors of "immoral" TV shows

More than 83 million television viewers tuned in to *Dallas* three weeks ago to find out who shot J.R. Ewing. In an hour's time, they saw Ewing's accused attacker, Wife Sue Ellen, stagger around drunk and mourn her former lover. They watched a flashback in which Sue Ellen's comely sister Kristin fired a gun at J.R. The evening's climax: Kristin's announcement that she was pregnant with her brother-in-law's child. *Dallas* drew the largest U.S. television audience in history; members of an estimated 40 million households were riveted to their sets to find out which sinner did the dastardly deed to J.R. But the show also turned off an increasingly militant minority of viewers: in the past nine months half a million Christians have pledged themselves to boycott the products of sponsors of television programs like Dallas that "depict scenes of adultery, sexual perversion or incest, or which treat immorality in a joking or otherwise favorable light."

So far, the boycott has been largely ineffective, but it continues to grow, and the potential of the movement is worrying top executives of sponsoring companies and network officials. Says Alfred Schneider of ABC, the network that the campaign finds most offensive: "If you lose advertisers, that is an indirect form of censorship. When there's a threat of a boycott, there is a chilling effect." Says Ira Glasser, executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union: "We believe we are facing a major struggle with these groups over the Bill of Rights." Replies John Hurt, a Tennessee minister who is leading the crusade: "We are not trying to censor anybody at all. We are not trying to say you have to follow our moral judgment. What we are saying is that we don't like this material and we have no obligation to pay for it."

The "Clean Up TV" campaign began in earnest early this year when the elders of Hurt's Church of Christ in Joelton, Tenn., became disgusted by the increasingly explicit sex on their television screens. Exhorted Hurt: "If you ever plan to take a stand for moral decency, now is the time, while hundreds of thousands of others are moving in the same direction." The Joelton church members, who consider themselves fundamentalists, wrote several thousand other Churches of Christ, asking which five television shows they found the most morally offensive; a spokesman for the church members termed the response "an absolute explosion." The church compared the findings of its survey with the views of the National Federation for Decency, which was founded in 1977 in Tupelo, Miss., and now publishes a monthly newsletter that attacks what it considers to be distasteful TV programs. Hurt's congregations deemed the five most offensive shows to be *Soap* (ABC), *Three's Company* (ABC), *Dallas* (CBS), *Saturday Night Live* (NBC) and *Charlie's Angels* (ABC). The chief sponsors of these programs were General Foods Corp., American Home Products and the Warner-Lambert Co.

In March of this year, Hurt launched a drive to get other congregations of the Churches of Christ to boycott the advertised products unless the companies agreed to stop sponsoring its hit-listed shows. By mid-June, 6,000 churches had agreed to take part. Says Hurt's literature: "They [the sponsors] are the 'Achilles' heel' of the entire television industry . . . The purpose of the campaign is not to take programs off the air, but to insist that they be cleaned up so that they are no longer an insult to decency and [a] negative influence on our young people."

In July Hurt set up a meeting attended by the three sponsoring companies. Warner-Lambert, which was advertising Listerine mouthwash and Dentyne chewing gum, withdrew from *Dallas*, *Charlie's Angels*, *Soap* and *Saturday Night Live*. A company spokesman said that the change was due to "marketing considerations" and, in the case of *Saturday Night Live*, to the fact that the company could not prescreen a live program. Hurt then removed Warner-Lambert, the eighth largest television advertiser, with billings of $60 million in 1979, from the boycott list.

American Home Products refused to negotiate with Hurt. General Foods talked with him, but would not stop advertising on *Dallas*, *Charlie's Angels* or *Three's Company*. Says a spokesman "While General Foods regrets this situation, it recognizes that standards of taste are subjective." Indeed, before the crusade began, the company had decided to put no more money into *The Newlywed Game* and *The Dating Game* because, says an executive, "the company no longer found them to be in good taste." The Churches of Christ agree: those two shows are on an expanded hit list.

The refusal of General Foods and American Home Products to cooperate intensified the boycott. In October the Joelton congregation began distributing some 5 million boycott forms to interested churches, mainly in the Bible Belt. The local church distributes the forms to members. The forms are returned to the pastor, who sends them back to Joelton. Hurt then informs the targeted companies how many people are participating.

The form urges "every morally decent adult and teen-ager in America" to promise to boycott about 100 products for three months. As a reminder, the members of the movement get a wallet-size card listing products that are outlawed by the movement. Included are such familiar American Home items as Dristan, Anacin, Chef Boy-ar-dee, Wizard air freshener and Woolite, and General Foods' Gravy Train dog food, Kool-Aid, Maxwell House coffee, Birds Eye frozen foods and Jell-O. (Asks an outraged General Foods executive: "How can anyone consider Jell-O un-American?")

In Dayton, the Belmont Church of Christ sent in 200 cards and passed out more than 800 to people in the community. "This is a grass-roots type of thing, and it is spreading like a fire," claims Morris Thurman, minister of the College Church of Christ in Oklahoma City. "We do not want to hurt these companies, but we do not want to buy the products of people who are undermining

"Clean Up TV" CAMPAIGN
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SPEAK UP FOR DECENCY!

During the past few months a massive nation-wide "Clean Up Television" Campaign has been initiated by thousands of churches from every state in the Union and is now spreading rapidly across the nation.

John Hurt and his pledge card

The presidential palace comes later.

the moral fiber of our society and our families."

So far, apparently, the boycott has had no effect on sales at General Foods or American Home Products. Says one General Foods executive: "Some management levels were initially terrified, but now it's settled into a wait-and-see mode."

Sex on TV was a major topic last week when the 18-member board of the Association of National Advertisers, which represents 450 companies, met in Manhattan. Some executives at the session, which included representatives from such major advertisers as General Mills, Procter & Gamble and Nabisco, said they had been receiving scattered criticism from religious groups. The executives also admitted that their companies were having trouble finding shows that met their own standards. Still, the association decided not to try to influence the programming of producers or networks. Says Tony Lunt, the association's spokesman: "It's a First Amendment consideration."

The networks say they have not been hit by any wave of protests generated by the crusade of the Christian right, nor do the Nielsen ratings seem to have been affected. The latest figures rank *Dallas* as the No. 1 show, *Charlie's Angels* eighth and *Three's Company* eleventh.

Nonetheless, there have been worried meetings at both the sponsors' headquarters and the networks. Says Donn O'Brien at CBS: "We don't feel any one group has the right to decide what programs we put on the air." Says another corporate executive: "The real fear is that this will take hold and spread. If the conservative right and the Sunday television ministers take this up as a cause, you will find that we are more than upset."

Such an assault may be imminent. Evangelist Jerry Falwell, leader of Moral Majority, whose sermons on television and radio reach an estimated 25 million people, plans to enter the fray early next year and is seeking allies among blacks, as well as Catholics, Jews and Mormons.

"All the offensive shows have a potential for being cleaned up," says Cal Thomas, a Moral Majority vice president. "We are not suggesting a return to the days of *Ozzie and Harriet*. Sex and interpersonal relationships are a legitimate subject for artistic portrayal."

Moral Majority, which claims 4 million members, played an active role in the election, campaigning hard against liberals and helping to defeat some. Foes of the Christian right's crusade against television are worried that it will become part of the movement's growing campaign against political liberalism. Moral Majority's Thomas is frank to admit there is a connection. Says he, only half in jest: "The revolutionaries always take the radio station first. They get the presidential palace later." *—By Ellie McGrath. Reported by Jonathan Beaty/Washington and Anne Constable/Atlanta*

Abscam (Contd.)

Once again, a guilty verdict

Congressman Frank Thompson Jr., 62, of Trenton, N.J., is a 26-year House veteran and the highly respected chairman of its Administration Committee. Congressman John M. Murphy, 54, of Staten Island is chairman of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee. Last week they became the most powerful men convicted in the Abscam probe to date. A Brooklyn jury found Thompson guilty of bribery and conspiracy and convicted Murphy of receiving an unlawful gratuity, conflict of interest and conspiracy. They face jail sentences of up to 22 years for Thompson and nine for Murphy.

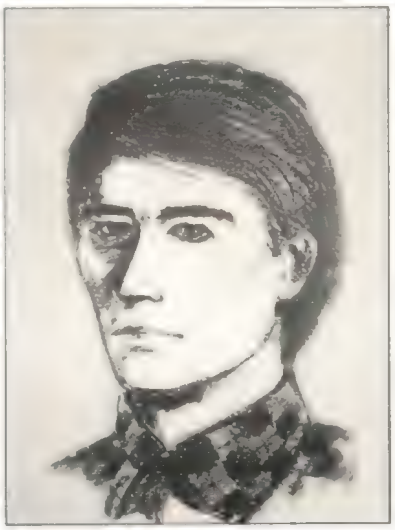
A hidden camera recorded seven hours of sessions at which an FBI agent posing as the representative of an Arab sheik tried to bribe Murphy and Thompson with $50,000 each in return for helping the sheik to immigrate to the U.S. The money was carried away in a briefcase by Howard Criden, a Philadelphia lawyer and an alleged conspirator, who is to be tried later. Thompson and Murphy insisted they had never received any funds and had met with the fake sheik's emissary only to encourage the Arabs to make investments in their districts. Not only did the jury not believe the Congressmen, their constituents had doubts as well. Both were defeated in last month's election.

Thompson's and Murphy's best hope now is that Judge George Pratt will follow the precedent of Philadelphia Judge John P. Fullam, who last month overturned the convictions of two city councilmen on the grounds that the elaborate FBI operation had entrapped the defendants and induced them to commit a crime. The two Congressmen plan to appeal, but they may have difficulty arguing that they were entrapped, because they did not raise the issue in their trial.

The trial of Florida's Congressman Richard Kelly, indicted for receiving $25,000, continues this week in Washington. Still to come: the cases of Congressman Raymond Lederer of Philadelphia and New Jersey Senator Harrison Williams, accused of taking mining stock as a bribe. ■

Congressmen Thompson and Murphy

The camera watched for seven hours.



Police sketch of murderer

Death Trail

Stalking California hikers

The day after Thanksgiving, three women from the Sierra Club were hiking through the peaceful fir woodlands of beautiful Point Reyes National Seashore, 30 miles northwest of San Francisco. They got separated, and Diana O'Connell, 22, never met her two friends at the end of the trail. A search party found O'Connell and another hiker, Shauna May, 23, in a wooded area, both shot through the head, their nude bodies crisscrossed on the ground. About a mile away from that slaying, two fully clothed but decomposed bodies were also found. Shot in the head, they were lying side by side face down at the base of a Douglas fir tree. The two were a teen-age couple who had been missing for seven weeks.

"To have it happen in such a sanctuary—it's like shooting somebody in church," said Reno Taini, a wilderness instructor who discovered the teen-agers. During the past 15 months, three other women have been killed on hiking trails in the Point Reyes area. The seven killings had a ritualistic pattern. All but one took place on a weekend or holiday, all the victims except one were women, and most had apparently been forced into a submissive position before being shot with a high-powered weapon. Police believe the killings to be the work of one man. Observes Criminal Psychologist R. William Mathis: "He gets his maximum excitement by mentally terrifying his victims."

Despite the danger, hikers are continuing to enter Point Reyes. At week's end the sheriff's department circulated a sketch, derived from the memory of a witness to one of the killings, of the face of the murderer who stalks the spectacular heights above the Pacific shore. ■

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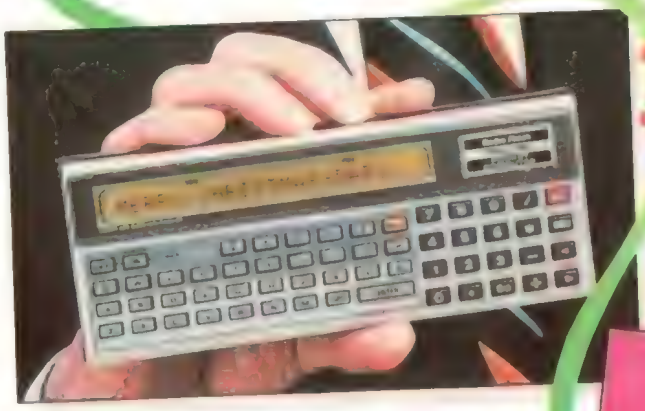

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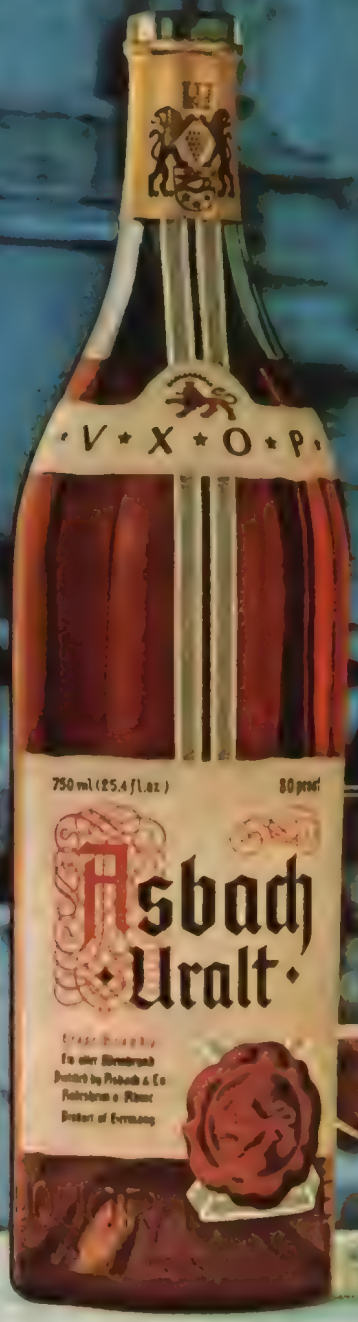

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COVER STORY

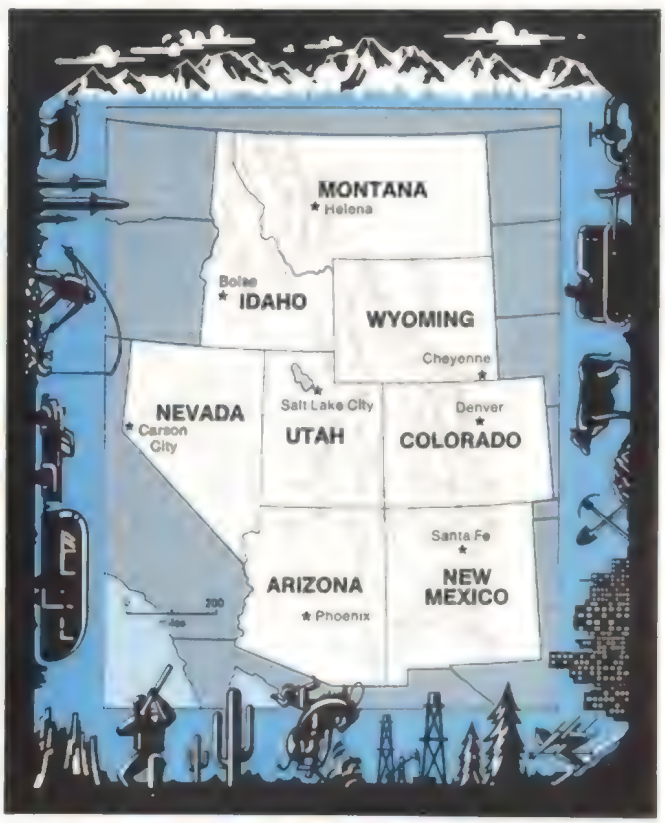
Rocky Mountain High

The energy boom brings soaring prospects—but some woes as well

"What do we want with this worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts and these endless mountain ranges?"
—Daniel Webster

When the esteemed U.S. Secretary of State from Massachusetts uttered those words in 1852, he was only echoing the haughty contempt that many Easterners felt toward what map makers then labeled the Great American Desert. Even today, the eight states strung out along the Rocky Mountains are collectively the nation's most thinly settled (12 inhabitants per square mile, *vs.* 62 overall in the U.S.) and the most arid (12 in. rainfall, *vs.* 29 nationwide). Yet in addition to their wild beauty, these Mountain States contain such a magnificent array of national treasures that they are now being developed at a rate that may within a lifetime enrich them, or ruin them, or both.

In the dusty Wyoming prairies, where Buffalo Bill Cody ended his pursuit of bison, the black rocker arms of oil wells thump to and fro through the night. In southern Montana, where the proud Sioux won their great victory, bulldozers scrape away the topsoil of cliffs to reveal vast seams of coal below. In western New Mexico, where legends tell of the Spanish explorer Coronado searching for the Seven Cities of Cibola, drills sink into the earth in search of uranium. The Mountain States hold vast deposits of the nation's coal, oil and uranium; they are at the heart of any U.S. energy program, and thus of the nation's future. The boom is sweeping far beyond the coalfields and oilfields. Construction cranes pierce the skies over Denver, Salt Lake City, Phoenix, Albuquerque, Boise, cities that already bristle with high-rises undreamed of ten years ago. Modernistic electronics plants sprout alongside gleaming shopping malls and clusters of ranch houses. The new pioneers keep streaming in—young parents in station wagons, roustabouts in pickup trucks, elderly couples in trailers—to work and live among these mountains and deserts that Daniel Webster scorned. Says Colorado Governor Richard Lamm: "There is no hyperbole that can do justice to how fast the West is changing. We are seeing a decade of change take place every month. We have everything coming at us."



These soaring prospects fill many Westerners with a Panglossian sense that the boom provides the best of all possible worlds. "It's great," says Charles Page of Colorado's Gunnison County Chamber of Commerce about a planned molybdenum mine. "It will diversify the economy and give jobs to people who really want to work." But this same growth begets among other Westerners a fear that they may be witnessing not only the ravaging of their landscapes but also the destruction of values that they cherish: the unhurried pace of traditional Western life, the neighborly feeling of the small towns and above all the sense of individual independence. "There's a way of life disappearing," says Orson Rollins, 69, a retired rancher who now operates a service station in Craig, Colo. "We never used to lock our doors. That's gone." Says Postal Clerk Helen Stout, whose onetime sheep town of Farson, Wyo., is now filling up with oilfield workers: "Life isn't as quiet as it used to be. Or as nice either."

Central to the contradictions of the region's future is the fact that the Mountain States, unlike most of the U.S., have a huge absentee landlord: the Federal Government. Of the eight states, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, which occupy 863,524 sq. mi., an area considerably bigger than all of Western Europe, Washington owns about 80% of the resources and nearly one-half of the land. These landholdings range from 30% of Montana to 87% of Nevada. The Government is not only the largest landowner but the largest employer and the overall regulator of how life is lived. Washington has a great say over who gets how much of the waters of the Colorado River, and what will be charged for the right to graze cattle. Washington decides how much timber will be cut from the forests and who will mine gold on the land. Washington even sets the price of lift tickets in some ski areas in Colorado. And it is Washington that now plans to install in Utah and Nevada the $33.8 billion MX missile system, the biggest public works project in history.

Struggling with federal regulations sharpens the resentment of Westerners who remember how the region was once exploited by Eastern railroads and financiers. "Billions of dollars came out of here, and none of the money remained," says Colorado's Lamm. "Can you blame us for feeling like a colony?" Says Montana Governor Thomas Judge: "They want to take our coal and take our water, and what do we have left? A couple of national parks."

TIME map by Paul J. Pugliese/Gerard Huerta

Wyoming scenery: an oil well pumps away near Gillette; Grand Teton Mt., at 13,766 the highest in the range

BEEBE—THE IMAGE BANK

Power shovels strip-mine coal near Gillette, Wyo.; crushed oil shale being processed in pilot plant near Rifle, Colo.

That feeling helped the birth in 1977 of the League for the Advancement of States' Equal Rights (LASER), the main force behind what is known as the Sagebrush Rebellion. Led mostly by local government officials, state lawmakers and ranchers, the Sagebrush movement is attempting to wrest control of as much as 400 million acres of the land now owned by the Federal Government. Several states, including Utah, Arizona and Wyoming, have passed resolutions laying claim to their federal land, and Nevada is planning to sue the Department of Interior and the Bureau of Land Management to win the rights to the federal land within its boundaries.

Though the rebellion has been mostly smoldering for the past three years, the election of Ronald Reagan has suddenly given supporters new hope. Reagan, who won 60% of the popular votes cast in the Mountain States, sent a telegram to a meeting of 500 rebellion supporters held in Salt Lake City last month relaying his "best wishes to all my fellow Sagebrush rebels." Added the President-elect: "I renew my pledge to work toward a Sagebrush solution ... to insure that the states have an equitable share of public lands and their natural resources."

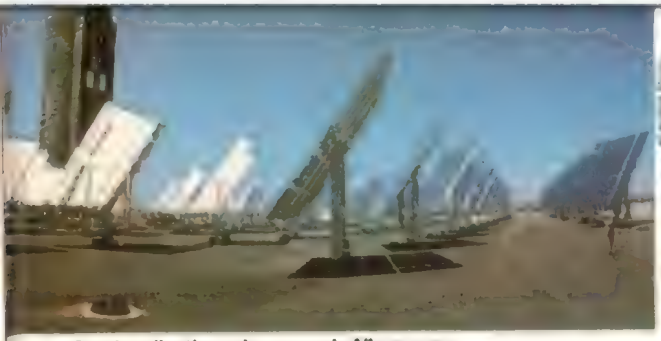
Republican control of the new U.S. Senate has also increased the influence of such fellow "rebels" as Paul Laxalt of Nevada and Jake Garn and Orrin Hatch of Utah. Sagebrush Rebellion leaders now plan to concentrate their battle for control of the federal lands in Congress, where both Hatch and Nevada's Democratic Representative Jim Santini have introduced bills that would set up a commission to establish an "orderly process" for transferring land to the states. Though they have little expectation of getting such legislation passed in the near future, Nevada State Assemblyman Dean Rhoads expresses their optimism when he says: "Because of the November election, it's a whole new ball game."

There is a tremendous irony running through these protests, for in a purely financial sense, the region lives on the federal dole. Tot up a year's spending by the Federal Government in the Rocky Mountain States—$20.5 billion on land and forest management, aid to agriculture, water projects, military bases and a saddlebag of other federal programs—and compare that with the total received from the states in taxes and other revenues—$14.5 billion—and Washington comes up $6 billion short. Admits Idaho Democratic Senator Frank Church, who was voted out of office last month: "As beneficiaries, we are reluctant to confront or confess the federal largesse because it cuts across the grain of our pioneer spirit."

The land that is being so hotly contested still remains, much of it, a primeval wilderness of snowy, pine-covered mountains and silent deserts. In an area that stretches 1,260 miles from Canada to Mexico and almost 1,000 miles from east to west, there are still only 10 million people, hardly more than live in New York City and its immediate environs. Venture ten minutes outside smoggy, clogged Phoenix and you suddenly enter an eerie desert that sweeps on for hundreds of miles. Drive north along Highway 13 in Colorado, away from the bustle and lights of a coal town like Craig, and you quickly find yourself in a land of buttes and canyons and endless sky, with gophers and prairie dogs scampering across the two-lane road and magpies fluttering overhead. Go down

River runners ride Lava Falls, the biggest rapids on the Colorado

The Mountain West is "virtually an oasis civilization."



Panels collecting solar energy in Albuquerque

Smokestacks dirty the air over Salt Lake City; sheep move through the heavy snow in Beaver Creek, Colo.

into southeastern Utah and head toward Moab. Take a right at the entrance to Canyonlands National Park and proceed along the paved road until it turns into a red clay rut. You are going along at 30 miles an hour, then 20, then 15. The road dips and rises, twists and turns. The car clatters, the body shakes. Finally, Grand View Point comes in sight. Walk to the edge, 6,000 ft. above sea level. To the northeast, the La Sal Mountains loom, while before you in the distance tower the Abajo Mountains. Spread out below is an immense rock garden, burnished red and brown and buff. The sun bursts through the clouds, first lighting the Six-Shooter Peaks, then Cathedral Butte. The Colorado and Green rivers meander deep in the shadows, carving their signatures into the mesa with canyons 1,200 ft. deep. Five miles away, the joined rivers let out a thunderous roar, but up here all is silence. The space is awesome, the stillness complete, the solitude absolute.

It is under such silent lands as these that the boundless riches lie, awaiting the power shovel and the drill. Energy developers first began arriving in droves in 1973, when OPEC hiked its prices fourfold and jolted the nation's oil and gas companies into searching for additional supplies. Jimmy Carter gave the developers a big assist in 1979 when he announced his intention to tap the region's energy supplies by setting up an Energy Mobilization Board to speed up the building of refineries, pipelines, coal mines and synthetic fuel plants. He also proposed an Energy Security Corporation to funnel public funds for further research on developing the synthetic fuel industry. Though Congress voted down the board last summer, it approved a $20 billion program of loans and tax incentives to spur development of the industry.

And so in many pockets of the West, the hard hat is edging out the Stetson. From their skyscrapers along Denver's 17th Street, energy company executives are organizing new drillings for oil and gas all along the Overthrust Belt, a wide twist of rocky ground that stretches 2,300 miles from northwestern Montana through southern Arizona. The Overthrust Belt was formed eons ago, when two tectonic plates of the earth's crust heaved and crunched together, crinkling one plate over the other. Geologists have known for decades that the region hid pools of oil and gas some 12,000 to 20,000 feet below the earth's surface, but exploration and drilling had proved too expensive.

As the price of fuel continued to spiral upward in the mid-1970s and drilling technology became more sophisticated, the cost of pumping those reserves suddenly became competitive. The rush was on, with Amoco and Chevron the first major companies to leap in. Today, in 16 fields with more than 100 wells, each costing up to $25 million to build (five times the price in Texas), production has reached 30,000 bbl. of oil and 75 million cu. ft. of gas per day. Geologist Richard Powers estimates that as much as 15.5 billion bbl. of oil and 62.5 trillion cu. ft. of gas lie beneath Wyoming, Idaho and northeastern Utah—a resource larger than the proven reserves on Alaska's North Slope. By 1982 Natural Gas Pipeline Co. of America will have finished an oil pipeline from Wyoming to Nebraska. Says one of Amoco's production chiefs, James Vanderbeek: "So far, we've only scratched the surface."

Though oil and gas now are

Skier taking to the slopes in Vail, Colo.

"We have everything here," proclaims one native.

Mobile homes sprawl across a hillside in Rock Springs, Wyo.

In Sheridan, Wyo., horseback riders canter past the oldest dude ranch in the West (founded 1882); a building site is readied in Denver

the region's most valuable energy resources, coal could easily replace them if Washington so decides. The Mountain States hold some 50% of the nation's recoverable coal, with Montana and Wyoming containing the richest reserves. Wyoming alone has eight times as much low-sulfur coal as West Virginia and Kentucky combined. At the moment, the Powder River Basin straddling Montana and Wyoming attracts the most mining. Arco, Exxon, Sun and Kerr-McGee are already clawing the land, while Shell, Mobil and Peabody are laying plans to share in the basin's 40 billion tons of recoverable coal. Electric shovels that weigh as much as 3 million lbs. eat into the hillsides while dump trucks carrying 160 tons of coal roar out of the pits 24 hours a day. During the first year of operation in 1977, Arco took 40,000 tons out of its Black Thunder mine. It has now extracted 11 million tons, and will take out 20 million tons by 1986. The Department of Energy predicts that by 1985, Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, New Mexico and Utah will produce 316 million tons of coal a year, compared with 22 million tons in 1967. After the digging is finished, the whole landscape will have to be rebuilt. "We'll just widen the valley some and drop the hills," says George Larsen of Arco, "and the land will just be 40 feet lower."

But no fuel in the West holds as much promise—so far unfulfilled—as shale oil. The slopes of northwestern Colorado, southwestern Wyoming and northeastern Utah are layered with marl, a limestone in which a fossil fuel called kerogen is embedded. When heated to 900° F, the marl bleeds its kerogen, which can then be used as a low-grade variety of crude.

Though research on extracting kerogen from marl began in the 1920s, shale oil went undeveloped because its production cost always exceeded the market price of crude. Promises still outpace production, but during the past few years Occidental Petroleum, Atlantic Richfield and Union Oil have spent millions experimenting with shale-oil extraction in Colorado's Piceance Basin. Occidental Chairman Armand Hammer believes that his company will be able to begin commercial production by 1985, keeping costs below $25 per bbl. Today other companies are digging mines near Grand Junction and Rangely, Colo., and Vernal, Utah. Exxon is the most enthusiastic: last May the oil giant paid Atlantic Richfield $400 million for its share in the Colony oil-shale project in Colorado, and now plans to spend $500 billion over the next 30 years to build 150 installations on Colorado's Western Slope. Estimated output by 2010: 8 million bbl. of oil per day.

Oil, gas, coal and oil shale are only part of the Mountain West's buried wealth. Ninety-one percent of the nation's uranium lies in the Mountain West, with New Mexico and Utah supplying most of the region's ore. From Arizona comes more than half of all the copper dug in the U.S. each year; the Kennecott Copper Corp.'s Bingham Canyon open-pit mine in Utah, at two miles wide and a half-mile deep, the largest excavation in the world, alone has produced more copper—over 11 million

STEVE NORTHUP

A pair of moose in the wilds of Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming

Still very much a vast land of snowy peaks and stark deserts.

CUSTOMER INFORMATION FROM GENERAL MOTORS

HOW TO FOIL A CAR THIEF

A FEW SIMPLE PRECAUTIONS CAN REDUCE THE RISK OF THEFT

The numbers are staggering. Every 37 seconds or so a car is stolen somewhere in the U.S. That adds up to almost 800,000 cars a year. But you can do something to keep your car from becoming a statistic. Start by avoiding these four common parking mistakes.

The "Just for a Minute" Syndrome. When you leave your car, even if it's "just for a minute," lock all of the doors and take your keys. In fact, about one of every five cars stolen was left unattended with keys in the ignition. Keep driver's license and vehicle registration cards in your wallet or purse. If a car thief finds these documents in the vehicle's glove box, he can impersonate you if stopped by the police.

The Isolated Location. It's safest to park in a locked garage, but if you can't, don't leave your car in a dark, out-of-the-way spot. Instead, try to park on a busy, well-lighted street. Thieves shy away from tampering with a car if there's a high risk of being spotted.

The Display Case. There's nothing more inviting to a thief than expensive items lying in your car, in plain sight. If you lock these items in the trunk or glove box, there's less incentive for a thief to break in. Also, when you park in a commercial lot or garage, be cautious. Lock your valuables in the trunk, and leave only the ignition key with the attendant.

The Space at the End of the Block. In recent years, professional car-theft operations have become an increasing problem. Unlike amateurs, the professionals are not easily deterred. Cars parked at the end of a block are easy targets for the professional thief with a tow truck. So, it's best to park in the middle of the block. Be sure to turn your steering wheel sharply to one side or the other. That will lock the steering column and prevent the car from being towed from the rear.

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tons—than any other mine in history. The Climax mine near Leadville, Colo., last year supplied 49 million lbs. worth of molybdenum, a blue-gray mineral used primarily in strengthening steel. Mines in the Coeur d'Alene district of Idaho led the Mountain States in production of lead ($49 million) and zinc ($24 million) last year. Silver and gold, those minerals that helped build and bust 19th century boom towns like Goldfield, Nev., and Silver City, Idaho, are still being mined in great quantities. The Mountain States produce 70% of the nation's gold and 50% of its silver.

Not all of the companies streaming into the Rockies come with drilling equipment and mining machinery. By 1975, for the first time in history, manufacturing added more to the area's economy than elies is a lower cost of living than elsewhere in the country. "The newcomers end up with more house, on a larger lot, with more amenities, and still have money left over," says Tucson Developer Peter Herer. The median price of a home there is $65,000, only two-thirds the price in California's Santa Clara Valley. Wages also tend to be lower—an electrical technician in San Jose, Calif., makes an average of $9.77 an hour; his non-union colleague in Colorado Springs makes $7.84—but there are many other compensations. As Albuquerque Mayor David Rusk told TIME Correspondent Michael Moritz: "Refugees from the East and California pull up stakes, take a cut in salary, and trade the loss in money for psychic income."

Many people are willing to strike that

THE GRANGER COLLECTION

An 1871 wood engraving of hunters shooting buffalo from a Kansas-Pacific Railroad train

"Billions of dollars came out of here, and none of the money remained."

ther agriculture or mining, and that lead is widening. Electronics firms head the rush; many have picked up their chips and headed east from California's Silicon Valley. Though Denver still draws the energy companies, lots of the newest arrivals are moving into Salt Lake City, Boise, Tucson and Albuquerque. In four years Hewlett-Packard has built a four-building plant employing 2,800 people in Boise, joining longtime residents Boise Cascade (34,000 workers) and Morrison-Knudsen (17,000). Hewlett-Packard has also settled in Colorado Springs, along with Texas Instruments, TRW and Honeywell. Intel, the hottest micro-chip company in the country, plans to join Internetics in Salt Lake City, as well as start a plant in Albuquerque. Last year National Semiconductor opened a factory employing 275 people in Tucson; this year IBM completed a factory on 1,800 acres just outside the city. Boasts Tucson Lawyer Donald Pitt: "What makes Tucson so desirable is that Phoenix is three times larger. Tucson offers for the next 30 years what Phoenix offered 30 years ago."

One attraction of these Western citbargain. In 1970, 8.3 million—4% of the nation's population—lived in the Mountain States region; the latest figure of 10 million represents nearly 7% of all Americans. Arizona gained the most residents —up from 1.8 million to 2.3 million —while Montana gained the least—from 700,000 to 766,000.

The wave of settlers has by no means crested: the Census Bureau predicts that during the 1980s, seven of the eight Mountain States will be among the country's ten fastest growing states (the one exception: Montana, which will rank seventeenth).* Within the next 20 years, the population of the region is expected to grow by 50%.

A surprisingly large number of new settlers come from California, where the golden dream of a generation ago seems to have been darkened by overcrowding, high housing prices and rising unemployment. Some may come with jobs waiting, some come looking, some may not need jobs, but almost all come because the Mountain West offers them things they have been unable to find elsewhere: more space, cleaner air, fewer people, less crime. They arrive with their own lifestyles and slowly begin to transform the places where they settle. In Sandpoint, Idaho, a favorite refuge of disillusioned Californians, boutiques and craft shops flourish and stores sell wooden tubs for outdoor bathing. Newcomers may even revive an entire town in their image. Twenty-five miles south of Santa Fe, in the Ortiz Mountains, lies the hamlet of Madrid (pop. 250). Until 1955, the community scraped together a living from nearby coal mines, but when the coal business fizzled, Madrid faded away. In 1975 an enterprising group of outsiders began buying the hillsides and the abandoned, ramshackle miners' cottages. Today the sound of power saws and drills echoes through the valley as the new pioneers rebuild their ghost town. Melvin Johnson, 45, a former instructor at the Art Institute of Chicago, owns 15 acres and runs a clothing store. He cherishes "the peace, the sunshine and fresh air," and adds, "I'm living twice as well on half the money." Says Quinn Fortune, 32, a Los Angeles refugee who is now part owner of the town's gas station: "We're self-sufficient, surviving by our own muscle and living the way we want. We are here only because we want to be. Not too many people can say that."

A similar transformation, on a much larger scale, has brought the boom to downtown Boise. One example: the Idanha Hotel was an 80-year-old turreted monstrosity that once boasted visits by Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan but eventually deteriorated into a seedy flophouse. In 1977, two entrepreneurs from New York City, Alan Minskoff, 33, and Calvin Jensen, 39, bought and renovated it for $3.2 million. Today the Idanha is the city's social hub, featuring weekly jazz sessions, the best breakfast in town and a vintage Packard for chauffeuring guests to the airport as well as around town. "Boise was about to self-destruct," says Minskoff. "The city hadn't grown at all between World War II and the late '60s." But during the 1970s several companies, including Boise Cascade and Morrison-Knudsen, expanded their operations, and Hewlett-Packard opened a plant employing 50,000.

John B. Fery, 50, chairman of Boise Cascade, is fond of pointing out to visitors that he can leave his office and be skiing in 30 minutes. Says Fery: "In New York, some people might ask, 'Boise who?' But each one of us lives here for some very special reasons of our own. We've got a sense of what good things are, and a sense of the need to preserve our heritage." Boise City Councilman Mike Silva says, "A lot of people come here as a way of changing their life-style. I've lived in St. Louis, Detroit and Chi-

*The predicted ten fastest growing states in order: Nevada, Arizona, Wyoming, Alaska, Florida, Utah, Idaho, Colorado, New Mexico and Oregon

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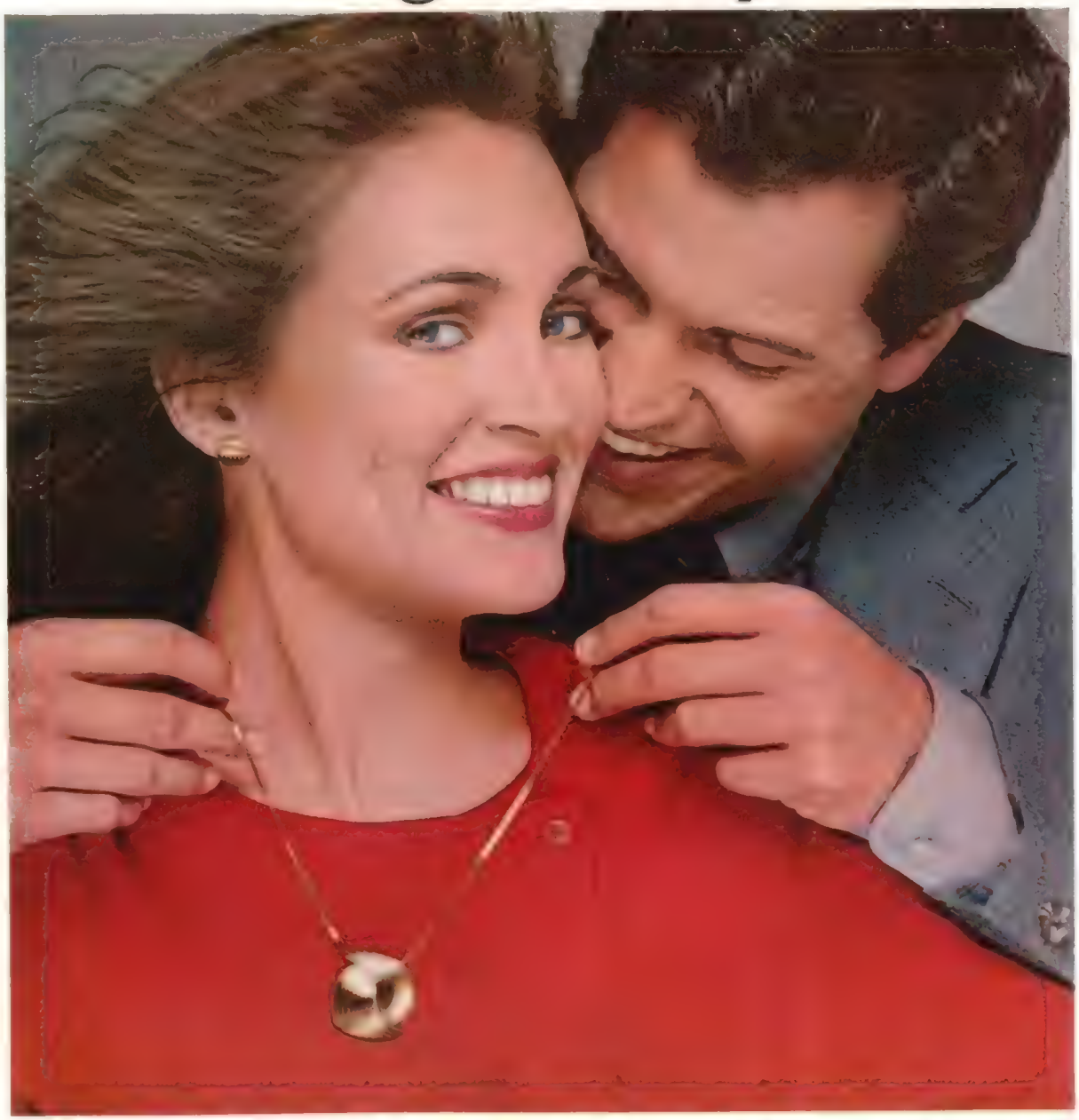

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cago. I just found that I didn't want to live that way any longer." Councilman Silva predicts that Boise's population will double to 300,000 in the next 20 years. "Many of the people moving here are conservative in bent," says Silva. "They're individuals living out the frontier experience while there is still a frontier experience to live out. Having arrived in Boise seven years ago, I would now like to shut the gates and stop it all. Growth does give us what we like most. Our development can either be the greatest thing in the world or it can destroy us."

The desire to shut the gates is understandable, for the West enjoys the most spectacular scenery in the continental U.S. Skiers by the thousands crowd the slopes of Utah's Alta, Colorado's Vail, Aspen, Snowmass and Steamboat Springs and Idaho's Sun Valley. Trout fishermen cast their lines into the churning waters of the Gallatin and Madison rivers in Montana, while hikers trek through the sandstone canyons of Arizona. Says one enthusiast, Al Seibel, 22, of Table Rock, Wyo.: "We've got everything here."

Millions of tourists stream into the region each year, spending more than $3 billion along the way. Though gasoline shortages have thinned the trampling hordes of visitors somewhat, Yellowstone National Park is still attracting over half a million people a year. More than a few return to the Rockies to stay. Says Idaho's Church: "The problem for the growing Mountain West is how to respond to what the hucksters call Progress. Will we let it ruin our towns and our countryside?"

That challenge faces all Mountain West residents, from ranchers whose grandfathers homesteaded there a century ago to transplanted Californians who got off the plane last week. The argument is not whether development should take place at all, but rather how to control that growth so that the special qualities of the Rockies are not ruined. Even those Westerners most concerned about the environment realize that an energy-hungry nation needs what lies underneath the mountains. "These projects are going to happen," admits Kevin Markey, a regional representative of the Friends of the Earth. "The politics has changed from two years ago when we could say no, no, no. That is not going to happen any more. Now we are interested in moderating the velocity of development and preserving the freedom of choice on energy sources for the future." Governor Lamm agrees: "In these explorations, the question is no longer if, but how."

The early signs are not encouraging. Towns across the Rockies are suffering from what Psychologist Eldean V. Kohrs has called the "Gillette syndrome," named after a once bucolic ranching town in northeastern Wyoming. As oil and coal developers moved in to exploit what lay underneath Gillette, the town ballooned from a population of 3,580 people in 1960 to 12,125 in 1975. House trailers crowded in among the billboards and ramshackle storefronts, water supplies dwindled, the schools bulged with students. Crime, alcoholism and violence were commonplace. The town officials were simply unprepared to cope with the ugly side of the boom.

Symptoms of Gillette syndrome can now be found in nearly every Rocky Mountain state. Until a new grammar school was built in Colstrip, Mont. (pop. 3,000), students had to convene for classes in the town's shopping center. In Grants, N. Mex., the self-proclaimed "Uranium Capital of the World," the population has gone from 9,000 in 1975 to about 14,000 today. In the past decade, crime has doubled, rising to 1,421 felonies last year. In Rock Springs, Wyo., where the population grew from 11,000 in 1970 to 26,000 today, one-third of those who need hospital care must go 185 miles to Salt Lake City.

The most threatened area in the Mountain West may be Colorado's gorgeous and still half-empty Western Slope. It is estimated that if Exxon does build 150 oil-shale plants there, the population in Rio Blanco and Garfield counties could shoot from 75,000 to 1.5 million. Colorado Senator Gary Hart has figured that the Exxon project alone would require enough new schools, hospitals and roads each year to accommodate a city the size of Grand Junction (pop. 54,000), now the largest city in western Colorado. Water would have to be imported from as far as 1,000 miles away, if it could be found at all.

Exxon is reconsidering the scope of its plans, but the development already taking place in western Colorado is leaving its mark. In Craig, which has doubled to 8,000 since 1975, businessmen boast of the new mall with 26 stores; clapboard houses that sold for $30,000 in 1974 now go for better than twice that amount. But Sheriff S.L. Valdez is handling three times the calls he did two years ago, and Carl Andrews, an Episcopal priest, reports a heavy incidence of depression and child abuse. Says he: "A lot of the hopes and dreams never materialize. All of the fast-moving frenzy, people living crowded in their neighbors' lives, is more than some can bear."

CARL IWASAKI

Governor Lamm hiking in the foothills near Denver

"We are seeing a decade of change every month."

Boom-town officials find little sympathy in Washington for their plight. Washington is providing about $50 million a year to help towns disrupted by coal and uranium mining build new sewers, water lines and schools and hospitals. Westerners claim the funds are not enough, but Administration officials blame that on Congress. "Congress is still dominated by the East," says Paul Petzrick, director of the Office of Shale Resource Applications of the Department of Energy, "so it seems to be loath to support funding for programs to ease the impact of energy development in the Mountain States. For four years Gary Hart has been putting up legislation to soften the impact, and Congress has been battling it down."

The Hart legislation, called the Energy Impact and Assistance Bill, proposed granting loans to energy boom towns to build the schools, hospitals and other facilities needed to accommodate new settlers. The bill was finally passed by the Senate this year, but was voted down in the House; Hart sees little chance of winning the measure's passage in 1981. Says he: "At issue in the Eastern opposition to the bill is the contention that small growing Western towns don't need help while large decaying Eastern cities do. At a time when we are trying to reduce the size of the federal budget, that is a powerful argument to fight." Even so, Hart believes that the Government has a clear responsibility to help pay for sacrifices that Western communities are making in supplying energy to the rest of the country. Says he: "The nation will enjoy the benefits of the energy. Sharing a small part of the local burden is not too much to ask."

Many local officials blame federal bureaucrats for tying up assistance funds in spools of red tape. In Grants, Mayor Mitch Wells won approval 23 months ago for federal funds to buy land for three firehouses, and he is still waiting for the check. Complains Wells: "We're still dotting i's and crossing t's. They've

Life in "Oil City, U.S.A."

When Mormon scouts wandered through the Bear River Valley of southwestern Wyoming in the 1840s, they found oil flowing into streams and used it to grease the axles of their wagons. But it was not until 1974, when a deep pool of oil was tapped at Pineview Field outside the small town of Evanston, that the rush began.

Wells now pump oil right out from underneath Main Street, and dozens more dot the surrounding buttes. Cranes lay down sections of pipe across snow and sagebrush that will carry gas from well to processing plants. Helicopters whir overhead. Hundreds of workers live in trailers and tents in fields, along the river banks, or wherever a friendly rancher will let them camp.

An estimated $250 million has been spent on exploration and drilling around Evanston. Amoco and Chevron are spending a total of $700,000 to build two gas processing plants. "We'll be here years from now and still growing," says Garret Eckerdt, an engineer for Chevron. "We haven't even found the edges of the thing yet."

Though road signs outside Evanston still proclaim a population of 4,462, that figure has surely doubled since 1975; it will probably top 15,000 by 1985. Everything in Evanston is booming, partly because many roustabouts make $1,000 or more a week. Business is up 20% at J.C. Penney's, and it would be more than double that if the store had more space. It hopes to move to the new shopping center now being planned, the town's first. Neon lights blink NO VACANCY outside motels charging $35 a night, cash in advance. "Tourists don't stand a chance," says Jennifer Barclay, manager of the Vagabond Motel. Exults Alan Graban, president of the First Wyoming Bank, who has seen his bank's assets double in five years: "This whole thing is simply fantastic. The town has everything going for it."

STEVE NORTHUP

The boom of progress clogs downtown Evanston

Everything includes a lot of problems. Water and sewage plants are overburdened, so raw sewage is being dumped into the Bear River. Bar brawls, family fights and burglaries have more than doubled the crime rate in the past year. Says Sheriff Leonard Hysell: "We're desperate for detectives." With school enrollment up 20% from 1979, most of the $1 million in funds voluntarily contributed by Amoco and Chevron are long gone, mostly for buses and classrooms. Roads torn up by the big rigs need constant repairing, and traffic jams a quarter of a mile long clog downtown streets. "We are suddenly loaded down with a lot of big city problems," says City Manager Steve Snyder. Adds Mayor Dennis Ottley: "It's driving us all crazy."

Housing is probably the town's most urgent need. An aging, one-story house costs $80,000; there are so few places to rent that a resident who offered to lease his chicken coop for $85 a month promptly found a tenant. The town's 2,500 trailer spaces are filled, and the waiting list runs into the hundreds. Doug Melton, 26, moved from California several months ago and works as an oilfield laborer, but he and his brother David live in a tepee seven miles out of town. Says Melton: "No way am I going to lay out $1,000 a month for a motel room."

"Not a lot of us love to be here, but this is where the action is," says Bob Blaylock, 25, a roughneck who makes $1,300 a week installing oil-rigging equipment. "This is Oil City, U.S.A., and you can put up with a lot."

changed the rules half a dozen times. It just doesn't work."

Officials who try to plan ahead for anticipated growth complain that no one in the Federal Government will listen to them. Says Utah Governor Scott Matheson: "We're growing so fast now that we can see almost unmitigable problems —even without the development of synthetic fuels or the huge MX program. We estimate that in the next ten years the state will increase in population from 1.4 million to 2 million. That's explosive. Now all these things are supported by the Federal Government, but the Feds never sit down and tell you that all these things have to be planned together for management purposes." Adds William D. Howell, director of the Southeastern Utah Association of Local Governments: "Usually, you can't even get an audience in Washington unless you've already been impacted. If you go to them well prepared and say, 'We expect this much development to happen and so we will need this much money,' they say, 'Fine, come back and ask us when you've been hit.' "

Of deepest concern to Westerners is the demand that the growth will make on the water supply. Throughout the region's history, water, or the lack of it, has determined the pace of development. Historian Walter Prescott Webb once called the Mountain West "virtually an oasis civilization," and ranchers formerly fought pitched battles to control water holes for their herds. As long ago as 1893, the explorer Major John Wesley Powell warned the First International Irrigation Conference in Los Angeles: "I tell you, gentlemen, you are piling up a heritage of conflict and litigation of water rights, for there is not sufficient water to supply the land." Today nearly every river in the West is either fully used or overused. Throughout the 1,400-mile meandering of the mighty Colorado, for example, water is siphoned off to Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and (this infuriates mountain people) California. The river finally ends as a salty trickle at the Gulf of California. By official agreements between Washington and the states involved, the river is supposed to deliver 16.5 million acre-feet of water, but nowadays only 14 million acre-feet (not counting storage facilities) course through its bed.

Yet the plans for developing the energy resources of the Rockies require prodigious quantities of water. Shale-oil production, for example, will require 1 to 5 bbl. of water to extract 1 bbl. of oil. Westerners are greatly disturbed by the proposed coal-slurry pipelines, which will use water to swoosh pulverized coal through pipelines to the Eastern and Southern U.S. Two such pipelines are now on the drawing boards, one from Wyoming to Arkansas and New Orleans (1,387 miles), the other from

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The Department of Energy has decreed that there is enough Western water to be shared by coal processors, wheat farmers and kitchen dishwashers alike. The White House's Water Resources Council, moreover, claims that the West wastes its water by growing crops that require heavy irrigation and by not utilizing runoff waters properly. Early in his presidency, Jimmy Carter outraged Western voters by insisting that the area should not be awarded additional funding for dams and irrigation projects until the region tightened its water tap. "The White House definition of water conservation amounts to a brick in the toilet!" exclaims Utah's Matheson. "There are considerable differences between water management in the West and in the East."

Hardest hit by the water shortage in the coming decade will be the farmers, who have long been on the decline for many reasons. Farming provided 10% of the region's income in 1958; its share has slipped to less than 3%. Farmers nonetheless use nearly 90% of the area's water, and they will not be able to afford the steep rises in water prices expected over the next ten years. Nor are federal officials in Washington in any mood to grant the farmers more water than the energy developers. "We are promising them really cheap long-range energy with minimal, inexpensive use of water, while the farmers are asking for expensive irrigation output for uncertain crop yields," says Petzrick of the Department of Energy. "Where does the justice lie?" Not with the energy companies, the farmers insist. "The people out there care about their lands, their farms and their rustic way of life," contends David Alberswerth, a Washington lobbyist for the Western Organization of Resource Councils. "It is not that they don't care about the needs of the rest of the country, it is that they don't understand why they have to sacrifice everything that they live for."

Yet that sacrifice will most probably be made, as will innumerable others throughout the Mountain West in the years just ahead. This vast and glorious part of America is changing at a pace nobody could have dreamed of a mere decade ago. Though a region of such natural beauty can never become the "worthless area" described by Daniel Webster, it can become so despoiled that life there is no longer very special. "What counts is the opportunity to be alone, to see the stars, to look through clear, clean air for hundreds of miles," says University of Arizona President John Schaefer, explaining why he enjoys living in Tucson. "We have lost that in much of the country. If this town becomes like Los Angeles, what's the point?" *—By James Kelly. Reported by William Rademaekers/Salt Lake City and Richard Woodbury/Denver*

Meanwhile, Back at the Ranch . . .

"One time, this was all open range," the white-haired man says, gazing north across the valley. Now the land is crisscrossed with his neighbors' fences. "You used to just turn the cattle loose and let them graze where they wanted for the summer. No more, not ever again."

Elmer Hanson, 57, was born on Riverside, a 25,000-acre ranch in the Smith River Valley of central Montana. His grandfather homesteaded there in 1881. Today his two sons and son-in-law help him and his wife Marie raise his cattle, 2,800 head of Angus and Hereford. But such is the state of ranching economics today that family operations like Riverside are dying. "You have to kick in a lot extra of everything these days to make a profit," says Hanson.

Like his parents, Hanson still butchers his own meat for family meals, heats his house with wood, and uses cowboys on horseback to trail his herd down from the summer ranges. But now he rides in a Ford pickup, with a CB radio crackling away. He relies on machines—swathers, balers and stackers—to get the hay in. He is constantly on the phone to his accountant in Helena, and spends hours hunched over the kitchen table with his pocket calculator. "Ranching is a lot, lot more than raising cattle nowadays," says Hanson. "It involves accounting, mechanics, sophisticated farming . . . and luck."

CARL RAYAS

Hanson inspecting cattle on his Montana spread

The beef market has not kept pace with inflation over the past several years, despite what those who buy steak at more than $3 per lb. might think. While his choice steers brought 80¢ per lb. last year, Hanson expects to get only about 71¢ per lb. this year. At the same time, the cost of almost everything involved in raising cattle has soared. In 1972, for example, Hanson paid $10 to plant one acre of alfalfa; today the price is $45. "A machine part that you used to be able to pick up for 50¢, you now have to order for $10," complains the rancher.

What really riles Hanson is the Government regulations that hamper his ranching. "Big Brother has got his arm solidly around you," he says. The Environmental Protection Agency will not let him use weed spray on his feed crops or animal poisons against the coyotes that prey on his calves. He complains that the Bureau of Land Management will not plow back more of the ranchers' grazing fees into improving the range, and that he must seek permission from the Army Corps of Engineers to build a culvert along a stream on his own property. "It's rules on this and rules on that," says Hanson. "People sitting behind desks all day in Washington are just making them up. They've got us in knots. You can't turn around without colliding into another regulation."

Hanson is surviving, but barely. From 1974 to 1978, he lost so much money that he did not have to pay income taxes—on a ranch worth $2.5 million. He turned a small profit in 1979, but he will not do as well this year. In an effort to better his profits, Hanson now breeds his cows as two-year-olds—a year earlier than before—fattens his steers another 150 lbs., up from 650 lbs., before selling them, and leases parts of his land to oil and gas companies for exploration at $1 per year per acre.

Still, Hanson has an abiding faith in the land and a hardy conviction that with a lot of work and a little ingenuity he can keep on ranching as long as he likes and then pass Riverside on to his children. "We love our land," says Hanson. "If we treat it well, somehow it will make us a living."

POLAND

Red Alert from Moscow

Nervous about labor unrest, the Soviets get their troops ready

"Countrymen, the fate of the nation hangs in the balance." With that dramatic warning, the Polish Communist Party appealed last week for an end to the labor unrest that had brought Poland to what the party itself called "the brink of economic and moral destruction." More than that, the dread scenario of Moscow intervening to prevent a key satellite from abandoning Soviet-style socialism suddenly seemed very real, perhaps imminent. Soviet troops in East Germany, Czechoslovakia and along the Poland-U.S.S.R. frontier were reported to be on full alert. East bloc propaganda guns were blazing, repetitively comparing events in Poland with those that touched off the 1968 Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia. There was a measure of understatement in the urgent message of the Polish party: "All Poles are engulfed by profound anxiety."

"See? It's quite safe, and very therapeutic!"

The crisis atmosphere eased somewhat at week's end, after leaders of the Warsaw Pact nations, including Polish Party Boss Stanislaw Kania, were summoned to Moscow for a secret summit. They later issued a rambling communiqué expressing confidence that Poles "will be able to overcome the present difficulties." The statement also noted that Poland "can firmly count on" the support of its East bloc brethren, meaning that the Soviets were still ready to step in if need be.

By the time of the Moscow meeting, the free world was in somewhat of a cold war lather. President Carter, in a strong statement, said the U.S. was "watching with growing concern the unprecedented buildup of Soviet forces along the Polish border," and urged that the Poles be allowed "to work out their internal difficulties without outside interference." Warned the President: "Foreign military intervention in Poland would have the most negative consequences for East-West relations." Meeting in Luxembourg, leaders of the European Community predicted "very serious consequences" if Poland were invaded. With a touch of Gaelic hyperbole, Irish Prime Minister Charles Haughey told journalists: " 'Very serious consequences' might be a euphemism for World War III."

Moscow's saber rattling had a clear purpose: to intimidate Solidarity, the independent trade-union movement that has become increasingly bold in its demands for political liberalization. But what may have been a better guide to Soviet intentions was nearly drowned out in the alarmist din. With the Polish economy in a tailspin, the Soviets last week gave their suffering satellite $1.1 billion in hard-currency credits and $200 million in commodities. Most analysts believe Soviet military intervention is a distant last resort, to be used only in case of serious disturbances or a total breakdown of party control. Jozef Klasa, chief spokesman for the Central Committee, gave credence to this view when he said: "If the threat to socialism is real—and I think this could happen when authority slips out of the hands of the democratic process—this would end in drama and tragedy."

Analogies with the Prague spring of 1968, while useful as a possible rationale for intervention, are not exact. The reform movement in Czechoslovakia was the brainchild of liberal intellectuals. Alexander Dubček's "Socialism with a Human Face," which advocated a loosening of state controls, was more of an ideological experiment than a pragmatic response to a crisis. At the time the Soviets stepped in, a true counterrevolution was working its way down to the grass roots. In Poland, by contrast, the reform movement is very much a working-class phenomenon, with the intellectuals cheering from the sidelines. Most important, the Polish Communist Party remains orthodox and loyal to Moscow.

Evidently trying to reassure Moscow that it was still in control, the Polish party adopted a harder line toward the unruly unions during a troubled two-day meeting of the Central Committee last week. At the opening session, Kania sternly warned that "there cannot be two centers of power in the country." The labor disputes, he said, "threaten eventually to destabilize the peaceful order of Europe." He added a caution that moderates in Solidarity might well have agreed with: "It is high time to sober up."

With an eye again turned toward Moscow, Kania continued his purge of discredited party hacks. Ousted last week were four more members of the ruling Politburo; only Kania and three others are left from the 14 voting members on the Politburo at the start of last summer's massive strikes. Many of the 500 functionaries axed so far were closely associated with former Party Chief Edward Gierek, who was dropped from the Central Committee last week and forced to give up his seat in parliament.

One of the developments that caused worldwide concern last week was a decision to seal off a 30-mile-wide swath of the East German–Polish frontier, parts of which are ordinarily open to Western military observers under World War II occupation agreements. Western intelligence experts also reported increased communications among army units in the western Soviet Union and an unusual number of Soviet transport planes flying in and out of Poland. Troops in the U.S.S.R. and elsewhere in the East bloc were said to be at top readiness—capa-

ble, if need be, of moving on Poland within three or four days. Almost too conveniently, the Warsaw Pact defense ministers were in Bucharest for their regular winter meeting.

Moscow's military moves apparently stemmed from a confrontation the week before between Polish authorities and Warsaw workers, who were demanding the release of two imprisoned union sympathizers and an investigation of the state security apparatus. Although the militants got their friends out of jail, the political nature of their demands must have alarmed the Kremlin. Anticipating a backlash, the leaders of Solidarity announced a moratorium on strikes. Not one work stoppage was reported last week. Indeed, Poland seemed to be in the eye of the hurricane. "The storm of anxiety came from the West," a Warsaw journalist remarked. "People here are more worried about how to do their shopping."

To subdue Poland, the Soviets would need at least 35 divisions, according to military planners in Washington. Such a force could be mustered without seriously weakening the Warsaw Pact's western flank,

Kania: summoned to the Moscow summit

since the Soviets have 30 divisions near their own border with Poland, another 19 in East Germany, Poland's eastern neighbor, and five in Czechoslovakia to the south.

Based on Soviet tactics in Hungary in 1956, Czechoslovakia in 1968 and Afghanistan last year, experts in Bonn outlined the following possible invasion scenario: the two Soviet divisions stationed in Poland would quickly try to secure strategic points, notably major airports, so that infantry and light artillery could be flown in as reinforcements. At the same time, tank forces and additional motorized infantry would move across the borders from the Soviet Union and East Germany. Soldiers from the satellites would be used sparingly, in case anti-Soviet feeling flared throughout the East bloc. East German troops would probably be withheld completely, since the Poles hate the Germans even more than they hate the Soviets. Rumania, which refused to take part in the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia, would probably refuse to invade Poland.

The military, diplomatic and economic price of any invasion—no matter how successfully executed—would be incalculable. Intensely nationalistic, the Poles have resisted foreign domination throughout their history, rising up against Tsarist rule in 1794 and 1830 and against the Nazis in 1944. Some units of the large (210,000 man) and well-trained Polish army would almost certainly fight back, possibly alongside Polish workers. If defeated, the Poles would no doubt set up an opposition underground. "The core of it would probably be Solidarity because it is already organized and has nationally respected leadership," said a senior Foreign Ministry analyst in Bonn.

ABBAS—GAMMA LIAISON

Polish troops in Warsaw: almost sure to fight back

The use of force would destroy what is left of détente, accelerate the U.S.-Soviet arms race and damage Soviet prestige in the East bloc and the Third World. Relations with the incoming Reagan Administration might never thaw. Said a U.S. State Department official: "There is no facet of international affairs in which the Soviets would not lose." Western economic reprisals would be swift and painful; the European allies, which had little taste for the Afghanistan embargoes imposed by the U.S., would be far more responsive concerning Poland. Sales of grain and sophisticated technology to the Soviets might well be shelved, and so might plans for a ballyhooed natural gas pipeline between Siberia and West Germany.

More important, the Soviets would be forced to take over Poland's enfeebled economy, a $21 billion hard-currency debt to the West and a mutinous population. All of these costs, as Secretary of State Edmund Muskie noted last week, would be "taken out of the hides of the Soviet people." The low-keyed rumbles of discontent in the U.S.S.R. about deaths and injuries suffered by an invasion force of 85,000 in Afghanistan would grow far louder if Soviet troops were bloodied in a Polish occupation.

Still, Moscow might feel it had to pay the price if it believed that Poland was about to become an example to the world of Communism's failures. Not only is Poland the largest Soviet satellite, it is strategically crucial, linking the Soviet Union with East Germany, the front line of Warsaw Pact defenses.

If Kania can keep the Soviets calm, the West is poised to help with loans and other aid. The Common Market nations agreed last week to make available surplus beef and butter at discount prices, provided Po-

Walesa: keeping the workers cool

land asks for them. It was a fairly timid gesture designed not to offend the Soviets, but it could be a very welcome one to Poland if severe food shortages develop this winter.

Kania needs time to reassert the party's authority. And to gain time, he needs cooperation from the workers. Until last week, Lech Walesa and other union leaders had not been able to rein in Solidarity's rank and file. But in response to the Moscow summit, Solidarity warned its local branches not to strike without its authorization. The next major test of his control could come at week's end with the start of observances marking the tenth anniversary of the 1970 Gdansk riots, in which at least 49 Poles were killed. This symbolic occasion could touch off another bout of labor unrest and perhaps force Moscow's hand. —*By Stephen Smith. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/Warsaw and Barry Kalb/West Berlin*

Saudi Arabia's Prince Abdullah conferring with King Hussein in Amman

MIDDLE EAST

Marching Back from the Brink

Two Arab antagonists cool a jittery confrontation

Rather like the Duke of York in the old nursery rhyme, Syria and Jordan marched to the brink of war last week, then marched away. For a few tense days, however, the two Arab antagonists had provoked international jitters that another hot war was about to start in the Middle East. After nearly a week of intense shuttle diplomacy between Damascus and Amman to devise a face-saving formula, Saudi Arabia's Deputy Prime Minister, Prince Abdullah ibn Abdul Aziz, proudly proclaimed that his peacemaking efforts had been "crowned with success." He announced that Syria had agreed to a gradual withdrawal of the troops it had dispatched to the Jordanian border. Officials in Amman, though, were initially skeptical. Said Jordanian Minister of Information Adnan Abu Odeh: "We will make our judgment known when we see the last Syrian soldiers withdrawing from their positions." Then, in a further effort to heal the breach between the two antagonistic countries, King Khalid of Saudi Arabia invited both Jordan's King Hussein and Syria's President Hafez Assad to Riyadh for a detailed discussion of their differences.

Neither side really wanted to see the squabble erupt into open battle. One reason is that the Arab world is deeply fragmented as a result of the war between Iraq and Iran. The open support of Jordan and the tacit backing of Saudi Arabia and the gulf states for Syria's arch-enemy, Iraqi President Saddam Hussein, has left Syria feeling isolated and threatened. Some military analysts believe that one of Assad's motives in provoking the border confrontation was to blunt the possibility that Jordanian troops would be dispatched to Iraq to help in its stalemated struggle with Iran. As one U.S. analyst put it last week, "Assad wanted to remind everybody that Syria was still there."

Jordanian tanks on maneuver

The Jordanian-Syrian confrontation began just before an Arab summit in Amman two weeks ago. Assad learned that the new "moderate" axis of Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Iraq intended to attack Syria at the conference for supporting Iran, a Muslim but non-Arab nation, in the gulf war. Syria abruptly announced that it would boycott the session, and so did Algeria, Libya, South Yemen and the Palestine Liberation Organization. At the same time, Syria massed a total of 36,000 troops along the Jordanian border to show its displeasure with King Hussein. The King responded by positioning 24,000 troops of his own, nearly half of Jordan's regular army.

A major Syrian accusation was that Jordan has been "arming, training and financing" extremist elements of the fundamentalist Muslim Brotherhood, which wants to topple Assad's ten-year-old regime. Syrian television recently reported that Jordanian Prime Minister Mudar Badran had even visited Muslim Brotherhood camps near Irbid on the Jordanian side of the 240-mile common frontier. Damascus further charged that the Muslim Brotherhood, operating from clandestine camps in Jordan, has been able to launch a two-year campaign of assassinations and bombings within Syria. King Hussein has firmly denied the Syrian allegations, although he has legalized political activities by the Brotherhood inside Jordan.

The Syrians have also charged that Hussein is on the verge of collaborating with Israel, the U.S. and Egypt by joining the stalled Middle East peace talks as a spokesman for the Palestinian cause. Syrian radio quoted accusations by P.L.O. radicals that Hussein has been suppressing the Palestinians in collusion with Israel. As it happens, Jordan endorsed a

Camp David Doubletalk?

Was Egyptian President Anwar Sadat misled into signing the 1978 Camp David accords? Writing in the winter issue of *Foreign Policy*, Hermann Eilts, former U.S. Ambassador to Cairo and a participant in the Camp David summit, contends that Sadat set aside some of his misgivings partly because of two assurances he received from President Carter, neither of which was fulfilled. One was that the U.S. could "deliver" Saudi support for the agreement. Contends Eilts: "Carter believed—on what basis is unclear—that anything the Egyptians accepted other Arabs would have to accept." A few days before Camp David, Middle East experts warned Carter to the contrary. As it turned out, the Saudis joined other Arab states in condemning the accords.

The other assurance, which has surfaced before but in less detail, was that the Israelis had agreed to a long-term freeze on Jewish settlements in the West Bank and Gaza Strip. Sadat was led to believe this would be confirmed in writing on the morning after the signing ceremony. The Israeli letter arrived on schedule, says Eilts, but it "differed shockingly" from Sadat's understanding and pledged only a three-month moratorium. An aide to Prime Minister Menachem Begin insisted when contacted by TIME last week that the three-month freeze was the only one discussed at Camp David.

resolution at the Amman summit that reaffirmed the role of the P.L.O. as the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian cause. Still, Syrian fears have increased as a result of recent statements made by both U.S. President-elect Ronald Reagan and Israeli Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres to the effect that Jordan was the "key" to achieving a Palestinian settlement

For all its bluff and bluster, Syria was hardly in a position to launch a shooting war. Its Soviet-supplied 200,000-man armed forces are almost three times as large as Jordan's, but they are scattered across disparate fronts that require constant vigilance. The Syrians have peacekeeping units in Lebanon, a 20,000-man praetorian guard to shield Assad's government at home, and critical border posts facing Israel in the Golan Heights, Iraq to the east and Turkey to the north. Moreover, the Israelis warned that they would not remain idle if Syria attacked Jordan. Said an Israeli diplomat: "It would be a mistake to let Syria overrun Jordan."

For his part, King Hussein was also eager to dampen the dispute. He said he was "open to all reasonable suggestions for resolving this pointless crisis." An astute survivor who has reigned for 28 years over a population that is now about 65% Palestinian, the Jordanian King clearly wants to dodge any fight that could turn into a challenge to his throne. To be on the safe side, however, he called on the U.S. last week to speed up shipments of spare parts, antitank rockets, surface-to-air missiles and other defense matériel to his country. Washington readily agreed, and the first flight left late last week. But a senior State Department analyst cautioned that the lessening of tensions may be only temporary. Said he: "As long as the Iran-Iraq war continues and there are disagreements about who speaks for or about the P.L.O., it's not going to quiet down completely."

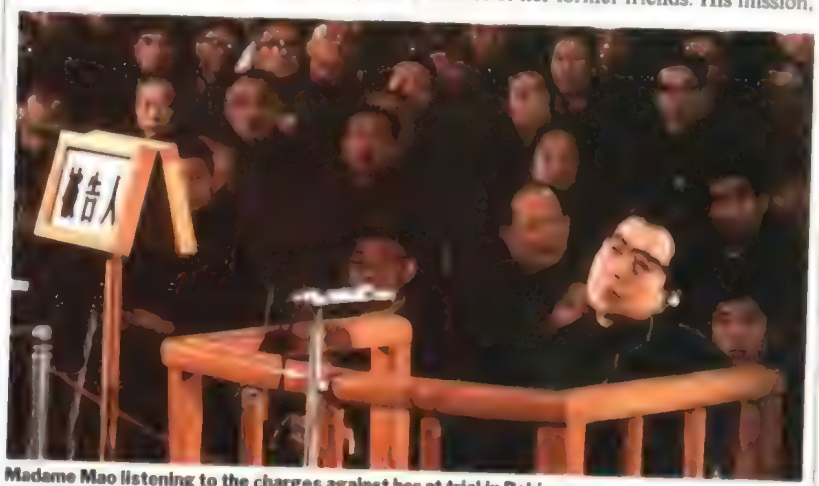
The step-up of American arms shipments to Jordan led the official Soviet news agency, TASS, to charge that the U.S. was "taking advantage of tensions to aggravate the situation." The Soviet press pointedly played up the ratification last week of a new Treaty of Friendship between Syria and the U.S.S.R. Some neutral observers believe that the friendship treaty, and a visit by Soviet Vice President Vasili Kuznetsov, gave Assad the psychological boost necessary to stage his current confrontation. Even so, the Soviets could take little comfort from the divisions in the Arab camp. Moscow's Middle East policy is based on maintaining a solid Arab front in opposition to the U.S. and Israel. If Syria and Iraq were both to be involved in wars with their neighbors, such a policy would lie in shambles. —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by David Aikman/Jerusalem and William Drozdiak/Amman*

CHINA

Defiant Widow in the Dock

Jiang Qing is challenged by some tough evidence

The star defendant last week at the great show trial in Peking was once again Jiang Qing, widow of Mao Tse-tung and head of China's notorious Gang of Four. In the dock for the third time since the proceedings began on Nov. 20, Jiang seemed calmly defiant and unrepentant as she listened to the most serious charge against her: organizing the persecution of former Head of State Liu Shaoqi during the chaotic Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of 1966-76. Liu, who died in disgrace in 1969, was posthumously restored to favor last year.



Madame Mao listening to the charges against her at trial in Peking

The voice was familiar, but to most questions the answer was "I don't remember."

The most dramatic moment came when the court played a recording of a speech made by Jiang to the Peking Opera troupe on Sept. 18, 1968. First almost cooing, then suddenly shouting, her voice was heard on the scratchy recording: "I tell you, Liu Shaoqi is a big counterrevolutionary, a big hidden traitor, a big renegade and a big enemy agent." She declared: "He deserves a thousand cuts, ten thousand slashes." After listening to the recording, Jiang leaned into the courtroom microphones and admitted that the voice was hers, but added, "I can't make it out clearly. There's nothing important in it. I only know that it's my voice."

China's press trumpeted that this was an admission of guilt, as were some other things she said in court. She did, for example, identify her handwriting on letters ordering the arrests of associates of Liu Shaoqi. Still, the televised testimony showed her answering most of the specific questions put to her with a curtly uncooperative "I don't remember."

One of the witnesses against her was Xiao Meng, head of an investigating team that Jiang assigned to collect incriminating evidence against Liu's wife Wang Guangmei. Dissatisfied with Xiao's initial report that Wang was an American spy, Jiang not only threw him into jail for five years but ordered up a second report charging that Wang was at once an agent for the U.S., Japan and Taiwan.

An intriguing glimpse into Jiang's character was provided by former General Jiang Tengjiao, one of five military officers on trial with the Gang, on separate charges of plotting to assassinate Mao. The former general confessed that Jiang sent him to Shanghai to ransack the homes of her former friends. His mission, according to the Chinese press, was to seek out and destroy letters, pictures and diaries that might contain embarrassing information about Madame Mao's early career as an actress in grade-B movies.

In exposing crimes committed by Jiang Qing and her gang during the Cultural Revolution, the court is dealing with a period of history that has painful memories for China. Directly or indirectly, 100 million people are now said to have suffered during that terrible time. Before the trial began, there was speculation that Jiang Qing would defend herself by claiming that Mao had ordered or approved her actions. If she did use that argument last week, it was carefully edited out of the portions of the trial shown daily on television. Indeed, the only hint of Mao's involvement was the charge, made in the official press, that Jiang in her testimony had "made denials and tried to shift the responsibility to others both lower and higher than she." Whether or not that was an oblique reference to Mao, every Chinese knows that Liu Shaoqi and others were disgraced during the Cultural Revolution because the Great Helmsman wanted things that way. ■

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ITALY

The Chaos of Digging Out

Along with confusion, the baby sellers and black marketeers

A young police captain led a convoy of buses into the mountainside hamlet of Calitri, 65 miles east of Naples, one day last week. The captain's mission: to persuade the 3,400 villagers of Calitri, camped beside the wreckage of their homes after the country's most devastating earthquake in 65 years, to accept temporary shelter elsewhere. His convoy was part of Plan S, a vast effort by the Italian government to evacuate the 234,000 people left homeless by the quake.

Thousands of rooms in hotels along the Amalfi coast from Naples to Salerno had been requisitioned for the survivors But the townsfolk of Calitri remained unimpressed. They listened politely to the captain's arguments. Then an old man replied. "You are a good and capable man, but don't come here again. It would be better for your sake. This is where we live, and this is where we want to die." The buses departed empty

So it went throughout the quake zone last week, as Italy began the awesome, chaotic process of digging out. Few among the living wanted to leave the sites of death and destruction. Barely 1,000 people took advantage of Plan S. Many preferred to join relatives abroad—they flew out of Rome and Naples at a rate of 200 a day—but the vast majority simply stayed put. Deeply suspicious of the central government, they clung to the shattered remnants of their old lives, enduring privation, disease and wet, bitter weather that turned their devastated villages into muddy swamps. "What the people in Rome and Naples seem to have forgotten is that we are all farmers here," explained Felice Imbriani, mayor of Conza della Campania, some 60 miles east of Naples. "What we need are trailers for ourselves and somewhere to store the hay and animals from our destroyed barns. We are determined to stay through the winter."

The Communists continued to criticize the government's relief efforts as inadequate. Prime Minister Arnaldo Forlani conceded that there have been "gaps of various kinds." But he insisted that the government has done "everything that is humanly and institutionally possible." Still, by midweek the government had all but abandoned Plan S, though not without claiming a moral victory. "The constant flow of food, clothes, tents and campers [into the affected area] has raised people's hopes," said Giuseppe Zamberletti, who heads the government relief operation. "A massive evacuation would have been more likely to take place had we failed to bring adequate help." With that, the government moved thousands of campers, trailers and even some railroad cars into the stricken region. By week's end some 12,000 homeless victims of the earthquake had been transferred from tents to more substantial dwellings—including, for a lucky few, prefabricated houses.

The flood of relief supplies seemed to swamp the government's ability to distribute them. Because of corruption, inefficiency and a confusing welter of freelance relief missions, too many well-meant efforts were wasted. Piles of clothing lay abandoned in fields; food rotted in delivery trucks. Faced with a brutal winter and a capricious food supply, many refugees began hoarding. In one suddenly popular scam, children would stand beside collapsed houses and flag down passing vehicles, begging for food. The resulting haul would then be stashed away by their parents, who remained hidden from view.

Given the confusion in the quake zone, serious crimes were inevitable. Looting became so widespread last week that police were forced to cordon off entire villages to keep out *sciacalli* (jackals), as the petty thieves who prey on the victims are called. Orphaned infants were stolen from area hospitals, either by childless couples or unscrupulous traffickers who hoped to sell the babies for profit. Racketeers hijacked relief shipments. In fact, police in the village of Nocera, 25 miles from Naples, were forced to break up a gun fight last week between rival factions of the Camorra, the Neapolitan version of the Mafia. The gunmen were fighting over plunder from the catastrophe.

Meantime, an estimated $3 billion–plus in aid began to pour in from around the world. The European Community earmarked $1.35 billion to help rebuild the devastated region. The Australian government pledged to match every dollar collected from its citizens for earthquake relief. Iceland sent along $10 million. The U.S. Congress approved a special appropriation of $50 million in aid to the victims; about $10 million would be used for immediate relief, the remainder to finance long-term reconstruction. The gesture was, in the words of U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Frank Church, "an expression of love from one country to another."

Love may become an indispensable commodity in the difficult months ahead. Relief teams were still recovering survivors in the debris last week, and the tens of thousands of tent people managed to turn out plates of steaming pasta on makeshift stoves. But typhoid fever and hepatitis have already appeared in a number of villages, and the incidence seems likely to rise, despite an inoculation program. Worse, the gathering winter almost certainly will take its toll among the refugees, long before the government can improve their lot. "The army lives in terror of still being in the area when the homeless start dying of cold and exposure," said a leading Christian Democrat. "When that time comes, there will be angry confrontations." —*By John Nielsen. Reported by Roland Flamini/Naples*

Army kitchen dispenses food in the village of Calabritto, while a quake survivor in Castelgrande carries off blankets from a relief truck

NORTHERN IRELAND

The Hunger Strike in H-Block

Martyrdom raises fears of more sectarian violence

"We are not criminals. We are ready and willing to meet an agonizing death to establish that we are political prisoners." So saying, seven inmates between the ages of 25 and 32, all of them convicted as Irish Republican terrorists (three for murder), went on a hunger strike on Oct. 27 in Northern Ireland's Maze Prison, 13 miles outside Belfast. As the prisoners passed the 40th day of their fast last week, there were increasing fears that one or more might die. If so, the troubled province could be in for a new round of bloodshed and sectarian violence. In sympathy, three women convicts at a prison in Armagh joined the fast, and thousands of supporters staged protest marches and torchlight rallies in Catholic districts of Belfast and Londonderry. On Saturday, nearly 25,000 demonstrators, led by Catholic Activist Bernadette Devlin McAliskey, a onetime member of Britain's Parliament from Ulster, turned out for a march in Dublin. But the British government remained unmoved. "If those people continue with their hunger strike, it will have no effect whatsoever," said Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. "It will just take their own lives, for which I will be profoundly sorry, because I think it's a ridiculous thing to do."

British officials insist that neither the hunger strike nor the terrorist actions of the I.R.A.'s Provisional wing are supported by a majority of Ulster's Catholic community. Initially, that judgment was probably correct, but Catholic political leaders are now troubled by a shift in attitude since the prisoners began their fast. If even one of the hunger strikers dies, warned Seamus Mallon, the moderate deputy leader of the Social Democratic and Labor Party, there will be a new outbreak of violence. "It will make martyrs of those men," he said.

The test of wills between the prisoners and British authorities has driven another wedge of bitterness between Ulster's Protestant and Catholic communities. Most ominously, the Ulster Defense Association, a paramilitary Protestant organization, has threatened to "eliminate" activists supporting the prisoners. Last week, in what Scotland Yard conceded might be the start of a new I.R.A. campaign, two bombs exploded outside an army reserve center in West London. No one was seriously injured, but police warned Britons to be cautious. In the past, the Christmas season has been a favorite time for I.R.A. explosions and letter-bomb attacks in England.

The hunger strikers' principal demand is for restoration of the "special category status" that prisoners convicted of politically motivated crimes were granted by the Tory government of Edward Heath in 1972. At that time, several hunger strikers, who also came close to death, persuaded William Whitelaw, then Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, to grant them the status of political prisoners. Whitelaw, who is now Mrs. Thatcher's Home Secretary, later said the concession had been a mistake. It was withdrawn in 1976, and as a result there is something of a double standard at Maze Prison. Those convicted before that time—some 360 inmates—are segregated in compounds according to their political allegiance and allowed to wear their own clothes, as well as to refuse prison labor and other regimentation. But Protestant and Catholic terrorists convicted of offenses committed after March 1976 are housed in concrete cell blocks (commonly called "H-blocks" because of their shape) along with "O.D.C.s," prison jargon for "ordinary decent criminals" whose offenses are unrelated to the troubles.

Two years ago, prisoners at Maze began what is now known as the "dirty protest." They refused to wash, shave or wear clothes, wrapped themselves only in their prison blankets and smeared the walls of their cells with excrement. Since then the protest has grown to include 468 men at Maze and 26 women at Armagh.

Last summer, the European Commission of Human Rights studied the prisoners' case, which rested partly on the fact that they are not handled as ordinary criminals by the courts. Instead, they are tried in special courts established under emergency antiterrorist legislation enacted by the British Parliament. The cases are not heard by a jury but by a single judge, and the conviction rate is said to be about 95%. The commission ruled against special status on the grounds that prisoners were not entitled to it under British law or under the European Convention. The commission did criticize the British government, however, for its "inflexible" approach.

Talks between Catholic prelates and British officials also failed to produce concessions on the prisoners' other demands: the right to wear their own clothes, to refrain from work, to have free association with each other, to organize their own educational and recreational facilities, to receive one visit, letter and parcel a week, and, finally, to have parole time restored that was lost during the dirty protest. The government appeared to give a bit on the clothing issue, saying that prisoners would be allowed to wear "civilian-type" clothes. But they were to be issued by the prison, which was unacceptable to the H-block protesters.

The Maze Seven have now been moved to separate cells in the medical wing of the prison, where their condition is closely monitored by doctors. For nearly three hours each evening they are allowed to see each other, a privilege not granted other protesting prisoners. Their relatives are also allowed a weekly visit, again an improvement over arrangements for the "blanket-men." But none of the fasting prisoners have touched the food that is routinely prepared and offered, and their spokesmen continue to insist that their demands are nonnegotiable.

In a letter to the London *Times*, the Canon of Westminster, the Rev. John Austin Baker, implored the government to be more flexible. "Even at this late hour an attempt could be made to avert a new legacy of bloodshed and bitterness," he wrote, "and many people here in England are conscious of our responsibility not only in but for this tragic situation." At week's end Catholic Political Leader John Hume reported that "a door has been opened" in his talks with Ulster Secretary of State Humphrey Atkins. Most observers devoutly hoped so. If some room for compromise was not found, Northern Ireland, and perhaps England as well, seemed set for a Christmas season during which the message of peace and goodwill would be increasingly hard to hear. ■

GRANADA TV

Raymond McCartney, one of seven fasting inmates at Maze

No food, no clothes, no work, and excrement on cell walls.

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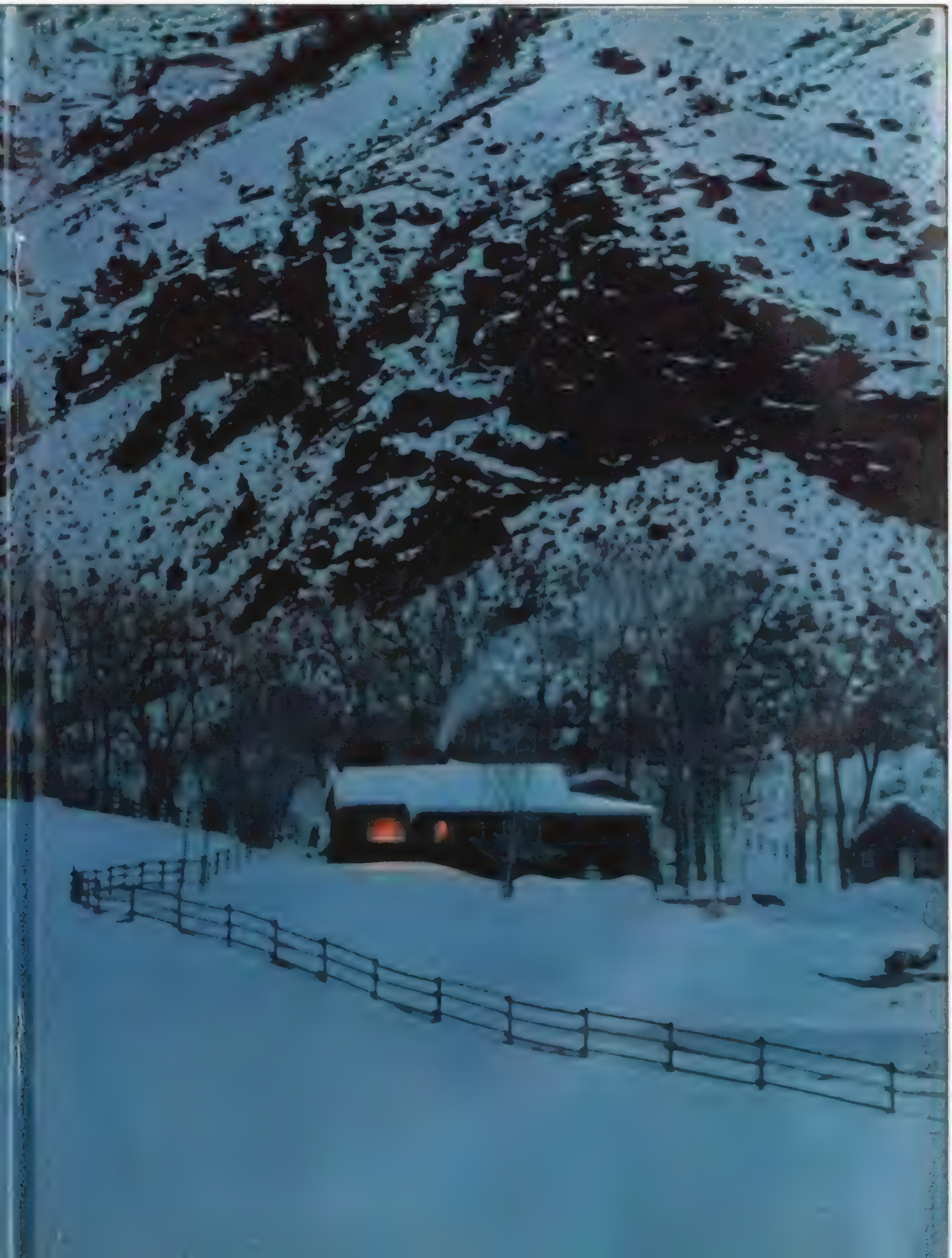

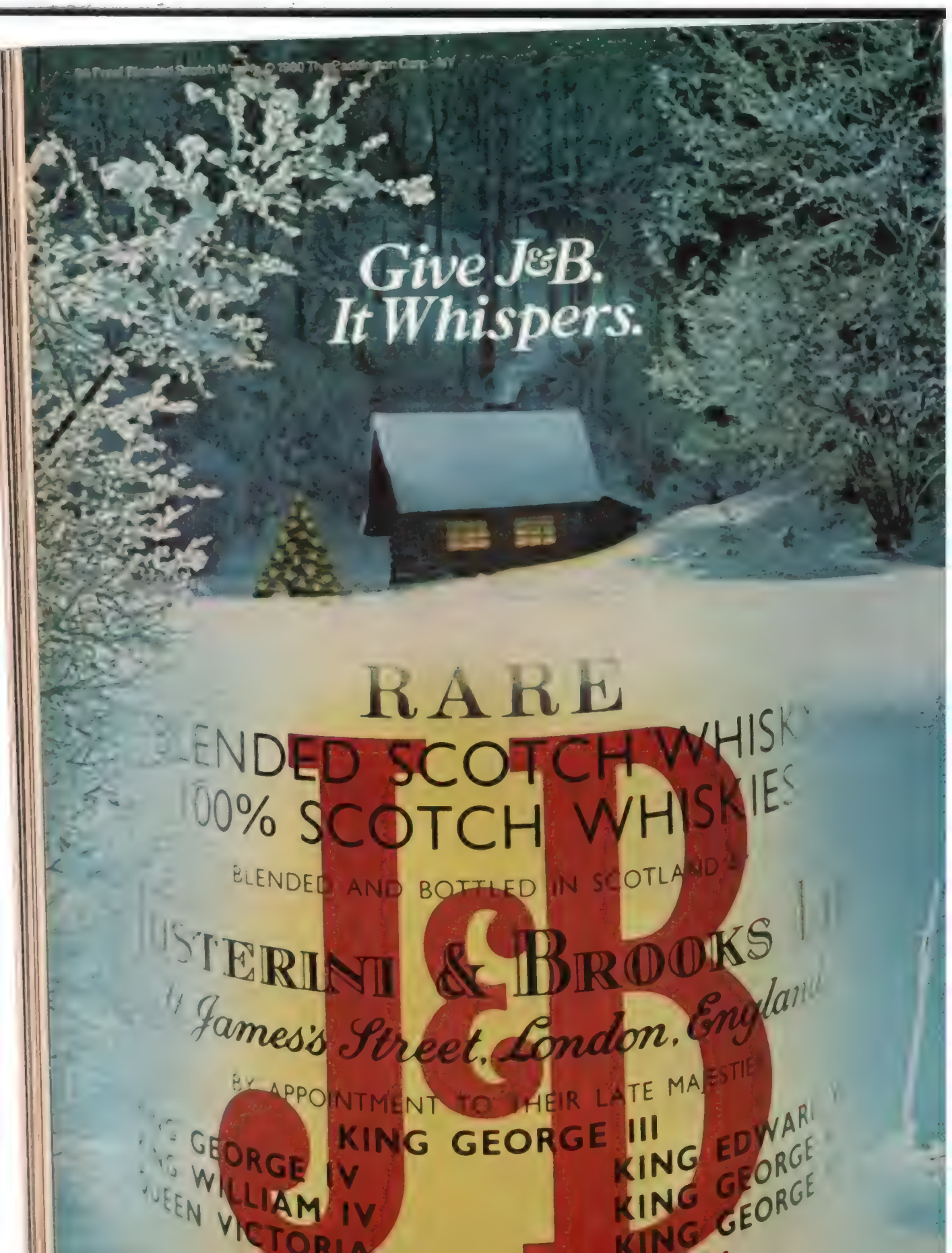
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ISRAEL

Unholy Ministry

Another blow for Begin

It is a high case of government corruption in a country that takes pride in its standards of integrity in public office. As a prelude to a formal indictment, Attorney General Yitzhak Zamir last week asked Israel's parliament, the Knesset, to lift the parliamentary immunity of Aharon Abuhatzeira, 42, the Minister of Religious Affairs. That will clear the way for Zamir to press bribery charges against Abuhatzeira; if convicted, he could be sentenced to seven years in prison.

Since July, Israeli police have been investigating allegations that Abuhatzeira, in 1978 and 1979, received 52,500 Israeli shekels (then worth about $15,000) in kickbacks from three Tel Aviv religious institutions. The bribes were allegedly for directing ministerial funds to *yeshivot* (religious schools) that did not in fact exist. As the storm broke over his head, Abuhatzeira appeared on Israeli television and cockily denounced the stories as "provocation and a libel."

The Abuhatzeira affair is a major embarrassment to the battered government of Prime Minister Menachem Begin, which last month narrowly survived a motion of no confidence. The accused Minister belongs to the National Religious Party, whose twelve Knesset votes are essential to the survival of Begin's coalition. The charges against Abuhatzeira have renewed tensions between the country's politically and culturally dominant Ashkenazi Jews, of European background, and the Sephardic Jews, from the Middle East, the Balkans and North Africa. Abuhatzeira is from the Sephardic community, which sometimes feels it is a second-class society within Israel. Wrote Nissim Gaon, president of the World Sephardi Federation, to the Jerusalem *Post:* "The feeling that there are two societies, separate and unequal, has reached a psychological boiling point."

Abuhatzeira

Despite the probability that Abuhatzeira would be indicted, Begin refused to ask him to take a leave of absence from the ministry. Nonetheless, Begin shares the view of most Israelis, that justice must be done. At stake is an impressive level of public honesty that has brought down more powerful figures than Abuhatzeira for less serious offenses. In April 1977, for example, Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin was forced to resign after admitting that he and his wife had had a small but illegal U.S.-dollar bank account in Washington while he served as Israel's Ambassador to the U.S. ■

Prime Minister Sá Carneiro sharing a moment with Companion Snu Abecassis

PORTUGAL

A Gambler's Luck Runs Out

Death comes for the Prime Minister

Brisk and impatient as always, Prime Minister Francisco Sá Carneiro arrived at Lisbon airport last week anxious to fly off to Oporto. There, with national elections scheduled for Sunday, he planned to deliver a final hortatory salvo to promote his presidential candidate—but no relation—General António Soares Carneiro. With the Prime Minister, in the twin-engine Cessna C-421, were his longtime companion, Danish-born Snu Abecassis; Defense Minister Adelino Amaro da Costa and his wife; Cabinet Chief António Patricio Gouveia and two pilots. Almost immediately after takeoff, the plane lost altitude. It sheered a wing and dropped in flames to the street. All aboard were killed. Sá Carneiro's own Social Democratic Party was quick to dismiss any suspicion of sabotage. Airport employees reported that the Cessna was in such poor condition that mechanics had to help start the engines.

The crash thrust Portugal to the brink of political crisis. Sá Carneiro, who left a wife and five children, took office last January as leader of a center-right majority coalition (134 of 250 seats) composed of his own Social Democrats along with rightist Christian Democrats and monarchists. Determined to strengthen his power to amend Portugal's Marxist constitution by electing a more like-minded President, Sá Carneiro opposed respected centrist President António Ramalho Eanes in this week's elections. His candidate, General Soares Carneiro, was an obscure rightist whose main credential for office seemed to be the conservative ideas that he shared with Sá Carneiro's Democratic Alliance.

Polls showed Soares Carneiro trailing Eanes 2 to 1 before the crash. After it, all parties agreed that Sunday's elections should proceed as scheduled, probably because none could really assess what effect the accident might have on the outcome.

With six candidates in the field, there was a clear possibility of a runoff, and no Portuguese was ready to count on political stability. A majority for Eanes might express a public desire in that direction, but a sympathy vote for Soares Carneiro might just as easily demonstrate that the country wanted to preserve the cohesion that the dead leader had established. As for the post of Prime Minister, there seemed to be no one ready to fill Sá Carneiro's shoes. His Deputy Prime Minister and acting successor, Diogo Freitas do Amaral, is a frosty Christian Democrat unfamiliar with compromise. Socialist Mário Soares, an indispensable helmsman of the nation as Prime Minister after the 1974 revolution, is currently out of favor with both the electorate and his party.

The only thing most Portuguese seemed to agree on was the singular loss in the death of Sá Carneiro, a diminutive (5 ft. 4 in.) man who as a political fighter always seemed taller than he really was. Friends and opponents alike recalled that the young Sá Carneiro braved catcalls in the National Assembly to speak out for freedom in the dying days of Portuguese dictatorship. Intolerant of criticism in office, however, he drifted rightward. His campaign for Soares Carneiro was based on a threat to resign as Prime Minister. Justifying such a potentially destabilizing tactic, Sá Carneiro said: "Up to now, I have always gambled and always won." Last week, his luck ran out. ■

Three American nuns praying over the bodies of their murdered co-workers

EL SALVADOR

Death on a Twisting Dirt Road

Four American women are victims of violence

The political turmoil in El Salvador has claimed 8,400 lives so far this year; that is roughly one death for every square mile in the tiny Central American country. Last week four Americans became victims of the mindless, increasing violence. Alongside a twisting dirt road, 30 miles east of the capital of San Salvador, peasants found the bodies of three nuns and a Catholic lay worker who had been working with the poor in the countryside. The nuns were Dorothy Kazel, 40, of Cleveland, a member of the Ursuline Order, and two Maryknoll sisters from New York City, Ita Ford, 40, and Maura Clarke, 46; the lay worker was Jean Donovan, 27, also of Cleveland. Three of the women had been raped before being shot in the back of the head.

The U.S. reacted swiftly by suspending military and economic aid to El Salvador, $25 million in all, until circumstances of the murders are clarified. The White House also announced that it was dispatching a fact-finding mission to El Salvador; it will be headed by William D. Rogers, who served as Assistant Secretary of State in the Ford Administration. The ruling junta blamed the murders on right-wing terrorists bent on stopping any buildup of leftist sentiment.

Right-wing terrorists, it seems, were also responsible for the abduction and assassination two weeks ago of the country's six leading leftists. Perhaps because courage was the admission price, only about 2,000 people turned out for the leftists' funeral at San Salvador's huge, gray Metropolitan Cathedral. The ceremonies were marked more by anger than sorrow. Shouted the Rev. David Rodriguez, a Salvadoran priest: "We know that in the blood of the martyrs who lie here is the spirit of liberty."

The ruling junta, in power for little more than a year, seems shakier than ever. Divided between centrist reformers and military hard-liners, it is unable to stop the bloodshed and appears to be increasingly vulnerable to a rightist coup. Many Salvadorans are resigned to the inevitability of civil war. At the moment, the government has about 15,000 men under arms, while the leftists have perhaps 5,000 active guerrillas; the military odds, in short, are roughly the same as the ones that the late dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle faced in Nicaragua at the start of the Sandinista rebellion.

If the left is going to mount an offensive, December would be an almost ideal month. It is harvest time for major export crops—coffee, sugar cane and cotton—and disruption in the fields could deal the shaky economy a crippling blow. Leftists are also concerned that the going may get rougher after Ronald Reagan's Inauguration in January. Reagan aides have promised that the new Administration will support the junta and the army against the leftists. In addition, a report by Reagan's State Department transition team proposed changes that would curtail the influence of social reformers throughout Latin America. In that climate, El Salvador's rightists might feel free to mount an even more intense confrontation with the left. ■

URUGUAY

Resounding No

A free vote and a free answer

The voters of Uruguay, who have lived for seven years under a harsh, military-backed regime, trooped obediently to the polls last week in a national plebiscite. The object of the exercise: approval or rejection of a new 238-article constitution giving the military an even more pervasive role in the future political life of the country. Under almost any other authoritarian regime in the world, the outcome would have been foregone. Not in Uruguay. To the acute embarrassment of the military, the constitution was resoundingly defeated, with 54% voting no and 39% yes.

The vote demonstrated that the years of repressive rule had not dulled democratic impulses in a country that was once known as "the Switzerland of South America." The armed forces had seized power in stages during the early '70s after emerging as a law-and-order counterforce to the Tupamaros, the violent young leftist radicals, similar to Italy's Red Brigades, who scourged the country with guerrilla terror. The military's apparent mistake in fashioning the rejected constitution was the sweeping power it gave itself. Under the vague pretext of national security, it was to have a part in virtually every organ of government, and could interrupt the political process at any time the military chiefs determined that there was an emergency.

The rejection of the constitution is not likely to bring early changes to Uruguay's government. The reins will remain in the hands of a 25-member Council of State headed by President Aparicio Méndez and composed of relatively faceless civilian technocrats; a 28-member junta of generals—top army, navy and air force officers—will exercise the real power behind the council. Meanwhile, the military must start anew to shape a constitution more acceptable to Uruguayans.

One immediate effect of the plebiscite, ironically, may be to polish Uruguay's image in international eyes. The regime's human rights violations during the campaign against the Tupamaros seemed restrained only in comparison with the methodical executions and disappearances in neighboring Argentina. But the military kept its pledge to have an honest referendum, and public opposition to the constitution was expressed in newspapers and at political meetings. The regime, moreover, is somewhat less repressive than it used to be. Although the Tupamaros leaders are still in jail, the number of political prisoners has dropped from 4,000 (in a population of only 2.9 million) to about 1,500, and the use of torture is said to have all but ceased. The question now is how long it will be until Uruguayans get another fair say, like the plebiscite, in their own political future. ■

President Jean-Claude ("Baby Doc") Duvalier

HAITI

Jailing the News

Silencing an almost free press

All but unnoticed by the outside world, Haiti for the past two years had been moving haltingly toward a free press, of sorts. In a country that is largely illiterate, radio journalists led the way with lively, critical reports on such issues as the government's handling of the economy, violations of human rights and the steady emigration of starving boat people. On the latter subject, some Haitian weeklies were also sharply critical of the government's behavior. Thanks to stories about the boat people, complained *Petit Samedi Soir*, "Haiti has no prestige abroad. It is discredited everywhere."

Last week, after ignoring private warnings from government officials that criticism was going too far, the press was abruptly silenced. Bending to pressure by conservative businessmen and police hard-liners, President-for-Life Jean-Claude ("Baby Doc") Duvalier, 29, ordered the arrest of 42 newsmen and opposition leaders. A Haitian economist justified the roundup on the ground that "this country with its poverty and misery is a bomb, and these newsmen could have been the detonator."

The crackdown was the most sweeping in Haiti since the dictatorial days of Jean-Claude's father, François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier, who died in 1971. Under Papa Doc, the newsmen would probably have disappeared into one of the gruesome prisons run by his police goons, the Tonton Macoute. His son is more lenient. After a day or so in jail, 18 of the most influential reporters and editors were given one-way tickets to join other Haitian exiles in Miami and New York. Among them: Radio Métropole News Director Marc Garcia, Radio Haiti's Michelle Montas and Gregoire Eugène, founder of the opposition Social Christian Party and publisher of the party-organ *Fraternité* newspapers. During a press conference at the United Nations, the new exiles scoffed at government charges that they were part of a "vast network of Communist-inspired agitators."

Haitian hard-liners have for some time been urging Baby Doc to tone down his frequent promises to democratize the country. His advisers claimed that the newscasts were destabilizing the country. Businessmen also preyed on Duvalier's worries over a meeting with the International Monetary Fund and World Bank this week. Haiti's reserves are down to $2 million (from last year's $44 million), and the country needs aid desperately. But the journalists were filling the air waves with damning information about the President's economic bungling. Said one exile, Jean-Jacques Honorat: "They expelled us because of their own mismanagement of foreign aid and our national resources."

Following the arrests, Baby Doc told a mob of his supporters who gathered outside the gleaming white National Palace in Port-au-Prince that "intellectuals and thinkers have the right to exercise democracy day and night. All I ask is that they respect me." He also added that "democracy is not license." Meanwhile, the crackdown sparked rallies and prayer vigils in the major Haitian exile communities in the U.S. Correctly or not, the arrests will be used by the exiles as evidence that all the Haitian boat people—there are more than 30,000 in south Florida alone—are political refugees and thus eligible for sanctuary. ■

INDIA

Blinding Justice

Bizarre police brutality

Salig Ram Saha, 17, the son of a goldsmith, had just collected 800 rupees (about $100) from one of his father's customers, when he ran into the police dragnet. In the crime-ridden state of Bihar, police assumed that the young man had stolen the cash. They took him to the Rajon police station. When he would not confess, they pinned him down to the floor and punctured his eyes with needles. Then corrosive acid was poured into the bleeding sockets. Saha, whose eyelids are completely fused shut, is one of at least 30 people who have been blinded by Bihar police since the fall of 1979. Only one of the victims was ever tried or convicted.

Disclosure of the Bihar police brutality—reported in detail by the Calcutta Sunday magazine—sent shock waves through India. At a heated 3½-hour session of parliament last week, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi announced that her government had begun an investigation of the atrocities. So far, 15 policemen and officers have been suspended, including one jail superintendent, for neglecting to note the injuries. Ironically, he had assigned attendants to help the blinded prisoners in his custody and had forwarded their petitions of complaint to Bihar's inspector general. The government has also named a team of ophthalmologists to determine if any prisoner's vision can be restored. There may be hope for a few victims, but in most cases, the optic nerves have been destroyed. Mrs. Gandhi has promised about $2,000 compensation to each victim. "I want to express my deep agony over what has happened," she told parliament. "I felt physically sickened when I heard. What are we coming to in this country? That anyone could do such a thing is beyond my comprehension."

Yet some Biharis say they do comprehend. With a population of 70 million, many of them landless and impoverished, in a region roughly the size of New England, Bihar is one of India's most volatile states. It is an area bedeviled by crime, caste and religious clashes, where bandits subject people to daily terror. Many believe that some kind of firm measures by the police are necessary.

In the district of Bhagalpur, 5,000 Biharis sat on railroad tracks and blocked trains to protest the action taken against the suspended police officers. Elsewhere in the district, villagers supporting strong police measures have threatened work stoppages. One Bihari woman, whose father has been robbed twice, insisted that "something must be done" to stop the crime. What if the accused are not guilty? She shrugged. If police arrested them, she said, they were probably guilty. ■

Saha (left) and fellow blinded prisoner

"What are we coming to in this country?"

Artist's conception of an SPS system delivering energy from space to electric power grid

Sunny Outlook for Sunsats

A federal study finds solar satellites technically feasible

It is the year 2005. At the White House an agitated aide rushes into the Oval Office with grim news. "Mr. President," he announces, "OPEC has just raised its prices by another 10%, and oil will be going up to $450 a barrel by next January." To the assistant's surprise, though, the Chief Executive seems unconcerned. "Don't worry," says the President. "This time it isn't going to matter. We will have another three solar satellites on line by early next year, so we can tell those cartel characters to take their oil and [expletives deleted]."

Any scenario calling for complete U.S. freedom from foreign oil supplies is probably a petro-pipedream. But the notion of using solar satellites to capture vast amounts of energy may not be very far-fetched at all. In spite of considerable scoffing at the sci-fi grandiosity of the idea, a report published last week, after a three-year, $19.5 million study undertaken by the Department of Energy in collaboration with NASA, indicates that there are no insurmountable technological hurdles in the way of solar power satellites (SPS) as a major alternative energy source.

The report, says SPS Pioneer Peter Glaser, "is a landmark study that should go a long way to dispel the apprehensions and just plain misunderstandings about solar power satellites."

Glaser, 57, a vice president at Arthur D. Little, Inc., the Cambridge, Mass., consulting firm, is a Czech-born engineer who first proposed solar satellites twelve years ago. Foreseeing a day when oil would run out and other fossil fuels would become scarce, he suggested placing two giant arrays of solar cells, each about half the size of Manhattan, 22,300 miles above the earth in geosynchronous orbit; there the structures' orbital speed would match the planet's rotation, thus holding the solar powerhouses over the same spot on the ground. Bathed in almost perpetual sunshine, the cells, like those already used to power weather and communications satellites, would convert the sun's energy into electricity, which would then be beamed to earth as microwaves.

Even at night or on cloudy days on earth, when ground-based solar collectors shut down, these microwaves would come flooding down from space. In the scheme studied by the Energy Department, these beams would be focused on six-mile by nine-mile oval-shaped receiving antennas called rectennas. The rectennas would turn the microwaves back into electricity and funnel it into utility power grids. By Glaser's calculation, one satellite could supply as much electricity as five nuclear plants. The Energy Department envisioned 60 such arrays, built over 30 years, to supply 300 million kW., which is about half the U.S.'s current electrical generating capacity.

For a long time, Glaser recalls, even some of his scientific colleagues "thought I was writing science fiction." Many crit-

Parting Shot

Four days and 3.3 million miles after its closest encounter with Saturn last month, the Voyager 1 spacecraft cast a last backward glance and transmitted this stunning portrait of the ringed giant. The photograph shows a crescent Saturn casting a shadow on its own rings, from the perspective a traveler might get by approaching from the stars, rather than from the interior reaches of the solar system. Re-created bit by electronic bit in computers at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory and released last week, the shot is so detailed that patches of the planet can be glimpsed through the rings, which are believed to consist of bits of dust and ice trapped by Saturn's gravitational and magnetic fields.

ics, recoiling at the potential cost of $100 billion or so for the first satellite, called his idea a pie-in-the-sky space boondoggle. Others worried about the effects of microwave radiation, fretting that passengers in passing airplanes might be flash-cooked like roasts in a microwave oven.

At a press briefing heralding the Energy Department study, Glaser replied to all these objections. He pointed out that solar satellites, unlike power plants that would use nuclear fusion, need no major technological breakthroughs; the space program has already shown that the required scientific know-how exists. What of the staggering costs? Glaser argued that after the turn of the century, when such satellites could be in operation, their electricity probably would be no costlier, and perhaps a lot cheaper, than power from oil, coal and nuclear plants. As for the danger from microwaves, Glaser conceded that this needs further study. But he pointed out that a satellite's beam would always be locked on target; in fact, it would disperse altogether if the satellite did not receive continuous electronic cues from a transmitter in the rectenna. Along its edge, said Glaser, the beam would be much less powerful than permissible leakage from a closed microwave oven.

For all the optimism radiated by Glaser and the Sunsat Energy Council, a coalition of individuals and corporations lobbying for his scheme, no one could deny SPS's enormous complexities. Weighing up to 50,000 tons apiece, solar satellites would have to be built in space itself, with materials carried aloft by a new generation of craft considerably larger and more powerful than the NASA space shuttle. Looking like great Erector Sets, the structures, about six miles long and three miles wide, would be made of long thin beams actually manufactured in space out of rolls of aluminum or carbon-fiber strips about as thick as the wall of a beer can. In the weightlessness of orbit, nothing stronger would be needed. Though much of the assembly would be automated, as many as 600 construction workers would have to be housed at the orbital site for months at a time. As NASA's problems with the space shuttle's heat-shielding tiles have shown, countless unexpected difficulties could crop up in such a complicated undertaking.

Nonetheless, the House of Representatives was sufficiently fascinated by the proposal to pass a bill last year calling for $25 million in fiscal 1980 for further study of the concept, especially its environmental effects. Though the proposal died in the Senate, SPS advocates are now mounting a campaign for enactment of a similar measure by the next Congress. They have one compelling argument in their favor. This year the lawmakers passed a bill calling for $20 billion in spending for fusion research over the next two decades. Why not hedge that bet with a few million dollars at least to investigate another idea that may be every bit as promising? —*By Frederic Golden*

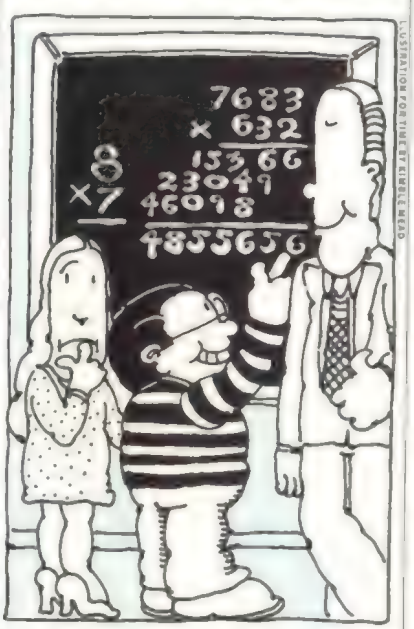
Behavior

The Gender Factor in Math

A new study says males may be naturally abler than females

Until about the seventh grade, boys and girls do equally well at math. In early high school, when the emphasis shifts from simple computation to mathematical reasoning, the boys tend to pull ahead and stay there—through college and in later life.

Why should this be so? Though academics have churned out an enormous literature on the subject, no clear answers have emerged. Some believe in differences in brain organization, or the "natural" inclination of females toward "people" tasks (*e.g.*, nursing, psychology, literature, teaching) and away from technical tasks. Others stress that high school coincides with the onset of puberty, when girls become more interested in boys than in building skills like math. Since the rise of feminism, however, female underachievement in math has been generally chalked up to sexism: the low expectations of parents and teachers are said to produce a "reverse Pygmalion effect." According to Educator Elizabeth Fennema and Psychologist Julia Sherman, in an article on the subject, "Sexual stereotyping of mathematics as a male domain operates through a myriad of subtle influences from peer to parent and within the girl herself."



That theory meets its strongest challenge yet in a seven-year study reported in this week's *Science* magazine. According to its authors, Doctoral Candidate Camilla Persson Benbow and Psychologist Julian C. Stanley of Johns Hopkins University, males inherently have more mathematical ability than females.

Benbow and Stanley decided to compare boys and girls who excel at math. In six separate "talent searches" conducted from 1972 to 1979, they tested a total of 9,927 students from schools in Washington, D.C., and five states (Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware and Pennsylvania). To be eligible the students had to score in the upper 2% to 5% on a standard math test. As part of the study, the students, seventh-and eighth-graders, took both the math and verbal sections of the College Board's Scholastic Aptitude Tests. Boys and girls performed equally well on the verbal, say the authors, but there was "a large sex difference in mathematical ability in favor of boys."

Overall, the boys' math scores averaged 35 points higher than the girls'. The differences were most pronounced among the best students. According to the study, "Boys outnumbered girls more than 2 to 1 (1,817 *vs.* 675) in math scores over 500."

Benbow and Stanley find it "notable" that a sizable sex difference shows up in the seventh grade, before most students have a chance to take or drop optional courses. Some academics argue that girls score lower because they take fewer courses in math. Partly true, say the authors. The gap between boys and girls in one retested group grew ten points from the time of their talent search until high school graduation. But the gap was 40 points to begin with.

Did the study somehow attract boys who were brighter than the girls? In the majority of the searches, the girls did better in relation to nationwide scores of college-bound female seniors than the boys did to college-bound male seniors.

Still, Mary Gray, a mathematician at American University, says too little is known about mathematical reasoning to conclude that genetics plays a major part. Another possible objection to the study: showing that the best girls score lower than the best boys does not establish a general sexual difference. Yet the authors argue that results did not change when the study was broadened from the top 2% to 5%, and would probably have stayed the same in samples of lower-scoring students. Besides, say the authors, most of the concern has been about intellectually able girls.

Many women "can't bring themselves to accept sexual difference in aptitude," says Benbow. "But the difference in math is a fact. The best way to help girls is to accept it and go from there." ■

Retailing's Ho-Hum Holiday

Fears of renewed recession cause a sluggish start for Christmas buying

Nothing would give the wavering U.S. economy more of a holiday spirit pick-me-up than an old-fashioned yuletide spending spree. The brief period between Thanksgiving and Christmas is the most important time of the year for many retailers, who can often earn up to 50% of their annual profits during those four or five weeks. But with the 1980 Christmas shopping season almost half over, prospects are steadily dimming for the sort of year-end stampede that might help prevent the economy's slipping back into a slump early next year.

Surveys by both the University of Michigan and The Conference Board, a Manhattan-based research institute, show that consumers are now in a more confident buying mood about the economy than they were last spring, when the prime interest rate rose to 20% and the economy was in a very sharp recession. Yet that feeling may be shifting quickly. Interest rates are again climbing. Major banks last week raised the prime interest rate, the amount they charge major corporations, to 19%, or one percentage point short of the spring peak.

DRAWING BY MODELL; © 1979 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"So what's it going to be? The same size as last year or the same price as last year?"

The rise seems to be making many consumers more hesitant and fearful of another economic downturn. Says the Commerce Department's Adren Cooper: "Consumers today are more conscious of the rising cost of money and all the talk of another dip in the economy. We don't see them going out on any limbs. They're remaining cautious." And Robert T. Parry, chief economist for California's Security Pacific National Bank, says that consumers are approaching the holiday season fearful of "possible unemployment, inflation and higher Social Security taxes coming soon after Christmas."

The calendar has shortchanged retailers this year. There are only 26 shopping days between Thanksgiving and Christmas, as compared with 32 days a year ago. To offset the fewer business days, merchants in many areas of the country are hoping for cooler weather. Cold and especially snow remind shoppers that Christmas is near and help business. Traditionally, nothing hurts December sales more than soft, balmy weather.

For a fortunate few stores, business has never been better. Demand is strong for almost any sort of electronic gadget, from programmable calculators to video games. Sales of computer-based "smart toys" like Simon, which uses increasingly complex patterns of flashing colors and sounds as a space-age update of the old Simon Says schoolyard game, are especially robust.

Business is also booming for carriage trade retailers like Neiman-Marcus of Dallas and Saks Fifth Avenue. For weeks, their branches have been brisk with crowds of well-heeled shoppers. In Bloomingdale's flagship store in Manhattan, free-spending shoppers are readily paying $545 for Burberry trench coats or $1,000 for life-size hand-carved replicas of China's eight immortal mandarins. At the Younkers department store in Omaha, one customer recently bought seven Yves Saint Laurent blouses as gifts for $400 each.

But retailing to the less affluent is now harder. The ongoing ravages of inflation have cut off 4.2% from the purchasing power of the average paycheck in the past year. Says Chicago's Leo Shapiro, a consumer research expert: "There is real resistance to spending out there. People are entering the Christmas season determined to spend less than they did last year. They have more expenses, less cash; and they are resolved to keep more in their pockets."

With installment loan rates now reaching levels of 18% to 20%, fewer and fewer people are willing to buy on time. As a result, the pace at which families have been piling up more loans is slowing. The nation already has a burdensome mountain of nearly $305 billion in consumer debt, but the growth has slowed sharply. In September consumers increased their borrowing by only $1.5 billion, or about one-third the rate of the same period a year ago.

In contrast to Christmas seasons past, the spirit of "give a gift, any gift" has wilted. This year the emphasis is on what the poet Dylan Thomas, in *A Child's Christmas in Wales*, called "the useful presents." Electric blankets, at retail prices of anywhere from $49.50 to $185, are selling well. So too are classically styled wool and cashmere sweaters. Demand remains strong even for premium-price gifts like food processors.

Value is a key word for many shoppers this year. Consumers are looking for products that might cost a little more to buy but which last much longer. Some experts say that this is caused by the American shift to a more European style of living and a desire to own fewer, but better built, things. Says George Core, a vice president of Rike's, a department-store chain in the Dayton area: "The customer is value-conscious and will buy items like microwave ovens, even though the gift is expensive. Warm sweaters and winter coats are good this season, and customers are looking beyond the Christmas holidays to items that will be needed in the months ahead."

The traditional Christmas splurge presents, everything from cameras to catcher's mitts, are hardly moving at all. Sales have stagnated for photographic equipment and hardware items. Toy sales in general have been weak this year. Concedes Douglas Thomson, president of the Toy Manufacturers of America, which represents about 90% of the industry: "Toys are the last thing to get hit at Christmas because parents take the attitude that kids should get a toy no matter what. Yet most toymakers now feel that they'll be doing well if they can simply break even with last year."

Many families trying to keep up their living, and Christmas, standards have discovered a new ally: their home. As inflation has driven up the cost of housing, from a 1974 average of about $36,000 for a typical single-family dwelling to more than $73,000 currently, many homeowners have begun using second mortgages to cash in on the unrealized wealth. Interest on the loans varies anywhere from 15% to 19%, and the lending period ranges from ten to 15 years. That makes the loan more expensive and shorter in duration than the traditional 25- to 30-year first mortgage, but it is cheaper and available for longer periods than are funds raised through installment borrowing.

Second-mortgage financing, which once was about as respectable as borrowing money from people in dark alleys, has become a hot new growth sector in banking. An estimated $20 billion in these loans is currently on the industry's books, with some 50% of that having been added in the past year alone. New Jersey's City Federal Savings and Loan Association, the nation's 25th largest thrift institution, has nearly tripled its second-mortgage portfolio, to $118 million, during the year. United Jersey Bank, a leading commercial bank lender in the state, has been trying to expand its loan business with hucksterish newspaper ads that advise readers: "Go ahead. Add a room, take a trip, pay old bills, with money from home."

New Jersey bank's ad for second mortgages

More respectable than borrowing in alleys.

Much of the money from second-mortgage financing is used by borrowers to pay off existing installment loans that might have been built up last Christmas, for example. Yet an estimated one-third of the funds goes directly into the economy as new spending. Experts believe that consumer expenditures would have been sharply lower during the past two years without the extra push provided by second mortgages.

But will homeowners continue borrowing against the equity in their dwellings while interest rates on second mortgages reach toward, and in some states exceed, 20%? It is doubtful, but economists and bankers are divided. Says Milton Hudson, a senior vice president of New York's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co.: "In the last several years people borrowing against the increased value of their homes has been important, but at current interest rates that has dramatically declined." Yet Gilbert G. Roessner, chairman of City Federal Savings and Loan, retorts: "My guess is that even with higher interest rates, the growth in second mortgages is likely to accelerate rather than slow down."

In the past two years, Christmas sales began sluggishly but then ended strong. Merchants this year are hoping for a replay, while worrying about the worst. Says William Friedman, president of Younkers department store: "It's starting slowly, but we are optimistic about last-minute spending." *—By Christopher Byron. Reported by William Blaylock/Washington, with other U.S. bureaus*

Coffee-Table Tycoons

Ever since Parker Bros. brought out Monopoly in the depths of the Depression, economic bad times have spawned board games for tycoons *manqués*. Even apple sellers could feel as rich as a Rockefeller if they had two hotels on Boardwalk. Business parlor games are again popular this recession-haunted Christmas. Avalon Hill, a Baltimore games manufacturer, reports that business games are now selling just behind always popular war contests like Third Reich and Gettysburg.

One of the top sellers is Avalon Hill's Acquire (price $15), which allows would-be conglomerate makers to wheel and deal their way to paper empires. In Profit and Loss ($15) players trade art, antiques, real estate and stocks. Capitalism itself is put to the test in Class Struggle ($12), in which players represent different classes in society and the object of the game is to win the revolution. The newest game is Pressman Toy Corp.'s Fortune 500 ($25), which allows each player to run his own company. The winner is the first one to triple the value of his starting capital. Twenty firms, including Aetna Life & Casualty, Mobil Oil, W. R. Grace, Chase Manhattan and Esmark, paid $30,000 each for the publicity value of having their names appear on the game board.

Not all the games are cheeky manuals for self-styled robber barons. A few also teach the players something about business. Alan Teck, director of Chemical Bank's financial consulting services, developed the hot-selling Foreign Exchange ($15), in which players work through the arcane world of international finance. He is now developing another game involving the gold market. Stocks and Bonds ($13) initiates players in the workings of Wall Street, and Limit Up (at $49.95, one of the most expensive of the games) shows potential Bunker Hunts the mysteries of trading silver and other commodities.

Walter Mitty moguls weary of monotonous board contests can amuse themselves with Energy Czar ($14.95), which plugs into an Atari computer game set. Each "czar" formulates his own energy policy, while the computer spews out useful information. Players do not win the game by creating the best policy or making the most money. The victor is the one who scores highest in the public opinion polls.

RALPH NORSE

A sampler from the booming market in business games

Detroit's Road Is Still Rocky

Big sticker prices and sky-high interest rates strangle sales

Detroit's auto executives have hoped for months that the arrival of new fuel-efficient small cars in dealers' showrooms this fall would end the industry's nearly two-year-long sales slump. So far, that has not happened. Sales of U.S.-made cars in November declined 8.3% from 1979's depressed levels, and they were down 17% for the month's final ten days.

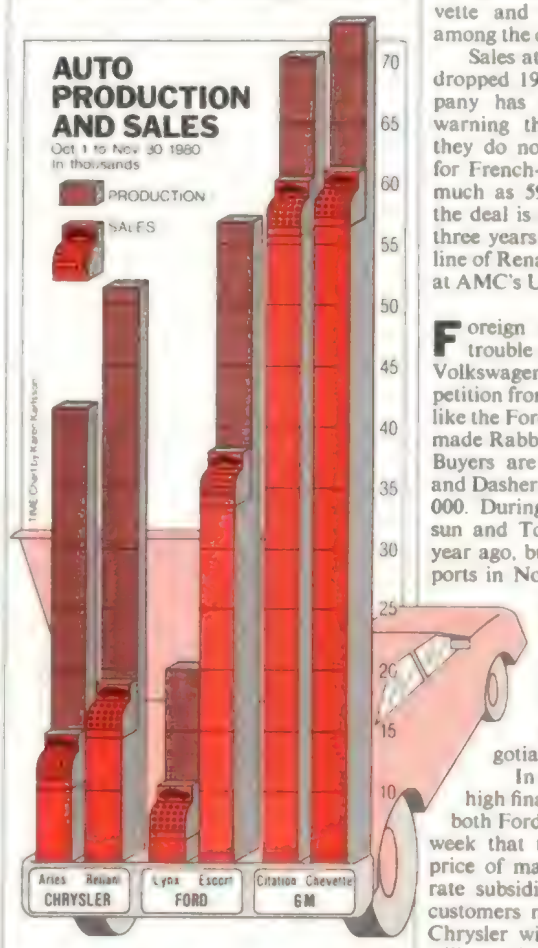
The automakers' hopes for a sales surge have been dashed against the rocks of high sticker prices and staggering interest rates. Only five years ago, $5,000 would have bought an option-packed Oldsmobile or Buick station wagon. Today, that amount is barely enough to pay for a stripped-down two-door Chevette. The same Buick wagon would cost nearly $11,000. The Big Three have been forced to hike the price of their fuel-efficient models mostly to pay for the $80 billion that they are spending to design and produce them. But Detroit may have pushed prices up too far and too fast. Says Marvin Alpern, a New York City Chevrolet dealer: "People come in and look at the prices, and they are shocked."

Jumping interest rates are definitely pushing potential customers out of the market. Last year a new car buyer in Michigan would have paid an average 12.68% interest for a 48-month new car loan. Now the interest rate is 16.05%. That can add as much as $50 to a car payment every month. Says Detroit Ford Dealer Mel Farr: "People want to buy cars, but they can't because of the basic high cost and the interest rates. Showroom traffic has just died. It is really depressing."

In better times, Detroit's new smaller cars might have been runaway successes. Surveys conducted by both Ford and Chrysler show that 80% of new-model buyers are happy with their purchases. "I love my Ford Escort," says Judy Siotto, a San Francisco medical assistant. "It has lots of room and great pickup on the hills." Adds William Consavage of West Yarmouth, Mass.: "My Plymouth K-car gets good mileage, and I like its looks."

In fact, Chrysler's sales in November rose by 6.9% over the same period last year. But behind that figure stalks a lot of bad news. Chrysler is staking its survival on the success of its new compact K-cars, the Dodge Aries and Plymouth Reliant. Despite the company's constant references to its "record-breaking" introduction, however, the two models are not doing well. Only 16,000 K-cars were sold in November, as compared with the company's target of 40,833. Gone with the poor sales figures are Chrysler's projections for making a profit in the fourth quarter. Instead, the company may face a loss of $100 million or more.

Part of Chrysler's difficulty has been a decision to load early K-car models with such expensive options as luxury interiors and air conditioning, thus pushing the price up to $9,000 or more. Similar price-boosting tactics have hurt Detroit for years. Chrysler is now building no-frills models that sell for less than $6,000, but dealers are placing few new orders because sales are slow and high interest rates have made their carrying costs on unsold models exorbitant. Warns Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca: "Our biggest problem is getting the dealers to take the three weeks of December production."



Ford's new front-wheel-drive subcompacts, the Ford Escort and the Mercury Lynx, are selling better. Ford has orders for 180,000 of them, and is expected to meet projected 1981 sales of 345,000. But Ford's larger cars, such as the Granada and the Mercury Cougar, continue to gather dust on showroom floors. The company has already shut down plants in Atlanta and Chicago to reduce inventories of the slow-selling cars.

General Motors, which did not introduce any totally new models this fall but will put out its subcompact J-cars next spring, is likewise suffering a sales fall-off. In November it sold 7.1% fewer cars than in the same month last year. So far this year, its orders have dropped 15.7%. Nevertheless, the Chevrolet Chevette and the Chevrolet Citation are among the country's bestselling models.

Sales at tiny American Motors Corp. dropped 19.1% in November. The company has sent letters to stockholders warning that it could go bankrupt if they do not approve next week a plan for French-owned Renault to acquire as much as 59% of the company. Even if the deal is accepted, AMC faces at least three years of heavy losses before a new line of Renault-designed cars can be built at AMC's U.S. plant in Kenosha, Wis.

Foreign automakers are also having trouble selling in the U.S. market. Volkswagen's Rabbit faces tough competition from new American subcompacts like the Ford Escort, and sales of the U.S.-made Rabbit dropped 26% in November. Buyers are also shunning the Scirocco and Dasher models, which cost up to $10,000. During the past two months, Datsun and Toyota sold fewer cars than a year ago, but Honda has sold more. Imports in November accounted for an estimated 24% of the U.S. market, as compared with nearly 30% earlier this year. The continued large number of imports led the House of Representatives last week to authorize the President to negotiate curbs on Japanese autos.

In an effort to ease the sting of high finance charges and to help sales, both Ford and Chrysler announced last week that they would cut the effective price of many models through interest-rate subsidies. Ford said it will charge customers no higher than 12% interest; Chrysler will provide cash rebates that will vary in size depending on the prime rate.

Iacocca denounced the Federal Reserve Board's high interest policies as "madness" and conceded that his company will soon have to go back to the Government's Loan Guarantee Board for perhaps $200 million in federal-backed loans. Chrysler has already borrowed $800 million of the $1.5 billion that Congress agreed last spring to guarantee. Once again, Chrysler's continued existence is seriously in question. *—By Alexander Taylor. Reported by Christopher Redman/Detroit*

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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

Will Success Breed Excess?

A heady market for soaring new technology and energy stocks

"New issues are an illustration of capitalism at its best, or worst, depending on how you look at it," says A. Robert Towbin of L.F. Rothschild, Unterberg, Towbin, an investment banking firm that specializes in fledgling companies selling their first stock to the general public. The money these businesses raise helps them to expand, but the stock can be a high-risk game since these young companies are frequently dealing with promising but untested technologies in untried markets. Despite the uncertainties involved, investors are now rushing to buy the sudden surge of new stock issues as they dream of discovering the next IBM or Xerox. Says Peter Rawlings of Wall Street's Blyth Eastman Paine Webber: "We really have not seen a stock market like this since the early '70s."

Enzo Biochem, a little-known genetic-engineering firm, went public at $6.25 a share in June, and is now selling at $14.75 after a November stock split. Applicon, a manufacturer of computers and software for industrial design, opened at $22 in July, and has risen 78% to $39.25. Genentech, the San Francisco gene-splicing company, went on sale in mid-October at $35 a share and was immediately driven up to $89 on the first day. It has since dropped back to nearly $46. Wall Street meanwhile is anxiously awaiting the public offering of Apple Computer, the go-go maker of personal computers. Later this month it is expected to hit the market somewhere between $14 and $17 a share.

The newsletter *Going Public*, which is published by a Philadelphia financial consultant, Howard & Co., estimates that by the end of this year some 250 companies will have raised about $1.1 billion through initial stock offerings. In the first 11 months of the year, 202 of them came to the market for $997.8 million. During all of last year 81 firms collected $506 million. In 1972, the biggest year ever for new offerings in dollar volume, 568 businesses pocketed $2.7 billion.

The strong stock market, up more than 20% since April, has put most of the fizz in the new issues. Last week the jump in the prime rate to 19% helped cause a 37-point decline in the Dow Jones industrial average to 956.23. Even so, says Robert Blakely of Wall Street's Morgan Stanley: "People can again participate in a stock issue and see a reasonable appreciation quickly."

The new issues market also received a boost from the lowering of the capital gains tax two years ago from a maximum of 49% to 28%. Investors are more willing to take the risk of buying new stocks if they see that they will not lose a substantial part of their profits to taxes.

The new stocks that get the best reception are usually high-technology concerns like Apple. ISC Systems is now quoted at $44.25, an increase of 127% since it went public in September, and Magnuson Computer is up 115% from its original price of $20. Oil and gas issues are also popular. Cheyenne Resources is up 738% since its February offering at $1 a share, and Saxon Oil has jumped to $35.75, an increase of 43%, just since Thanksgiving. Other winners are medical technology companies such as Genentech or Gamma Biologicals, which makes a serum for determining blood type. It closed last week at $15.12, up 163% from the offering price.

But firms with goods as diverse as pipeline-corrosion monitors, coin-operated electronic games, nutritional foods and hair care products have all been able to sell their shares. In the largest offering yet this year, Nike Inc., maker of the popular running shoes, sold 2.3 million shares last week at $22 each. John Muir & Co., an investment banking firm in New York City, even succeeded in launching a public offering to get the backing for a Broadway show called *The Little Prince*.

Both the general public and big institutional investors have been active in the market, but large pension funds, insurance companies and mutual funds have been major buyers of the bigger issues. It is harder for the small investor to get ahold of the most exciting stocks because brokers usually give the first shot to their larger clients who will buy 5,000 to 10,000 shares at a time. Federal regulations in 1979 encouraged pension funds to invest part of their huge assets in riskier ventures like new issues, antiques and diamonds; and institutions have soaked up about 70% of the larger initial public offerings this year. For example, Chemical Bank's $90 million Aggressive Equity Fund bought stock in Applicon, Cado Systems, Boston Digital and BancTec, all high-technology companies, as well as 5,000 shares of Genentech at its initial price of $35.

In the past, a speculative boom in new issues has always been followed by a crash. In the late 1960s investors rushed to buy electronics stocks, and in the early 1970s new computer firms were the rage. Both markets ultimately collapsed. Recalls Stanley Pratt of *Venture Capital Journal*: "Then two guys in a phone booth could raise several million dollars just by coming up with an idea, putting the suffix 'onics' on the end of it and making it public."

The Securities and Exchange Commission is now looking for signs that the fast-money crowd is moving in again. Some signals of rampant speculation are already present. The SEC has under way a number of inquiries about irregularities in the new issues market. It asked a federal court in Denver to order American Leisure Corp., a hotel and casino company, to return about $22 million to investors because the firm and its broker had, among other things, made fraudulent claims about the stock's potential.

Nonetheless, professional stock analysts say that the young businesses that are coming to the market today tend to be much sounder investments than the new issues of the '60s. Says Frank Bryant of Los Angeles' Bateman Eichler, Hill Richards: "The companies going public now are more mature. They generally have at least five years of earnings, and the price-earnings ratios aren't in the infinite numbers of the '60s." More stock underwriting is also now being done by old-line, well-capitalized investment banking firms. This psychological imprimatur tends to make the stocks seem like somewhat safer investments.

New issues, though, remain an investment for the lucky and adventurous. Warns Joel S. Lawson of Howard & Co.: "The initial public offering marketplace is like a window while it is open. But it closes like a guillotine: no warning, a rush of air and silence." —*By Julie Connelly. Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer and Denise Worrell/New York*

apple computer inc.

NIKE

Genentech, Inc.

Applicon

MAGNUSON COMPUTER SYSTEMS

ISC Systems Corporation

Chinese crafts at a New York trade show, an early step in the long march to more business

Nobody Buys

Sino-American trade exhibits

It has been a curious sight. Red flags fluttered in the breeze from the top of 26-ft.-high wooden arches set incongruously near downtown San Francisco, Chicago and New York. The arches have been beckoning passers-by to the first traveling trade show of the People's Republic of China in the U.S. The exhibit opened last week in Manhattan for the capstone stop of its tour. Now that dancers, diplomats and musicians have exchanged visits, China and the U.S. are getting close-up looks at each other's products at trade fairs in the two countries.

Commerce between the two nations is still relatively small. China sent the U.S. $1 billion in goods this year, while the U.S. shipped $3.5 billion to China. In contrast, American exports to Taiwan, which is about one-fiftieth the size of China, amounted to $3 billion in just the first eight months of this year. While businessmen and bureaucrats have been eying products and exchanging visiting cards at the shows, the traveling exhibit has so far resulted in disappointingly low sales.

Last month 240 American companies went to Peking to promote their products in the fields of transportation, drilling, power generation, agriculture and the manufacture of consumer goods. Although some 200,000 Chinese visited the exhibition, many American businessmen complained that they were not the high-ranking bureaucrats they had expected. Sales made at the show were a small $21 million, and contracts for $3.8 million more were under negotiation at the close of the fair. Grumman International, for example, displayed buses, fire engines and light aluminum trucks, but it received no orders. Said Burt Stern, Grumman's senior vice president: "We found little overt interest in our products. We know it takes time, and we hope that some of the information we gave out will drift back into the right places. Maybe something will happen from there." Still, Chinese curiosity about American products was strong. Stacks of product brochures vanished in minutes. General Electric alone distributed 5½ tons of literature during the 13-day show.

Crowds in U.S. cities have been equally curious about the traveling Chinese show. Western eyes are delighted by fine Peking porcelain vases, trays made of glowing cinnebar lacquer and Ching dynasty emperors' robes of embroidered yellow silk as thin as a breath of air. Visitors have also been intrigued by a large dragon vase that is said to be able to determine the severity of an earthquake by the way a set of balls rolls from the dragon's mouth into those of the eight toads below.

American businessmen, however, have been less enthusiastic about products other than handicrafts. More than 4,500 buyers representing 2,646 firms showed up at the various stops, but they have been slow to place orders. Said John Krafft, assistant vice president of the international banking office of San Francisco's Bank of America: "I wasn't overly impressed with the range and quality of products that were shown. I expected to see more light industrial exhibits, a step up from the handicrafts that everybody knows about. The Chinese definitely need a great deal of education on how to market products here."

The Chinese point out that they still cannot produce many of the goods that Americans might want to buy. Li Chuan, the leader of the trade delegation, said candidly, "We are not another Japan. We want to export our things to America to be able to import the technology we need." One conclusion: developing U.S.-China trade could be a long march. ■

Ultimate Box

Cardboard caskets cut costs

The Egyptians built massive pyramids to be the ceremonial resting places of the pharaohs, and countries around the world have long given the dead elaborate burials. Now a Swedish pathologist has designed a new casket that he claims is suited to the less ceremonial 1980s. It is made of wax-impregnated corrugated cardboard and is said to be just as durable as an ordinary pine box. With its outer finish of imitation oak or walnut, it even resembles a wooden casket. Promoters point out that the cardboard model can be shipped flat to reduce transportation costs, conserves scarce natural resources, costs only one-tenth as much as a traditional casket and will start to decompose in about three years.

The ultimate box is the product of Dr. Sven-Olof Lidholm, who had the idea for it 15 years ago while identifying victims of an airplane accident in Santa Cruz de Tenerife in the Canary Islands. It weighs 60 lbs., about half as much as a wooden casket, but supports a weight of 800 lbs. Lidholm says that the cardboard one would be particularly useful after natural disasters. In southern Italy, many survivors of last month's earthquake were forced to bury relatives in coffins bought on the black market at high prices.

Lidholm began producing the caskets this year for the Swedish market, where he has sold about 1,000 of them. This fall a Fort Lauderdale cemetery operator, Cem-A-Care of Florida, started importing them into the U.S. They will sell for $125, as compared with about $1,250 for a conventional wood or metal casket. Cem-A-Care hopes to market 7,500 of the cardboard models next year. Florida funeral directors, however, are opposed to the cardboard caskets because they could cause a drop in their profits on a burial. ■

Lidholm and a new mode of burial

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The paucity of tourists from the U.S. mainland leaves plenty of room in a hotel pool on Maui for one lonely swimmer

Storm Clouds over Paradise

Rising airfares and crime hurt Hawaii's best business

For decades millions of Americans have escaped from steamy freeways and fussy bosses by flying off to the exotic white sands and coral reefs of Hawaii. As fast as the Hawaiians could build high-rise hotels and outrigger canoes, the tide of tourists rose to fill them. Visitors last year spent a stunning $2.6 billion, or 28% of the state's total income.

But this year the aloha spirit is suddenly subdued. Tourism is down for the first time since 1949. After growing at an annual average of 15% for the past 15 years, the number of visitors so far in 1980 is off 1.5%. And new figures indicate that the downturn is gathering force. In October, 8.4% fewer tourists visited Hawaii than in the same month last year. The number from the U.S. and Canada slumped 10.8%, while that from Asia was up a small 1.2%. Group travel, which used to constitute about half of all tourism, this year is 19.9% below the level of 1979.

Traffic on Hawaiian Air Lines and Aloha Airlines, which carry sightseers between the islands, is down 10% this year. The two carriers have launched sweepstakes with prizes like new cars to lure local residents into seats vacated by tourists. Inter-Island Resorts, the oldest hotel chain in Hawaii, lost $1.25 million in the third quarter, compared with a profit of $769,000 during the same period last year. On the island of Maui, which had been developing rapidly, business is off 3.4%. The hotel occupancy rate in October was only 60%.

The U.S. recession is partly to blame for tourist troubles in Hawaii, but the primary problem is the high cost of airfares. In the past 18 months, the price of a tourist-class round-trip ticket between Honolulu and San Francisco, some 2,400 miles away, has soared 75%, to $504. The remoteness that had always been Hawaii's allure is now its burden. Laments Edward Sullivan, managing director of the Hyatt Regency on Waikiki Beach: "You can't get in your car and drive here."

The damaging airfare boosts come at a time when Hawaii's image as paradise in the Pacific is already suffering. The islands are now facing such mainland problems as crime and tacky development. In the past two years, robberies have jumped 23% and murders 67%. Often the victims are tourists. Among the more serious incidents reported: a gang rape of a 24-year-old Finnish woman by eleven Hawaiian youths, and a sniper attack that left four injured in the heart of Waikiki. More common are purse snatchings, muggings and car lootings. Much of the violence has been attributed to the descendants of the islands' original Polynesian inhabitants, an underemployed and poorly educated class. Kept at the bottom of the economic ladder by waves of more prosperous American and Japanese immigrants, many members of this group feel exploited and resentful.

Tourists looking for a quiet vacation are becoming nervous about a Hawaiian retreat. Says Paul Abramson, who owns a Manhattan travel agency and recently visited Waikiki: "Tourist guides warned that we should go out at night only in pairs and that ladies should hold on to their handbags. I think a lot of people come home afraid." Complains Peggy Ontai, who sells conch shells at a roadside stand on Oahu: "This crime has to stop. Tourists are too frightened to drive around the island and get out of their cars." Travel agents report that greater numbers of vacationers are opting for Mexico instead.

Hawaii's mystique is also being marred by its overrapid growth. Kalakaua Avenue, the once pristine ocean-front promenade of Waikiki, is now littered with streetside stalls selling chintzy Filipino woodcarvings, paper leis, shell necklaces and aloha shirts. Hookers hang out in front of the hotels, and members of the Hare Krishna movement solicit handouts. According to Don Bremmer, executive vice president of the Waikiki Improvement Association, Hare Krishnas tell visiting Japanese: "You bombed Pearl Harbor. Now pay for it."

Hawaiians realize that their economic growth depends on making tourists feel more secure. Impromptu citizens' groups have lobbied for greater police protection and harsher sentences for criminals. Elderly residents have marched in the streets with banners reading WIPE OUT CRIME IN OUR LIFETIME. Voters this fall elected candidates who promised sweeping changes. After twelve years in office, Mayor Frank Fasi was defeated by Eileen Anderson, an energetic reformer. Says she: "I intend to improve the physical and social environment on Waikiki and take action against the prostitutes and sidewalk vendors selling junk. Tourism will always be No. 1 here. We just don't have any choice about that."

Law-and-order Candidate Charles Marsland easily won the post of Honolulu prosecuting attorney by vowing to crack down on hoodlums. A sample of his campaign rhetoric: "What was once the paradise of the Pacific is now a jungle prowled by thieves, pimps, prostitutes, robbers, rapists and murderers." United Air Lines and other carriers serving Hawaii have pledged to help law enforcement by flying victims of violence back to the islands free so that they can testify in trials.

Even if Hawaii can clamp down on crime, the islands will remain helplessly vulnerable to the soaring cost of jet fuel, which is the main cause of the rising airfares. Local officials fear that Hawaii may become a resort only for the very wealthy. Says Paul DeDomenico, president of Hawaiian Holiday Macadamia Nut Co.: "Some people say that tourism in Hawaii depends on the rich. That's wrong. It depends on the middle class. If they can't afford to fly here, we're in big trouble." —*By Charles Alexander. Reported by Paul Witteman/Honolulu*

Glittering Prizes

THE COMPETITION
Directed and Written by Joel Oliansky

For him (Richard Dreyfuss), it is the last chance; pushing 30, he feels that if he does not win this piano competition he might as well abandon his dream of a concert career and take the job back home teaching music in the public schools. For her (Amy Irving), it is the first big opportunity; if, at 21, she wins, then her career will be launched as a near prodigy. A loss will hardly be the end of the world. Because there is less pressure on her, it makes sense that she should act the sweet aggressor in their relationship, and that he should be the one to resist romantic distraction from his long-sought goal. It is all very modern and up to date, this role reversal. And in *The Competition* it is rather agreeable, giving Dreyfuss his shot at representing that new *beau idéal*, the decent male who is not aggressively masculine. Since Irving seems to have overcome the blandness that has marked her previous appearances, *The Competition* has a certain tensile strength at its center.

It is the edges that become bothersome. There can be no question that Writer-Director Oliansky truly loves his subject and wants everybody to know everything he has found out about it. There are enough subsidiary characters with strong, if not subtly shaded personalities to stock a couple of movies, and enough extraneous melodrama to plot a *Competition II*. Granted, a piano contest in which six high-strung finalists must each play a concerto within a single 24-hour period is likely to be an emotionally taxing occasion, but enough is enough.

Before *The Competition* is finally decided, audiences will have witnessed the defection of the Russian artist's teacher and the emotional collapse of her charge; Dreyfuss's disputing Conductor Sam Wanamaker's interpretation of Beethoven's *Emperor Concerto* and taking over the baton to show the orchestra how it should be done (not exactly the way to win an important friend); a string snapping in Irving's piano as she launches into her concerto (she insists on changing not only pianos but the piece she has rehearsed). Besides all this, there are the predictable bits of sad personal histories, familial pressures and sexual hanky-panky with which the participants must deal.

In the midst of this teacup tempestuousness one comes to admire Lee Remick. She plays Irving's ambitious, cynical and, it would seem, sexually frustrated teacher. She has given up her life for her music, and it falls to Remick to deliver most of the movie's truly impossible lines —the stuff about art being a more reliable lover than any man can be, for example. Somehow, she manages to throw all that stuff away gracefully and emerge likable. It is a little triumph of professional grace for Remick, who must be one of the busiest—and best—actresses around *(see following story)*.

One must also spare a kind word for Oliansky's contemplation of a difficult issue, that of a talented, ambitious man coming to terms with the fact that the woman he loves may be more gifted than he, that he may have to live in her shadow if she carries off first prize. In the traditional scheme of things, this represents the ultimate role reversal and Dreyfuss handles the passages where he is feeling funked out by the conflict between love and ambition very nicely. This comes as

Lee Remick shines in two new movies
A triumph of professional grace.

something of a relief, since his abrasiveness in the early stages, when all the competitors are busily psyching one another out in search of momentary advantages, is anything but appealing. He is, heaven knows, a confident actor, and his energetic belief in himself keeps one caring even while not quite liking him. If the implicit answer to his conflicting emotions is the easy, romantically satisfying one, Dreyfuss's confusion on the issue is honestly and painfully stated.

Indeed, that is pretty much the way of this movie. It usually remembers to press the soft pedal—a Mozartian bit of dialogue, a moment of hard observation —and pull itself back from the Lisztian brink. Add the novelty of the subject matter and the compilation of best-loved themes from favorite concertos, and *The Competition* can be awarded a bronze medal in this year's Christmas movie competition.

—*By Richard Schickel*

Talk Show

TRIBUTE
Directed by Bob Clark
Screenplay by Bernard Slade

The stage is the performer's space: it belongs to the actor—or the character—who is always "on." He is the metaphor matador, the tale twister, the verbal bully who mesmerizes those onstage and in the audience with his endless conjury of felicitous syllables. He is the theater's grand gabby old man, the shaman, the incantator, who goes back to Aeschylus and forward to O'Neill and Osborne, Stoppard and Shepard. Put a spotlight on him, and the eloquence swells, the spell continues. He simply will not shut up.

Scottie Templeton is one such compulsive performer. To him, silence is gelding and only two sounds are pleasing: his own voice and his listener's laughter. As the central character, comic relief, *raisonneur* and *raison d'être* of Bernard Slade's play *Tribute*, Scottie kept the jokes flowing as his world collapsed like a burlesque banana's baggy pants. On Broadway, as incarnated by Jack Lemmon, Scottie was a sympathetic soul. With the footlights acting as a DMZ between character and playgoer, Scottie could be abstracted and romanticized: he was the fatally ill trouper doing one heroic final turn.

As Lemmon should know, movies are different. What looks like a character's final tribute from a theater balcony becomes, in movie closeup, an autopsy. And Lemmon, by re-creating his stage performance, has created another, more pitiable Scottie. Lemmon still articulates a lexicon of frayed hopes through his sad-clown face, still works the crowd like an aging but adept masseur. But this Scottie is no longer a man one would care to spend an evening drinking with, or even observing. He chokes on his own gag lines; he straitjackets his son (Robby Benson) in a slapstick embrace. The audience is trapped too. The knowledge, from Reel 1, that Scottie is soon to die forecloses a mortgage on the viewer's affections. Saying the film is a failure becomes an immoral act.

It is, though. Director Clark so little trusts his audience that he italicizes every dramatic revelation with lush music and encourages his players to stick to their stereotypes. Only Lee Remick shines, as Scottie's loving ex-wife. In the middle of the movie, Lemmon and Remick have a scene together—just a few moments, really—when they sit together, and remember, and embrace. For once the actors are not performing but behaving; not seizing the viewer's attention, simply absorbing it. For an instant, *Tribute* becomes what it should have been: not a talk show, but a good movie.

—*By Richard Corliss*

People

Schwarzenegger pondering his role as the barbaric figure Conan

Looking like a cross between Hagar the Horrible and Rodin's *The Thinker* for his role in the film *Conan the Barbarian*, Bodybuilder **Arnold Schwarzenegger** is clearly no dumbbell. He will be working out alongside **Sandahl Bergman,** who steamed up movie theaters in Bob Fosse's *All That Jazz*. *Conan*, about to go into production in Spain, is based on the 1930s sword-and-sorcery tales of Robert E. Howard. Schwarzenegger's main cause for thoughtful concern is the film's villain, Thulsa Doom, played by **James Earl Jones,** the ominous voice of *Star Wars*' Darth Vader.

■

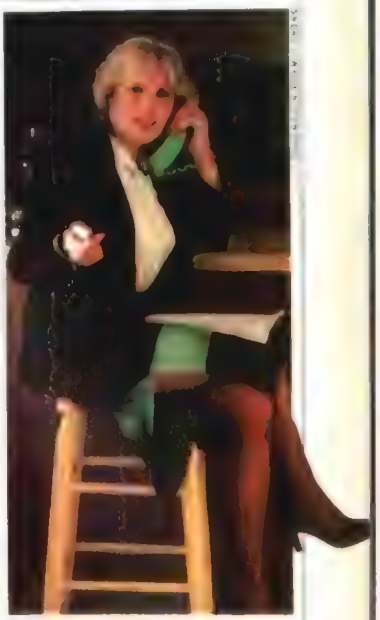
Chalk up another true-to-life role for Actress **Cicely Tyson.** She has already starred in television biographies of Abolitionist **Harriet Tubman** and **Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr.** This time Tyson plays a Chicago superteacher, **Marva Collins,** in a TV movie to be aired next fall. Collins has coaxed children of Chicago's rundown Garfield Park area from near illiteracy to discussions of Roman history and Michelangelo. She also coached Tyson in classroom technique, and gives the actress high marks as a student. Says Collins: "Cicely takes her acting as seriously as I take my teaching."

"We slept three to a room and there were feet everywhere," says South Carolina Tailback **George Washington Rogers,** 22, of his impoverished childhood in rural Duluth, Ga. For the past four football seasons, Rogers' fleet feet have been everywhere. He led the nation in rushing with 1,781 yds., sufficient mileage to earn him the 46th annual Heisman Trophy as the country's outstanding college football player. With the bulk (225 lbs.) of a fullback, the 6-ft. 2-in. Rogers ran for 4,958 yds. during his South Carolina career to become the fourth alltime college rusher. He may be drafted by the last-place New Orleans Saints, who can sure use him. Their fans have taken to wearing paper bags over their heads by way of protesting the Saints' sinful performance.

■

Life with a Congressman need not be dull, especially if the Congressman is Democrat **John Jenrette,** who lost his House seat in the November election after being convicted of bribery in the FBI Abscam investigation. Writing in last weekend's Washington *Post* magazine, **Rita Jenrette,** 30, confesses: "I knew the honeymoon was over when I rolled over one morning to find John's side of the bed unruffled. I found him drunk, undressed and lying on the floor in the arms of a woman who I knew was old enough to be his mother." But all such problems are behind them now, says Rita, an aspiring pop singer and a former Peace Corps volunteer in Micronesia. "I feel we are embarking on a new, more real life." Though she bared her soul in the *Post* article, she modestly declined an offer from *Playboy* to bare anything else.

Heisman Trophy Winner Rogers



Congresswife Rita Jenrette

■

Tweedy, trim and looking more like a suburban housewife than a former leader of the radical Weather Underground, **Bernardine Dohrn,** 38, came in from the cold. With **William Ayers,** 35, her live-in companion for most of the past eleven years, at her side, she pleaded not guilty to charges of aggravated battery and mob action arising from the 1969 "Days of Rage" demonstrations in Chicago. The two have weathered an underground life ever since, most recently with their two children in a walk-up apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side, where Dohrn worked as a shop manager and bookkeeper and part-time waitress. "I regret not at all our efforts to side with the forces of national liberation," said Dohrn. So why did she surrender to the tender mercies of the System? "The climate has changed," said Michael Kennedy, Dohrn's New York lawyer. "Mayor Daley is no longer mayor." No, but in charge of prosecuting Dohrn's case is Cook County State's Attorney **Richard M. Daley,** son of the late mayor whose heavyhandedness helped spark the Chicago demonstrations.

—By E. Graydon Carter

Superteacher Collins with Tyson on the classy set

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A Bombshell Case Goes Phfft!

ABC and the producers of Charlie's Angels *are off the hook*

In Hollywood they were calling it Angelgate. It had everything a big production could want: TV stars, starmakers and money—lots and lots of money. But when Los Angeles County District Attorney John Van De Kamp released his long-awaited report on the *Charlie's Angels* case last week, what had been billed as television's scandal of the decade turned out to be something less than many had expected. "We have determined after careful evaluation of the evidence," said the D.A., "that there are insufficient grounds to institute criminal charges."

Most relieved, of course, were the principal targets of the investigation, Producers Aaron Spelling, 52, and Leonard Goldberg, 46. The two had been accused of trying to cheat investors in ABC's *Charlie's Angels*, chiefly Actor Robert Wagner, 50, and his actress-wife Natalie Wood, 42, by siphoning off at least $660,000 of *Angels*' profits to *Starsky and Hutch*, a show that the producers owned a larger percentage of. Only slightly less elated were executives at ABC who had approved the transfer of funds and ABC President Elton Rule, 63, a close friend of the two producers. If Van De Kamp failed to make the criminal charges stick, he did provide the closest look outsiders have ever had into the wheeling and dealing that goes on to make a TV series.

The investigation began in 1979 after Jennifer Martin, 32, a lawyer in ABC's West Coast contracts department, pointed out to her boss that for each episode of *Charlie's Angels* the network was paying Spelling and Goldberg $30,000 for "exclusivity." Why, she asked, should ABC pay for exclusivity when under the terms of an earlier agreement it already had exclusive rights to their services? According to Martin's memo of the meeting, which the D.A. quoted, ABC V.P. Ronald Sunderland, replied: "You want to know what it's really for? They're [cheating] the Robert Wagners out of their money. We've been putting it into *Starsky and Hutch* up until now, but since *Starsky* is off the air, the money's got to go somewhere else, so we're calling it exclusivity."

Shocked by Sunderland's comment, which he complains was misinterpreted,

Investors Wagner and Wood; Former ABC Lawyer Martin

Producers Spelling and Goldberg

The original angels: Farrah Fawcett (top), Kate Jackson and Jaclyn Smith

"There are insufficient grounds to institute criminal charges."

Martin sent memos fluttering to the top of the ABC Building in Manhattan. The network did two things: it launched its own internal inquiry, and it fired Martin for "unfinished and sloppy work." That ABC investigation found nothing wrong. Apparently concerned that Martin would send her memos to the authorities, however, ABC Counsel Frank Rothman gave his findings to Van De Kamp in October 1979. Since then the TV world has been waiting for the D.A. to pounce. Instead he issued an 81-page report that found the main culprits to be sloppy business practices and a kind of Alice-in-Wonderland bookkeeping.

The reason for the convoluted accounting is the networks' refusal to pay full production costs of the shows they buy. A program like *Charlie's Angels*, which is really a display case for three

beautiful detectives wearing as little as possible, costs $623,000 a segment. But ABC pays Spelling-Goldberg Productions only $583,000, leaving a deficit of between $800,000 and $900,000 a season. It is generally not until a series is sold for syndication that the deficit is erased and the big profits begin. Until then, producers borrow, worry about cost overruns and beg the networks for more money.

Spelling and Goldberg are among the most successful of that struggling class. Spelling is a kind of Texas-style Woody Allen who put himself through Southern Methodist University, winning every drama award available before going to Hollywood. Goldberg grew up in Brooklyn and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School. He was chief of production for Screen Gems be-

ABC President Rule

fore forming the partnership with Spelling in 1972.

Despite their success, neither man is in business to lose money, and both were appalled at their problems with *Starsky and Hutch*, a shoot-'em-up centered on two offbeat policemen. Their lawyer, William Hayes, 59, repeatedly asked ABC to help them out. ABC made additional payments, and then refused to give another dollar. According to the D.A.'s report, Hayes says that former ABC Vice President George Reeves told him: "No, I can't help you. Don't even come ask me, because everybody here has had it up to their ears with *Starsky and Hutch*!" Finally Hayes suggested that some of the extra cash that was supposed to go to *Charlie's Angels* be diverted to *Starsky and Hutch* instead. Reeves replied: "If you want to allocate it that way, it's up to you. Just write me a letter and tell me what you're going to do so we can put it on our records."

Spelling and Goldberg say the money diverted to *Starsky and Hutch* was supposed to be returned to *Charlie's Angels* when *S & H* was canceled. And that, apparently, is what has been happening. All transactions were duly recorded, Van De Kamp notes, and there was none of the secrecy—"the badges of fraud"—that usually indicates criminality. Yet a few questions remained. Nowhere does the report explain, for example, Sunderland's statement that the exclusivity gimmick was a device to cheat the Wagners.

For their part, the Wagners, who stand to make several million dollars from *Charlie's Angels*, were happy with the outcome of the case. They will settle for the payment indicated by the D.A.'s audit. The two writers involved, who together have 12½% of the profits, were less pleased. Ben Roberts said the decision not to prosecute was "shady" and added that he and Ivan Goff may file a civil suit to get all the money owed them by Spelling and Goldberg. Nor can ABC totally relax. Lawyer Martin is asking $6 million for, among other things, the damage done to her reputation when she was fired. There is also the prospect that action might be brought by the Securities and Exchange Commission, which is examining the possibility that ABC has violated obligations to its stockholders with its casual accounting procedures.

Whatever the courts decide, the case raised some touchy issues. One involves the chumminess that seems to surround deals between ABC and its Hollywood producers. Hayes, for instance, is not only the lawyer, manager, accountant and negotiator for Spelling and Goldberg, but also Rule's lawyer and the manager of his personal accounts. All three of Rule's children, moreover, work for Spelling, who produces by himself as well as with his partner. "Nepotism is everywhere," says Hayes with a shrug. "Who should you direct your children to? Strangers?"

Another issue raised is the responsibility of the networks. By refusing to pick up the full costs of new shows, they virtually force producers into some kind of inventive bookkeeping. "If a network has faith in its producers, it should pay them the money it costs to do the shows," says Goldberg. "They pay, we deliver. But they always want more added to the script. Their ideas are bigger than their purse." Spelling agrees, adding: "If it rains, it costs us $30,000. And if an actor is late, we pay. Script changes, which occur often, are also at our expense."

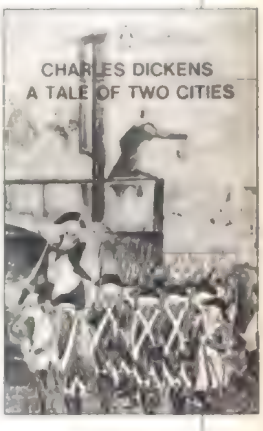
Many people in the industry approved of Van De Kamp's decision not to prosecute. "This is a dynamic business," says Manhattan Lawyer Richard Barovick, whose clients are mostly in entertainment. "It's more creative than professional. This isn't manufacturing chairs in Wisconsin to be delivered in Tennessee."

What next? There will be tougher bookkeeping, and auditors will probably ask more revealing questions—for a while. "Things will tighten up," says Joel Segal, a broadcasting expert at the Ted Bates advertising agency. He adds cynically—or perhaps realistically: "Then it will get lax again." The moral, which the D.A. repeated several times: Hire a good accountant. *—By Gerald Clarke. Reported by Martha Smilgis/Los Angeles*

Tale of 76 Cities

Millions prep for Dickens

For three hours last week some 32 million Americans tuned in on the CBS television adaptation of Charles Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*. But a significant chunk of the audience was not simply watching—and shivering at—the crash of the guillotine, or hoping that Sydney Carton could somehow make the supreme sacrifice and get the girl too. They had been primed for the show by reading the TV script, prepared by John Gay, and by answering questions about the story. Samples: What roles do the two cities play? Which city has the more important role? Why?



Those scripts were distributed in 76 cities to an estimated 9 million elementary and secondary pupils as part of an educational experiment known as the CBS Television Reading Program, which promotes television not as a boob tube but as a device designed to whet children's interest in reading.

Program scripts are printed in advance of the broadcast date by local newspapers (among those that are participating: the Minneapolis *Tribune*, the Detroit *Free Press* and the Baltimore *Sun*), and the material is discussed beforehand in class. Local sponsors like the First National Bank of Boston, the Carruth Mortgage Corporation in New Orleans and Atlanta's Six Flags over Georgia pay for production of the scripts and teachers' classroom guides.

The program seems to play well in the classroom. New Orleans English Teacher Louis Rodrigue reports, for example, that even poor readers are enthusiastic about working their way through the TV scripts. What is more, he says, students often ask for additional reading after viewing specials like "Day of Infamy," a 1978 episode of *The Waltons* about Pearl Harbor; last year's *The Corn Is Green*, the story of a schoolmarm in a Welsh coal-mining town, starring Katharine Hepburn; and Dickens' *Tale*. "If there were programs like this every month," says Alvan Benjamin of the Massachusetts Teachers Association, "we could use them."

Even so, Madame Guillotine and Madame Defarge were unable to match the drawing power of such ABC competition as *Happy Days* and *Laverne & Shirley* and Barbara Walters interviewing Burt Reynolds, Paul Newman and Clint Eastwood. ■

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Religion

Street Saint

Dorothy Day: 1897-1980

"Go, sell what you have, and give to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me." For 2,000 years Christians have wrestled unsuccessfully with the import of Jesus' words to the Rich Young Ruler. For her part, Roman Catholic Activist Dorothy Day took the command literally. Over two generations, idealistic young Catholics came to work at her soup kitchens, helping the poor for a while and then departing for families and careers. Dorothy Day stayed on. And on. When she died at age 83 in "Maryhouse," a residence for the destitute on New York City's Lower East Side, she was living in a small room next door to a shopping-bag lady.

To admirers like Historian David J. O'Brien, writing in *Commonweal*, she was "the most significant, interesting and influential person in the history of American Catholicism." If so, it is because her Catholic Worker movement blended zeal for reforming the whole social system with practical concern for helping the individual poor. She was arrested a dozen times, the first as a suffragette in 1917, the last during a workers' demonstration in California in 1973, and took part in scores of labor and antimilitary protests.

In her final decade

Spirit, soup kitchens and reform.

Daughter of a nonreligious sportswriter, Dorothy was confirmed in the Episcopal Church. She became a socialist agnostic in 1915 at the University of Illinois. "For me Christ no longer walked the streets of this world. He was 2,000 years dead and new prophets had risen up in His place," she recalled in her finely crafted autobiography, *The Long Loneliness* (1952). At 18 she moved to New York City, befriended young writers like Eugene O'Neill and Hart Crane, took a Marxist lover, joined the young labor movement and wrote for far-left newspapers like the *Masses*.

Conversion to Catholicism came through odd circumstances. She lived with an atheist whose "ardent love of creation brought me to the Creator of all things." But when she bore the man's daughter, she sought baptism: "I was not going to have her floundering through many years as I had done, doubting, undisciplined and amoral. For myself I prayed for the gift of faith." It came. In 1927 she left the father of her child and was baptized in the Catholic Church.

Still she longed to find some way of applying her new faith to help the poor. In the depths of the Depression, she met a wandering French philosopher-laborer named Peter Maurin. On May Day 1933 to challenge their church's social conservatism, they launched the monthly *Catholic Worker* (price per copy, to this day 1¢). Circulation reached 150,000 by 1936 (though it is now 96,000).

Their social philosophy was neither Communist nor capitalist—nor overly lucid. Among its elements: rigid pacifism, opposition to the revolutionary class struggle, acceptance of private property but with industry owned by workers and generally, the less government the better. Day and Maurin called it Christian "anarchism." Its goal, Maurin said, was "a society in which it is easier for people to be good."

The *Worker* sided with striking workers (including New York City gravediggers who walked out on Cardinal Spellman in 1949). It encouraged communal living, ecumenism and the concept of laymen as missioners. The movement is still best known for its "direct action" on behalf of the poor. Day and Maurin started by setting up lodgings for a handful of down-and-outers. In time, dozens of loosely linked "Houses of Hospitality" around the U.S. were offering free food, shelter and used clothing to derelicts. Day and the other workers always lived and ate alongside their "guests." Eventually twelve farms were established. When the shoestring operation ran out of funds, the staff simply prayed to their patron St. Joseph for help, and donations somehow appeared.

Dorothy Day's funeral, held in the linoleum-floored Church of the Nativity where she worshiped daily for years, drew hundreds—from Priest-Activist Daniel Berrigan and Farm Worker Leader Cesar Chavez to Terence Cardinal Cooke, who blessed the plain pine coffin. Former Yippie Abbie Hoffman was there, too: "She is the nearest thing this Jewish boy is ever going to get to a saint." Also in the overflow, which spread along the sidewalk outside the church, was a drifter who gave his name as Lazarus. Said he, with tears oozing down his seamed cheeks: "That fine lady gave me love." ■

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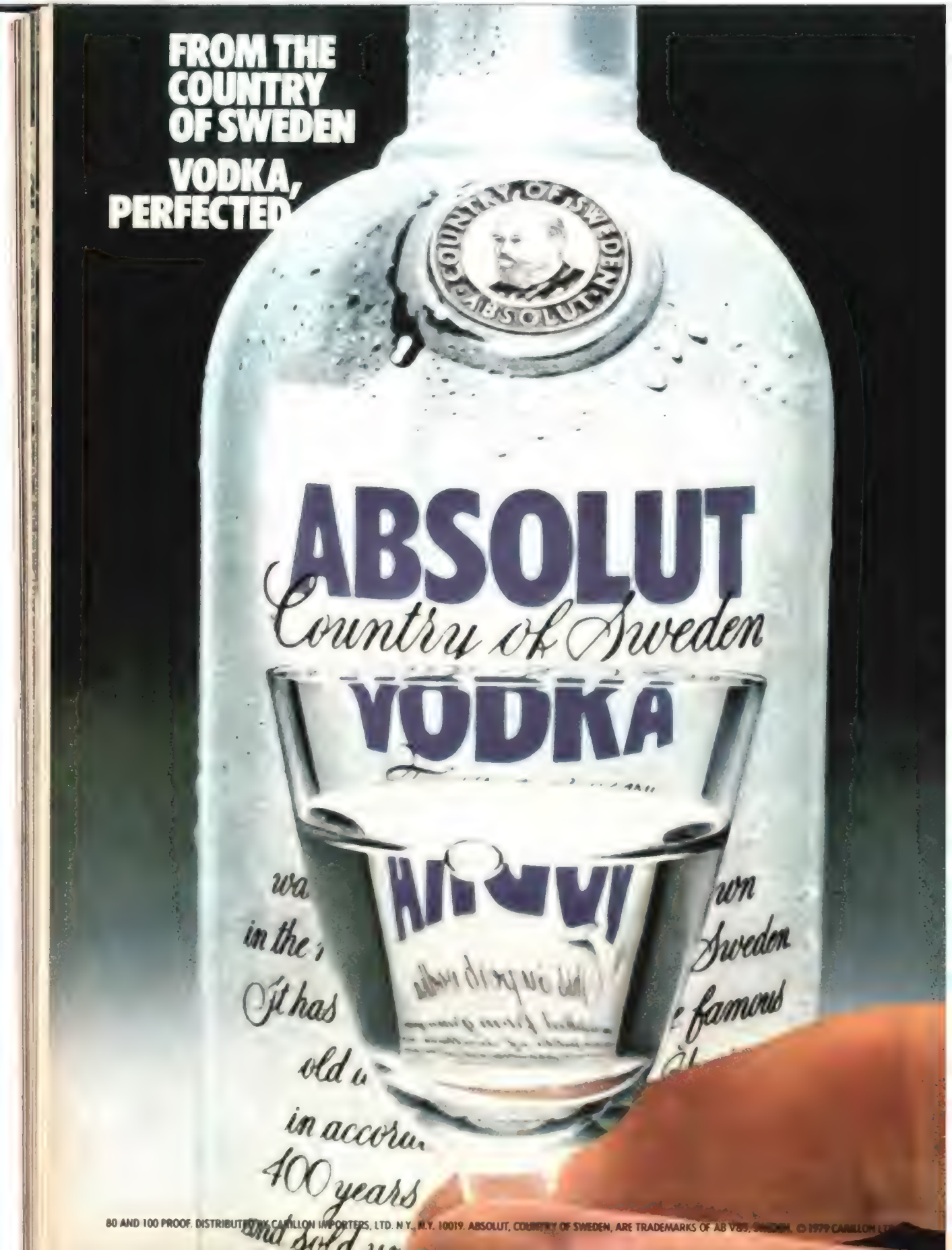

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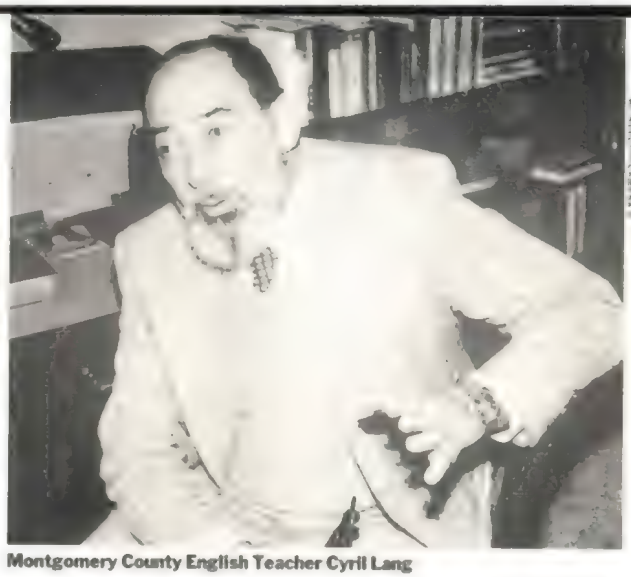


Montgomery County English Teacher Cyril Lang

Florentine Author Machiavelli

Education

How to Protect Tender Minds

Are Aristotle and Machiavelli too tough for tenth-graders?

The principal had a stern warning for English Teacher Cyril Lang: the books he was teaching were not approved for tenth-graders by the school system's curriculum experts. Some parents had complained as well. But Lang went right on using the books in his classes at Charles W. Woodward High School in the plush suburb of Rockville, Md. Lang even based exams on them. School Superintendent Edward Andrews took that as "insubordination and misconduct in office." Last October he asked that Lang be suspended without pay, a request that the Montgomery County School Board last week began to consider in private hearings.

The startling thing about the Lang affair is that he was not purveying pornography, or even mildly racy novels. He was merely introducing his students to the *Poetics* by Aristotle and *The Prince* by Niccolò Machiavelli as an aid to their study of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. Lang, 55, a ten-year teaching veteran, is a man determined to challenge his students, pitted against a school system that wants him to take things easy.

Was the material too difficult? "Tenth-graders can handle Aristotle," insists Robert Squires, president-elect of the National Council of Teachers of English. Indeed, whether or not Aristotle is mentioned by name, most high school discussions of *Julius Caesar*, *Othello* and other tragedies build on the characteristics of tragedy originally set out in a few pages of the *Poetics*. Such fundamental questions as "Is Brutus or Caesar the hero of the play?" and "Why would an honorable man like Brutus join in the conspiracy against Caesar?" are good Aristotelian questions. Nor is Machiavelli unfathomable in an age well versed in political manipulation. Merely asking if Caesar, Cassius and Brutus appear honest, awe-inspiring or venal amounts to considering these characters in Machiavellian terms.

Some of Lang's former students were quick to defend him. "I didn't think his class was too hard at all," says Julie Shapiro, who edits the Woodward High student newspaper. "Mr. Lang had us go over the readings line by line, and I think they added a lot to the course. Some kids hated the course in the beginning, but at the end they liked the work. He treated us like adults. He had standards."

To school officials the issue was the system, not the subject matter. Says School Superintendent Andrews: "I don't know whether Lang is right or wrong about the books. But in a public school system, you have to have reasonable procedures to determine what is to be used, and the superintendent has to uphold them." Montgomery County has approved Aristotle's *Poetics* only for senior honor students. Asked Andrews: "What if a teacher decided to use *Playboy* or *Hustler?* I think the school system has an obligation to set standards and to set curriculum."

Lang concedes that the school system's concern for its authority is important. But he was not teaching *Hustler* or *Playboy*. Lang believes that his rights and responsibilities as a teacher take precedence in this case. If the seven-member Montgomery County school board agrees with him, Lang could be reinstated in January, although he will no doubt be assigned to a different school after so much controversy. A decision against him could mean five months without pay. If that happens Lang plans to fight in the courts, if necessary, for reinstatement. "I made a premeditated, intellectual decision to continue teaching the way I had," he says. "There's nothing wrong with the genetic makeup of these students. It's the educational system that's declining. We are bearing witness to the triumph of mediocrity." ■

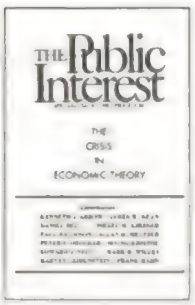
Princeton '85?

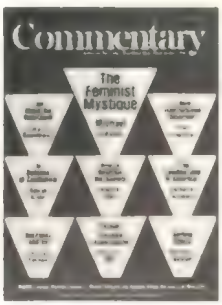
The ultimate coed applicant

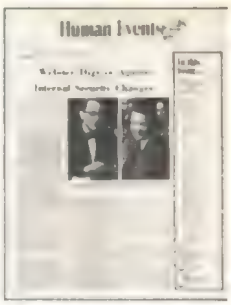
The entrance application that found its way to Princeton was nothing if not creative. In the filled-out forms, the applicant for the class of '85 was identified simply as "God." Birthdate? "B.C." Sex? The applicant checked both "male" and "female." God listed perfect 800 scores on the math and verbal portions of the Scholastic Aptitude Test but a mere 770 on the College Board's biology achievement test. Why? "I was marked 'wrong' on the evolution question."

Personal activities included 336 hours each week "arranging weather" and "listening to prayers." How was last summer's vacation spent? Causing the "eruption of Mount St. Helens." Meaningful interests? The applicant wrote: "Miracles give me a chance to fully use my talents and be most creative while still permitting me to be of social service."

The applicant requested financial aid on grounds that he/she has no known parents, no income and "no moral ways of making money." In commenting publicly on the application last week, Admissions Director James Wickenden admitted that he was probably violating some federal privacy statute. But, he decided, "in this case particularly, it would be appropriate to be responsive to a higher law." ■







Press

All the President's Magazines

At 25, the National Review *is the leading conservative voice*

When William F. Buckley Jr. threw a splashy black-tie party for 650 of his friends at New York City's Plaza Hotel last week to mark the 25th anniversary of his conservative biweekly *National Review*, the event was marred by one disappointing absence: the guest of honor, President-elect Ronald Reagan, who was in Southern California trying to pick a Cabinet. "Reagan had no memory of the dinner," explained Buckley. "He was absolutely crestfallen."

Still, Buckley and his magazine have plenty to celebrate. As perhaps the leading voice of the nation's long-embattled conservative minority, *National Review* (circ. 91,000) saw its philosophy on the march on Nov. 4. Better yet, the new President is a faithful subscriber who has cited *National Review* as his favorite magazine, and once said he used it in preparing his radio commentaries and political speeches. Says Buckley, a longtime personal friend of Reagan's: "Obviously, if what you write is being read by the Chief Executive, you've got more power."

That power is an unaccustomed blessing for *N.R.* The fiesty little journal of opinion has spent most of its 25 years on the edge of financial collapse, making up each year's deficits —some as high as $500,000 —with regular eleventh-hour fund appeals and occasional subventions from Buckley. Yet the staff of 45, which operates out of rumpled Manhattan offices whose walls are plastered with Reagan stickers, is beginning to joke about being "an Establishment organ."

Buckley, now 55, founded the magazine in 1955, shortly after his *God and Man at Yale* was a controversial hit, with $450,000 raised from some 80 contributors, including his father. *National Review* had an initial circulation of 2,700, which grew to 10,000 the first year.

Armed with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of Latinisms, literary allusions and intricate analogies, the pugnaciously polysyllabic Buckley wrote almost half the magazine himself in those early days. He also sought out aspiring young writers, not all of them conservatives. *New Yorker* Writer Renata Adler published some of her first articles for *N.R.*, as did Novelist Joan Didion, Syndicated Columnist Garry Wills and New York *Times* Critic John Leonard. Says Leonard, hired in 1959 at age 19: "Buckley didn't care whether you had a reputation if he liked the way you wrote."

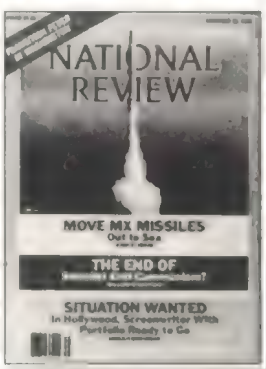
From the beginning, Buckley's urbane and often sarcastic journal has reflected his blend of libertarianism, orthodox Catholicism and unwavering conservatism. *N.R.* has consistently opposed Communism, détente and wage-price controls, while supporting increased defense spending and the deregulation of virtually everything. Recent articles have scoffed at equal opportunity laws, asked why sex education, but not prayer, is allowed in public schools, urged the Republican Party to stand by its tough campaign plank on judicial appointments. Though *N.R.* is hardly one of the handsomest magazines around, it does exhibit a rare appreciation for the power and variety of language. As Ronald Reagan once quipped, "I have spent many happy hours in my favorite chair, *National Review* in one hand, the dictionary in the other."

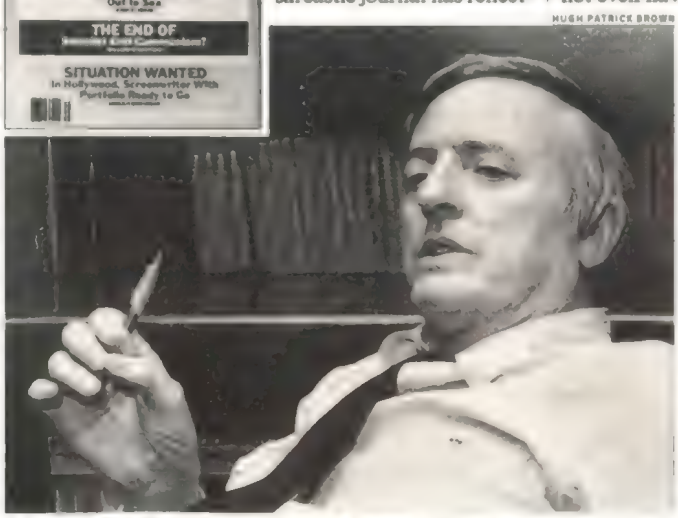
If *N.R.* now appears to be bobbing in the political mainstream, Publisher William Rusher, 57, hastens to explain that it is not because the magazine has moderated any of its positions. Says Rusher: "The fact is the political center in this country has moved to the right."

This represents quite a change from the days when Buckley's hard-line intellectual journal was well to the right of the great majority of America's political thinkers. For years *National Review* did not even have the stimulation of any worthy competition. Says Buckley: "There was absolutely no journal of opinion for us types to write for. Over here [on the right] it was just plain Dry Gulch."

Today the gulch is flowering. Among the other conservative publications enjoying a new legitimacy:

Commentary (circ. 50,000). A publication sponsored by the American Jewish Committee, founded in 1945, this intellectual monthly has led at least three lives. It was liberal in the mid-'60s, then radical in the late-'60s. Since 1970, under Editor Norman Podhoretz, *Commentary* has espoused many conservative ideals such as a stronger defense posture and a per-




HUGH PATRICK BROWN

Editor William F. Buckley Jr. wields a mighty pen in his office

Blossoms in the gulch and a ventriloquist in the editorial column.

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HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
What your old grandad gave his old grandad.
Carry on, son.
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Why the best? Because Tareyton's unique charcoal filter means taste that's smooth. It means flavor that's distinctive. It means that no other cigarette is quite like Tareyton.

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Press

manent American military presence in the Persian Gulf.

The Public Interest (circ. 13,500). Edited by Irving Kristol, a senior fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, and Nathan Glazer, this quasi-academic quarterly has since 1965 sought to influence legislation in Washington. To do so, *Public Interest* tailors its content to provide solid reference materials for congressional staff members. The winter issue, for instance, examines family policy, Social Security and crime in public schools.

The American Spectator (circ. 22,500). In 1966 Founder and Editor R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., 36, sent Bill Buckley, whom he had never met, a check for $264,000 to pay off *National Review's* debt. Tyrrell, then 22, was an Indiana University graduate student with some $27 in the bank. Knowing a well-intentioned hoax when he saw one, an amused Buckley called him up and soon encouraged Tyrrell to convert his small, off-campus conservative newspaper into a witty, sprightly national monthly. The latest issue features Christmas book recommendations from former President Richard Nixon.

Policy Review (circ. 10,000). Editor John O'Sullivan, 38, describes this non-partisan quarterly from the right-wing Heritage Foundation in Washington as "broadly conservative." Yet besides articles on such subjects as curbing federal spending, it prints viewpoints from left of center, like Senator Edward Kennedy's 1979 pitch for normalization of relations with China.

Human Events (circ. 62,000). Ronald Reagan once said he reads every issue of this weekly "from cover to cover." Editor Thomas Winter, 42, describes his 36-year-old tabloid as more activist and consistently conservative than *National Review*. Editor Winter says he will scrutinize the President-elect's actions for any signs of faltering ideological resolve.

Conservative Digest (circ. 85,000). Published by Richard Viguerie, the New Right's master fund raiser, this monthly calls itself "the magazine for the new majority" and talks tough about "neutralizing liberals" and putting prayer back in politics.

As the Republican Party sets about forging what Rusher calls "a new majority coalition" to enact Reagan's programs, Bill Buckley expects to be kept quite busy in his chosen role at *National Review*: watching, criticizing, correcting his fellow conservatives in the ways of the faith, articulating new positions for them—and for Reagan. Says the editor of the President's favorite magazine: "I'm changing my entry in *Who's Who*. Under profession, instead of editor, I am going to put ventriloquist." —*By Janice Castro. Reported by Elizabeth Rudulph/New York*

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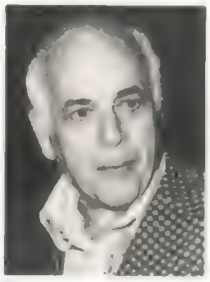
Crackdown on a Coal Caper

Big names and big money are caught up in tax-fraud charges

It was one of those all too tempting tax dodges. Invest $30,000 in Wyoming coal fields, the pitch went, and use a loophole in the law to take a legitimate $150,000 deduction on Form 1040. Like many tax-shelter schemes, the offer attracted big names with big money: Basketball Stars Spencer Haywood and Earl ("the Pearl") Monroe, *Candid Camera* Host Allen Funt, Rock Singer Alice Cooper and Model Margaux Hemingway. The late Elvis Presley was the biggest customer of all: he sank $500,000 into the enterprise.

That was four years ago, and those Wyoming "coal fields" are still virgin grassland. Last week eleven of the 13 men involved in promoting the deal appeared in U.S. District Court in Boston for arraignment on charges that they fraudulently induced investors to take the write-offs. The Government also charges that the deductions were in fact illegal.



Funt

Hemingway

Haywood

The alleged leaders of the group are George Osserman and Paul Garfinkle, a pair of freewheeling tax attorneys, along with Irwin Meyer and Stephen Friedman, two producers of the hit Broadway musical *Annie*. According to federal investigators, the four built a tax-shelter empire selling interests not only in American coal but also in distribution rights to European films and a Namibian diamond mine. They funneled investment money through a string of paper corporations with headquarters in the U.S., and such offshore havens as the Cayman Islands and Curaçao. Although the current charges concern only the coal caper, which involved write-offs totaling $150 million, sources close to the case estimate that when all the allegedly bogus tax deductions peddled by the defendants are uncovered and toted up, the U.S. may be short between $500 million and $1 billion. That would make their swindles even bigger than the notorious Home-Stake oil-drilling fraud of 1974, which took in a host of celebrities from Bob Dylan to Jack Benny.

Over the years, Congress has fiddled with the tax code to allow deductions for investments in ventures considered worthwhile but risky, like coal mining, oil drilling and public housing construction. The shelters encouraged the wealthy to invest chunks of income that would otherwise have been heavily taxed. The problem was that in some cases lawyers and accountants found clever ways to make such investments appear much larger on paper than they actually were. In 1976 a major revision of the tax code eliminated some of the most abused shelter provisions.

Operating out of a small, unpretentious office in Newton, Mass., during the early '70s, Osserman and Garfinkle became titans in the tax-shelter business. Osserman, described by associates as the "brains" of the operation, was known to promise new clients that they would never have to pay another dime in taxes. In 1975 the two lawyers joined forces with Producers Meyer and Friedman, whose show-biz connections helped catch the stars as investors. A year later, the group leased 22,000 acres in Wyoming, ostensibly to develop coal deposits. The investors signed notes specifying that for every dollar they put up in cash, four additional dollars would be taken out of their anticipated coal-mining profits. That was the gimmick that gave the investors a five-for-one write-off. Those profits never materialized. One excellent reason: though Osserman and his colleagues held surface rights, the coal underneath all but 400 acres happened to belong to the U.S Government.

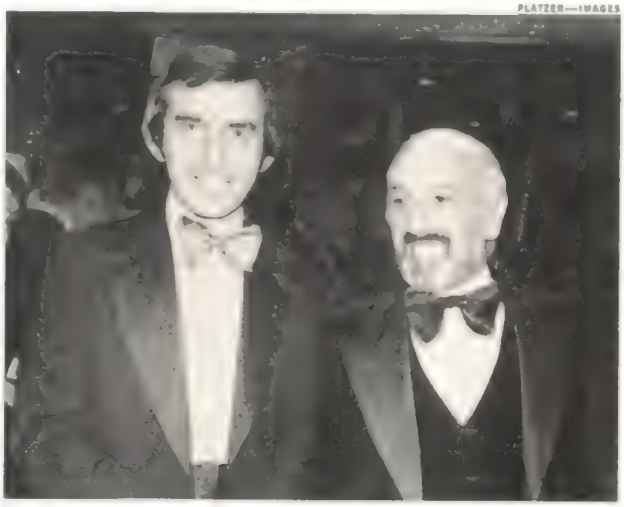
Federal investigators are still trying to determine how much was raised by other Osserman ventures, like the diamond mine in Namibia. A geologist sent to Africa by the IRS learned that in two years of operation the mine had produced five diamonds the size of pinheads. Total market value: less than $75.

Another questionable aspect of the coal deal, according to the Government lawyers, was its timing. The IRS sharply curtailed this particular kind of tax shelter as of Oct. 28, 1976. Federal prosecutors charge that the mine shares were sold after that deadline, and that Osserman and others backdated all the documents so the tax deductions would appear to be valid.

All told, the Osserman group raked in $20 million in coal investments, only $300,000 of which went to pay for leasing the lands. The rest was dissipated through a network of corporations; part went for commissions to tax-shelter salesmen and payoffs to business associates, part into other deals, and part was used to purchase such assets as a business jet, a Ferrari and several Rolls-Royces. Investigators believe that a sizable chunk of the money may remain salted away in Swiss bank accounts. Further indictments might be handed down against some investors, who knew that the transactions were a sham. So far, no celebrities have been charged, though they could be facing stiff bills for back taxes.

Whatever the outcome of its case, the Justice Department clearly intends these indictments to serve notice that it is cracking down on tax-shelter abuses. But the process is bound to be slow. The Government spent three years gathering evidence on the coal-mining case, which is scheduled to go to trial at the end of March. One of the accused has already vanished. Conspicuously absent from last week's arraignment was George Osserman. He is considered a fugitive, and a warrant has been issued for his arrest. Federal investigators believe he is now in Africa. *—By Charles Alexander. Reported by Hays Gorey/Boston and Gary Lee/Washington*

PLATZER—IMAGES



Producers Friedman and Meyer at the 1977 Broadway opening of *Annie*

Business assets included a jet, a Ferrari and several Rolls-Royces.

Every drop of oil we use today will take nature 50,000,000 years to replace.

Geologists say it took 50,000,000 years of heat and pressure to make the world's oil.

Now, much of that oil is gone. Forever.

There is still more oil to be discovered. But how much? Some experts say we have already found most of the oil that will ever be found.

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Progress for People

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Leonardo Had It Wrong

A wry revisionist's view of eating, sitting and other matters

Trendy types who party in their redwood tubs built for two or four or more may be buoyed by some notion that they are making a splash in 1980s fashion. But Architect and Social Critic Bernard Rudofsky pulls the plug on all that. "Why, in the Middle Ages," says Rudofsky, "people ate their dinner, conducted business, feuded, made love and even held wedding banquets in their tubs with the guests half-submerged in the water." Rudofsky also frowns on the chlorination, artificial scents and hygienic filters favored by contemporary communal splashers. Says he: "Americans have a long way to go in overcoming the Puritan disgrace over a simple convivial bath combining hot water, naked bodies and good food."

Critic Bernard Rudofsky

The Austrian-born Rudofsky, 75, has always been at his acerbic best when challenging modern ideas of what is civilized in fields such as clothing, street design, architecture, even staircases. A former visiting professor of art at Yale who has organized exhibits for the U.S. Government abroad, he is now scholar-in-residence at the Smithsonian Institution's Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York City. There his latest "salute to the unknown art of living" is a wryly provocative exhibition designed to prove that bathing, eating, sleeping, sitting and a few other domestic matters were managed better in older cultures, especially in the Orient.

Rudofsky has titled his show, and also his new Anchor Press Doubleday book, *Now I Lay Me Down to Eat*, which turns out to be a reference to the Last Supper. Leonardo, it seems, had it wrong. Instead of a symmetrically arranged sitdown affair, the meal was a recumbent Passover Seder. As practicing Jews, Jesus and his disciples would have dined while stretched out on couches, reclining to the left—the Passover expression of freedom. Moreover, says Rudofsky, they would have done so without the noisy clatter of silverware.

Rudofsky, in fact, builds a whole disquisition on forks into his exhibition. Condemned as "devil's paws" by 15th century European clergymen, forks are such a fixture in 1980 America that there is even a stop-go one on the market, with flashing red and green lights to indicate when it is time to take another bite. Some Fiji Islanders, according to Rudofsky, eat everyday fare with their fingers and reserve forks for formal dishes like "a roast of human flesh."

Besides vindicating non-table manners, Rudofsky—assisted by Cooper-Hewitt's Lucy Fellowes—assembles a widely (some would say wildly) eclectic domestic history. In one display he indicts chairs as uncomfortable and unhealthy, particularly the infant high chair ("a vicious, sado-pedagogic trap, as humiliating to a child as a leash is to a dog"). Elsewhere, he charts the sly history of the swing, which he describes in his book as "a pale copy of a onetime bold device for generating violent motion and emotion" of a sexual nature, mostly in women. He suggests that all forms of "bobbing mania," from lying in a hammock to tipping a rocking chair, may be "aquiver with racial memories of our arboreal ancestors swaying in a breeze."

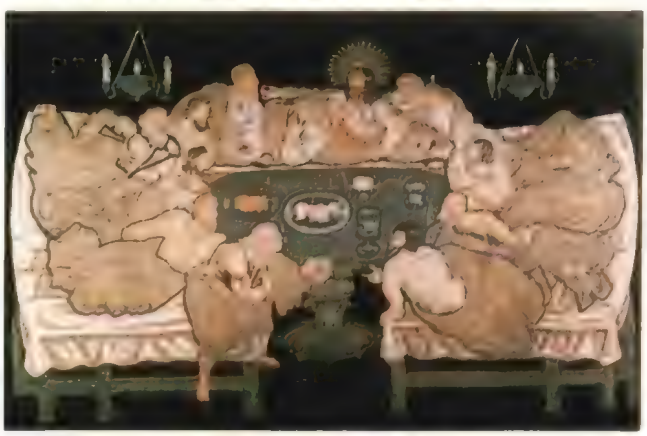
As far afield as his judgments swing, Rudofsky brings home the point that one culture's utility is another's futility. Westerners may appreciate why the Japanese "loathe sitting on the ground," but question their choice of sitting instead on raised wooden platforms without backs, arm rests or cushions. Similarly, it is hard to imagine any pillow-loving American laying his head on any of the wood and stone headrests Rudofsky has collected from the Far East.

Westerners, he asserts, have gone to great lengths to distance themselves from their bodily needs, hiding under Latin euphemisms, turning their toilets into chairs, even throwing up an insecure smokescreen of scatological humor. "As a result," he says, "constipation is as common as the cold." Among Crimean Tatars and in other parts of the Soviet Union, toilet training presumably started much earlier, with infant cradles equipped on the bottom with elimination tubes. In most of Asia, children are encouraged to squat naturally, rather than sit. In Japan, if they are wealthy enough, they can grow up to enjoy the "Great Convenience Place," a facsimile of which Rudofsky has constructed at the Cooper-Hewitt. Surrounded by a bed of smooth black stones and a bamboo fence, it is an elegantly spare room furnished with a calligraphic fan, porcelain slippers and a vase sprouting delicate blossom branches, with only a porcelain-lined hole in the floor to give away its true purpose. Says Rudofsky: "Nowhere on earth does man go about his most humiliating business with so much dignity."

Clearly, Rudofsky's pleas for cultural tolerance imply his own favorites and foes; he is the first to admit a raging impatience with the U.S., where he has lived intermittently since 1935. "The dependence on novelty, machines and status will be the end of this country yet," he complains. Despite his affinity for Japan, Rudofsky feels that he is still in search of his ideal cultural roost. "I live," he says somewhat resignedly, "in a country that doesn't exist."

—*By Allan Ripp*

While Da Vinci saw the Last Supper as a sitdown affair . . .



. . . a 17th century embroidery more accurately depicts recumbent diners

Also redwood tubs, a stop-go fork and the sexual history of the swing

An Obsessive Feminist Pantheon

Judy Chicago's Dinner Party *turns history into agitprop*

A great deal of hokey art has been made in the service of excellent causes. So it is with *The Dinner Party*, an installation by Judy Chicago (formerly Gerowitz), 41, and some 400 assistants. Five years in the making, it has been shown with resounding popular success —and considerable controversy—in San Francisco, Houston and Boston, and is now packing in the crowds at the Brooklyn Museum (through Jan. 18). It is by far the most ambitious work of art yet made to carry a specifically feminist content—in this case, an emblematic "history" of women.

The artist posing before her work

The format of this *Chapelle aux Dames* is a huge table in the form of an equilateral triangle. On each side there are 13 place settings (a reference to the Last Supper, with Christ and his twelve Disciples). The 39 settings commemorate mythic or real women, goddesses and culture heroines, from the Bona Dea of prehistory to Georgia O'Keeffe. Each consists of a porcelain goblet, porcelain cutlery and a large plate, all reposing on ornamental cloth runners. Most of the plates bear designs based on the female genital organs, though one of them, representing English Composer Ethel Smyth, is in the shape of a grand piano, and another, commemorating the black abolitionist Sojourner Truth, depicts two heads, one weeping and the other angry, drawn in a style that coarsely parodies African tribal art. The triangular ceramic floor beneath the table bears the names of an additional 999 women, resurrected—or so one is encouraged to think—from the oubliette to which a paternalistic, male-centered version of history long ago consigned them.

Above, an individual runner and setting; below, the complete installation

The choices for this pantheon are, no doubt, debatable at length. Few would question the selection of a figure like Elizabeth Blackwell (1821-1910), the first accredited woman doctor in the U.S. But the writers' list includes quite unimportant figures like Vita Sackville-West and Agnes Smedley, while ignoring real heroines of literature like the Russian poet Anna Akhmatova. What has caused the real flap, however, is Chicago's relentless concentration on the pudenda.

Chicago announced the reason for this in her autobiography, *Through the Flower*, published in 1975, the year after she began *The Dinner Party*. "To be a woman is to be an object of contempt, and the vagina, stamp of femaleness, is despised," she wrote. "The woman artist, seeing herself as loathed, takes the very mark of her otherness and by asserting it as the hallmark of her iconography, establishes a vehicle by which to state the beauty and truth of her identity." The aim of this jargon-sodden Femspeak is to set up a myth of women artists as a hated underclass, which they were not in 1975 and are not today; in such a scheme, vagina hatred is imputed to men as automatically as penis envy once was to women. Questions of aesthetics then dissolve, and one is left with a lumbering clash of stereotypes in an ideological bog.

From Georgia O'Keeffe's closeup flowers in the '20s, through Louise Bourgeois's sculpture in the '50s, or Hannah Wilke's latex wall hangings in the '70s, there is by now a considerable array of art made by women that draws some of its poetic content from the image of the vagina. What makes Chicago's work unusual in this context is not the quality of her vision but the simplicity of her fixation. Perhaps one should imagine the case with the sexes reversed: a male artist decides to do a homage to macho history, from God the Father to Mahatma Gandhi and Frank Sinatra—all represented by china penises, propped up by quantities of Laurentian burblings about roots, darkness and the archetypal perceptions of the blood. Who, today, would take such an effusion seriously, and what museum would bother with it? To represent Virginia Woolf as a clump of pottery *labia majora* is on a par with symbolizing Mozart as a phallus. It mashes the complex truths of a great artist's life and work into one obsessive stereotype—all in the name of "history."

This might not be so obtrusive if Chicago's gifts as a formal artist were less meager. In drawing and modeling, *The Dinner Party* is mainly cliché. Most of the shapes look clumsy, either tied down by looping dark outlines that seem as inert as Alexander Calder's late graphics, or else gussied up, in the ceramics, with colors worthy of a Taiwanese souvenir factory. In terms of taste, *The Dinner Party* is no better than mass devotional art.

There is, however, one area in which it achieves real interest. The runners beneath the plates are a veritable encyclopedia of needlework techniques, studied and carried out by Chicago's many co-workers

Art

at a high level of technical skill—pieced or appliquéd quilting, trapunto, flame stitch, crewelwork, embroidery with pearls and beads, stumpwork, petit point and even the intricate and demanding form of needlework with composite materials (silk floss, gold and silver thread, jewels) known in the 13th and 14th centuries as "English work," *opus anglicanum*. Each runner is fashioned from materials that are painstakingly appropriate to the woman being commemorated. For Sacagawea, Lewis and Clark's Shoshone guide and interpreter, hand-tanned deerskins are stitched together in traditional Indian style, with a back panel woven of nearly 40,000 beads. The labor and time entailed in all this are meant to remind us of the vast anonymous efforts expended by women through the centuries on supposedly minor, "decorative" arts, and to help rehabilitate all fiberwork as a serious medium of visual discourse. So they do—at times movingly; and it is well to keep in mind how many of the vestments, arrases and other trappings whose function was to affirm male power, from the Bayeux Tapestry to the sacerdotal wardrobes of the church, were actually made by women.

The collective skill in the runners is not reflected throughout the whole piece, and one is left wishing that the needleworkers had had better designs to work on than Chicago's. Nevertheless, *The Dinner Party* will clearly acquire what is, for a static work of art, a huge audience. It is simple, didactic, portentous, gaudily evangelical and wholly free of wit or irony; it is to feminism what the big dioramas of the 19th century were to American curiosity about landscape, or war memorials to patriotism. How, then, could it fail as agitprop? Or succeed as art? —*By Robert Hughes*

Theater

Hit Parade

PERFECTLY FRANK
Music and Lyrics by Frank Loesser

As a composer and lyricist, Frank Loesser was a Broadway Thoroughbred; he was class of the field in Hollywood too. Yet in some peculiar way, full justice has never been done him. Melody lane's ivy wreaths of adulatory fame, bestowed over the years on Jerome Kern and Victor Herbert, on Irving Berlin and Cole Porter, on Rodgers and Hart and Rodgers and Hammerstein, on Lerner and Loewe and, in these latter days, on the slyly astringent Stephen Sondheim, never quite landed in full and profuse bloom on the brow of Frank Loesser. Yet he was indisputably a peer among those peers, a genetic child of Apollo, the Greek god of music.

In addition to melodic grace, he had wit, humor, intelligence, a mist-blown romanticism and staggering versatility. Just to mention a few of the more than 60 songs that are included in this show is to indicate the disparate modes in which this man was a master. With songs as varied as *Take Back Your Mink, Two Sleepy People, Once in Love with Amy, The Boys in the Backroom, Marry the Man Today, I Believe in You, Standing on a Corner, If I Were a Bell, Luck Be a Lady, Brotherhood of Man, Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition* and *Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year, Perfectly Frank* is a one-man hit parade.

Unfortunately, the show itself falls short of Loesser's exacting professionalism. Occupying the stage of Broadway's Helen Hayes Theater, *Perfectly Frank* sometimes seems to be on a shakedown cruise. It lacks high style and cohesion and is overemphatic rather than self-assured. Loesser's widow, Jo Sullivan, a wondrously lyrical singer-actress, does her numbers with limpid beauty, particularly the ones from *The Most Happy Fella*, but she also indulges in tedious, extraneous reminiscences about the Loesser she lost.

Debbie Shapiro in *Perfectly Frank*
Incendiary star of a shakedown cruise.

The rest of the cast have vocal tang and flying feet. Mercury himself seems to have lent his wings to that gypsies' gypsy, Wayne Cilento, for one orgy of jitterbugging with a fetching imp of vivacity named Jill Cook. Virginia Sandifur is one of those leggy, wind-blown Venus-on-the-half-shell blonds that only Botticelli could do justice to, and Andra Akers is her body-and-soul sister. But the woman who truly lights up *Perfectly Frank* is Debbie Shapiro. As a World War II U.S.O. girl in a grease monkey suit, she sings *I Don't Want to Walk Without You* and wipes every eye in the house wet. When she torridly belts and writhes her way through a little-known incendiary number called *Junk Man*, you will not be quite sure whether you are on Broadway or at the equator at high noon. —*By T.E. Kalem*

Fizz and Fury

COMING ATTRACTIONS
by Ted Tally

Some people feel that college humor should be quarantined on campus. But if the playgoer approaches this satiric farce at off-Broadway's Playwrights Horizons Theater in a slightly carbonated frame of mind, he will find that the evening fizzes with pixilated laughter.

However, the mirth is only the means to a more serious end. Ted Tally, who wrote a somber tribute to the moral courage of polar explorers in *Terra Nova*, now explores the contagious terrain of venality. He asks, in effect, How do creatures such as David Berkowitz ("Son of Sam"), Jim Jones and Gary Gilmore, men who occupy an appalling moral void, arc to celebrity status save for the vulpine collusion of the goldbugs—agents, publicists, the press, TV and films?

On first view, Lonnie Wayne Burke (Griffin Dunne) is a criminal street urchin who almost seems afraid of his $2 handgun. A scruffy pressagent, Manny Alter, played with drooling opportunism by Larry Block, sees the chance to turn Lonnie into a lethal hot property. Decking the punk in a skeleton suit and dubbing him "the Halloween Killer," Manny starts Lonnie on the garish glory road to 27 murders. The tabloids swiftly pick up the scent (THE HALLOWEEN KILLER STALKS JACKIE O.). Smarmy talk-show hosts fawn on him, paperback offers and film rights proliferate, and Lonnie makes big bad bawdy whoopee with Miss America. Christine Baranski zeroes in on this character's vacuous dedication and chews her words like stale gum. Griffin Dunne has a sensitive trigger finger on his role throughout.

It may be argued that Tally's targets have already been amply peppered, but that objection will not suffice. The perennial aim of satire has been to reiterate the obvious in order to awaken us from abject moral slumber. —*T.E.K.*

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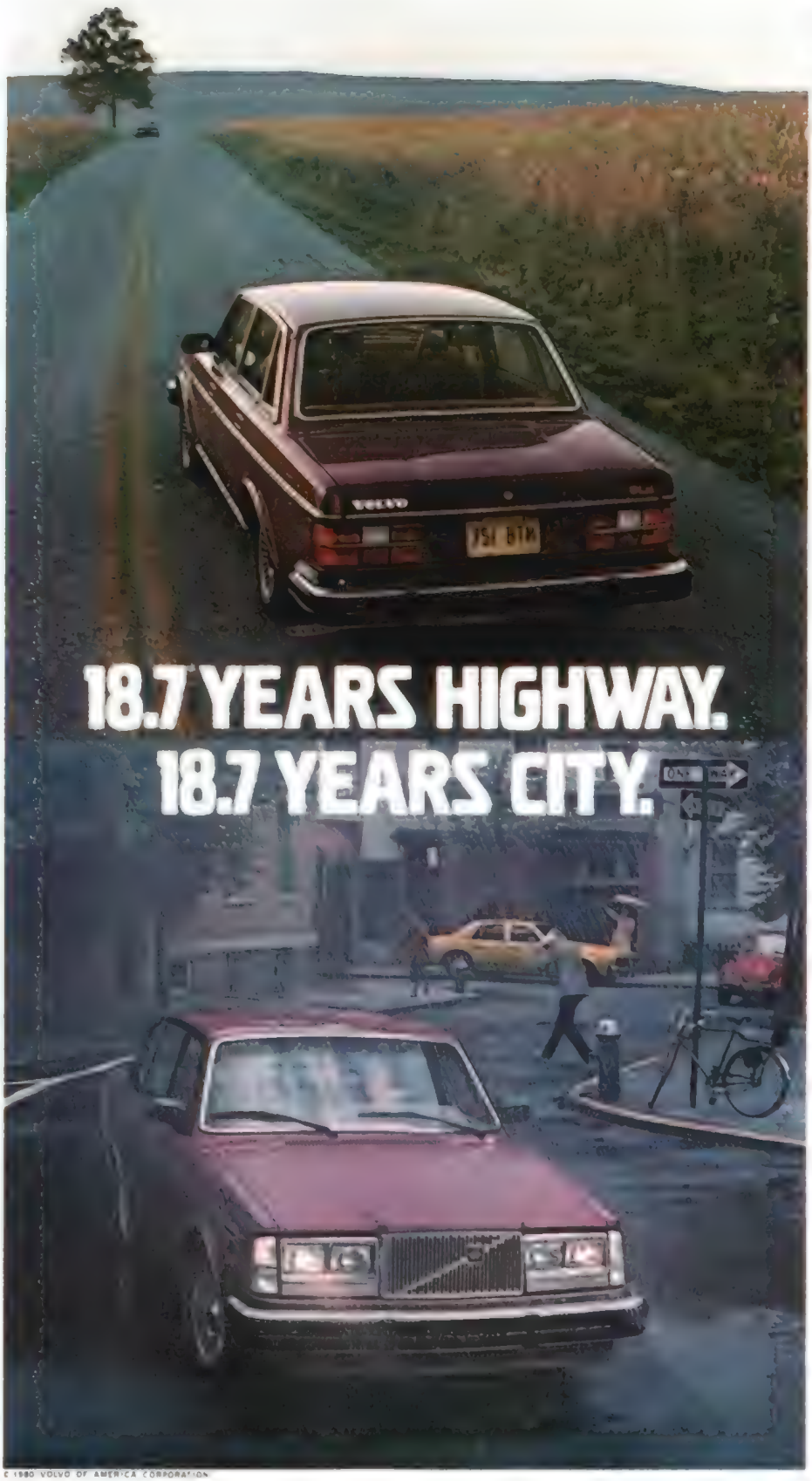

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Devils in the Flesh

EARTHLY POWERS *by Anthony Burgess; Simon & Schuster; 607 pages; $15.95*

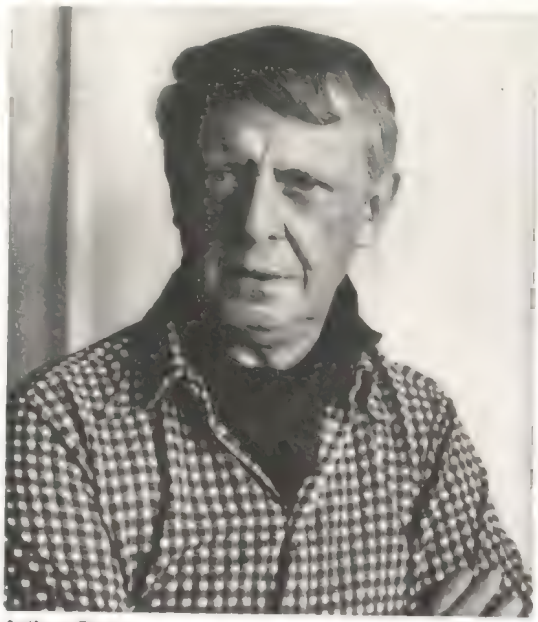
Anthony Burgess's versatility is indisputable. He is a novelist, playwright, composer and linguist, as well as a critic whose dissenting views on modern culture have frequently boiled over into newspapers and magazines. But Burgess, 63, is no club Tory grumbling behind his *Times* and *Spectator*. He is a rugged, independent Christian humanist who confronts an age that has depersonalized and secularized his values. Such novels as *The Doctor Is Sick, Devil of a State* and *A Clockwork Orange* are not only cautionary satires but examples of Burgess's flair for Joycean wordplay and knack for turning out novels that entertain as well as instruct.

Earthly Powers attempts to do both on a large scale. The book is a high entertainment. It is, at 600 pages, also long enough to display Burgess at his best and second best: the penetrating dramatist of culture clash and the clever animater of received wisdom. His new novel stretches from the Edwardian Age through the 1970s. At the halfway mark, the reader has already had brushes with Freud, T.S. Eliot, Ford Madox Ford, Ezra Pound, Ernest Hemingway, Havelock Ellis, Mussolini and Heinrich Himmler.

The pivotal characters are fictional: an aging bestselling novelist named Kenneth Marchal Toomey and Carlo Campanati, an earthy Italian priest destined to become Pope. Toomey is modeled on W. Somerset Maugham and Campanati is an exuberant exaggeration of Pope John XXIII.

The novel takes the form of Toomey's memoirs related in ripe old age. His first line is meant to be a grabber: "It was the afternoon of my eighty-first birthday, and I was in bed with my catamite when Ali announced that the archbishop had come to see me." The cleric wants to discuss K.M.T.'s role in the canonization of Campanati, the recently deceased "Pope Gregory XVII." Many years before in Chicago, Toomey had witnessed Campanati's miraculous healing of a child dying from meningitis.

Famous author and future Pope also share family ties; Toomey's sister was once married to Campanati's brother. French, English, Italian and American blood mix in this distended family saga. Blood also flows in the trenches of World War I, the alleys of Prohibition Chicago, the death camps of Nazi Germany, the bush of contemporary revolutionary Africa and in a Jonestown-like encampment in the U.S.



Anthony Burgess

Watching civilization slide into barbarism and banality.

Mostly, Toomey observes from the side lines. He is supported by an endless gusher of royalties and protected by his international reputation. Sadly, ironically, he watches as Western civilization slides into barbarism and banality. He is in Germany during the '30s as the Nazis twist science into racist doctrine. In postwar Hollywood he endures producers who change his King Arthur script from a heroic Christian epic to a cheap romance. Toomey is a lonely paradox: lacking an abiding spiritual faith, he can enjoy but not fully possess the material world.

In contrast, Carlo Campanati, saver of souls, relishes his physical existence. He is gluttonous, shrewd and tough. Believing that evil is an outside job, not part of mankind's nature, he has no compunctions about literally beating the Devil out of people. He bashes a madman with a crucifix, throws "holy" ammonia water in the eyes of an attacker, and makes Hitler abhorrent to a Nazi official through a crude but effective method of behavior modification known as the third degree.

Campanati also finds time to draw blueprints for the ecumenical reform of the church and deliver lectures in basic apologetics to the wayward Toomey. Ideas about good and evil, the spirit and the flesh, are regularly set forth. But *Earthly Powers* is no *Magic Mountain*. Having to cover much ground quickly, Burgess shaves his peaks. His use of historical characters in fictional situations and fictional characters who resemble historical figures requires a more imaginative framework than the slightly chilled memoirs of a wizened literary celebrity. Burgess seems to anticipate such criticism by having Toomey call his recollections "confabulations . . . the replacement of the gaps left by a disordered memory with imaginary remembered experiences believed to be true."

It is typical of Toomey that he explains more than he describes. He can be an amusing and sympathetic guide in this packaged tour de force, but readers who want true literary adventure should turn back to that great confabulator, Charles Kinbote, the deranged scholar-poet of Vladimir Nabokov's *Pale Fire*.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

Excerpt

"It is always easier to eat things if you know what they are called or, better, if you know what they are made of. There was no cosmological structure in Mahalingam's meal, at least none that could make sense to a Western mind. To begin with what looked like beef rissoles in a black sauce and find them to be piercingly sweet cakes in honey was disconcerting. I mean, a Western banquet recapitulates the history of the earth from primal broth through sea beasts to land predators and flying creatures and ends with evidence of human culture in cheese and artful puddings. Mahalingam's dinner was all brutal surprises. In a sense it was fortunate he did not name anything, saying, for instance, 'That curry you are now eating, Mr. Toomey, you are thinking is made of bats, not aha the cricket variety, we have already eaten crickets, and you are nearly right, for it is flying foxes carefully prepared with nourishing parasite life still clinging to body' . . . The sweat poured off all of us, and though the liquid loss was more than made good with Beehive brandy and water, the salt loss was not, since there was not one single item in the meal that had salt in it, nor was there salt on the table."

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Books

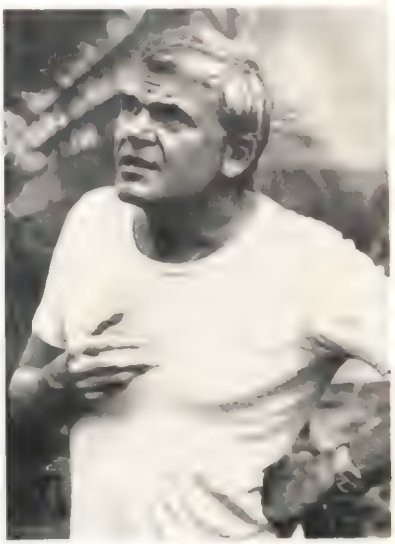
Broken Circles

THE BOOK OF LAUGHTER AND FORGETTING *by Milan Kundera*
Translated by Michael Henry Heim
Knopf; 228 pages; $10.95

Czechoslovakia's Communist government responded to the publication of this book in Europe last year by revoking the citizenship of Author Milan Kundera. The act was largely symbolic and gratuitous; Kundera had left his repressive homeland and settled in France in 1975. In their own thuggish way, though, the Czech authorities showed they were onto something when they bridled at Kundera's latest work. *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting* is deeply and impressively subversive, in more ways than one. Kundera not only raps the iron knuckles of totalitarianism; he coolly unravels the velvet glove of liberalism.

The seven stories in this volume sometimes share titles (two are called *Lost Letters*, two *The Angels*). They all revolve around a small set of preoccupations: the burden of the past and the limits of the healing power of laughter. Time is measured back and forth from the year 1968, when the growing freedom of the Czech people, the fabled Prague Spring, was crushed by the Soviets: "Russian tanks invaded Bohemia." Recent history was revised downward, and those who had been prominent in pushing reforms (including Kundera) found themselves officially erased into non-persons. Observes one character: "The only reason people want to be masters of the future is to change the past."

Kundera's people face a shared dilemma. Should they try to remember, when the memories of happier times only mock the bleak, estranged present? Would it not



Milan Kundera
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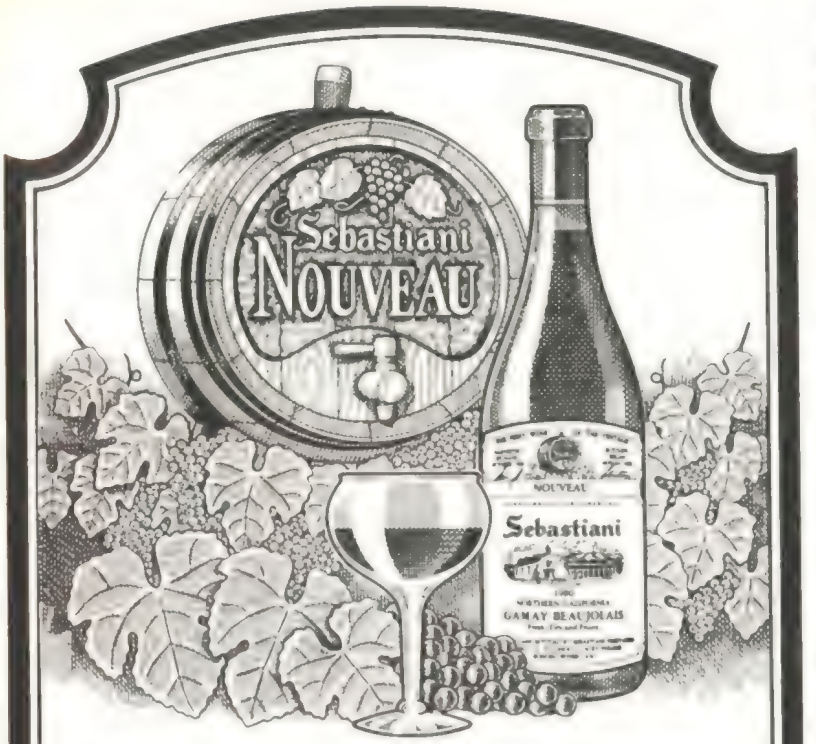

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Books

be more sensible to shrug off the past, to laugh it away? No simple answers emerge. A man named Mirek tries to retrieve and destroy the love letters he sent a mistress of his youth. He wants to obliterate the fact that he ever loved such an ugly woman. He is, in fact, unconsciously aping the Czech rulers who are persecuting him; he feels "an uncontrollable urge, an urge to reach far back into the past and smash it with his fist, an urge to slash the canvas of his youth to shreds."

On the other hand, a woman named Tamina works to recover old letters and diaries for the opposite reason. The memory of her late husband is deserting her. Old papers might provide "reference points in the flow of time." As things now stand, she can only recall her husband's face when she considers sleeping with another man. The vision keeps her faithful to the dead

A progressive sensibility might take pity on Tamina's situation and try to liberate her from her neuroses. Kundera is not so sure. In a second story, Tamina is rescued from her job as a waitress and taken to a mystical island full of charming, promiscuous children. They have no memories, and she gradually sinks into their condition. Then she drowns. "Circle dancing is magic," Kundera writes, pointing out the allure of the group to isolated souls. An image recurs several times in these stories: people join hands, laughing and singing, and ascend slowly heavenward. The author portrays all movements, crusades, organized religions and political parties as extended circle dances. "I too once danced in a ring," Kundera writes, describing how he joined the Communist Party in 1948. His expulsion shortly thereafter taught him something: "Leave a row and you can always go back to it. The row is an open formation. But once a circle closes, there is no return."

Not all of Kundera's characters are outsiders by choice, but all are barred from the consolations of groupthink. They cringe at shared beliefs: "The best of all possible progressive ideas is the one which is provocative enough so its supporters can feel proud of being different, but popular enough so the risk of isolation is precluded by cheering crowds confident of victory." Kundera's men find the messianic earnestness of an orgy either frightening or funny. They do not believe that indiscriminate sex or any other contemporary anodyne will save them. They live perilously close to what Kundera calls "the border," the psychological line "beyond which everything loses meaning: love, convictions, faith, history."

Kundera's fiction flirts with that border without crossing it. His condemnation of modern life is broad, but his sympathy for those who create and suffer it is deep. This work is indeed what its title states, and something more: a book of mourning and remembrance. —*By Paul Gray*

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Books

Ticktacktoe

DOUBLETALK
by Gerard Smith
Doubleday; 556 pages; $17.95

Gerard Smith

The title has a double meaning. *Doubletalk* refers first to the windy Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, now approaching their twelfth year and fourth American Administration. Gerard Smith recounts numerous instances of frustration in the course of his 2½-year stint as the principal talker on the American side during the first Nixon Administration, but he also argues energetically that the negotiations have become a salutary fixture in the superpower relationship. For even when talks are stalled and not producing agreements, they serve as a safety valve for the pressures of intensifying competition and mutual misunderstanding; diplomats and generals are forced, by the very existence of the forum, to vent their mistrusts and probe their common interests.

But *Doubletalk* also refers to the role in SALT I of Henry Kissinger, who conducted his own, not always parallel, negotiations with Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin in Washington. The first volume of Kissinger's own memoirs, *White House Years*, published in 1979, exuded contempt for the SALT bureaucracy headed by Smith; *Doubletalk* retaliates with an agenda of rebuttals and countercharges. Smith, for example, accuses Kissinger of attempting "a one-man stand, a presidential aide against the resources of the Soviet leadership."

Fortunately, settling scores is secondary to Smith's principal task: lucidly explaining and defending the SALT process at a time when it and its future are in considerable jeopardy. Smith has his regrets. He argues that the U.S. made a tragic mistake in passing up the opportunity to behead the hydra of multiple warheads

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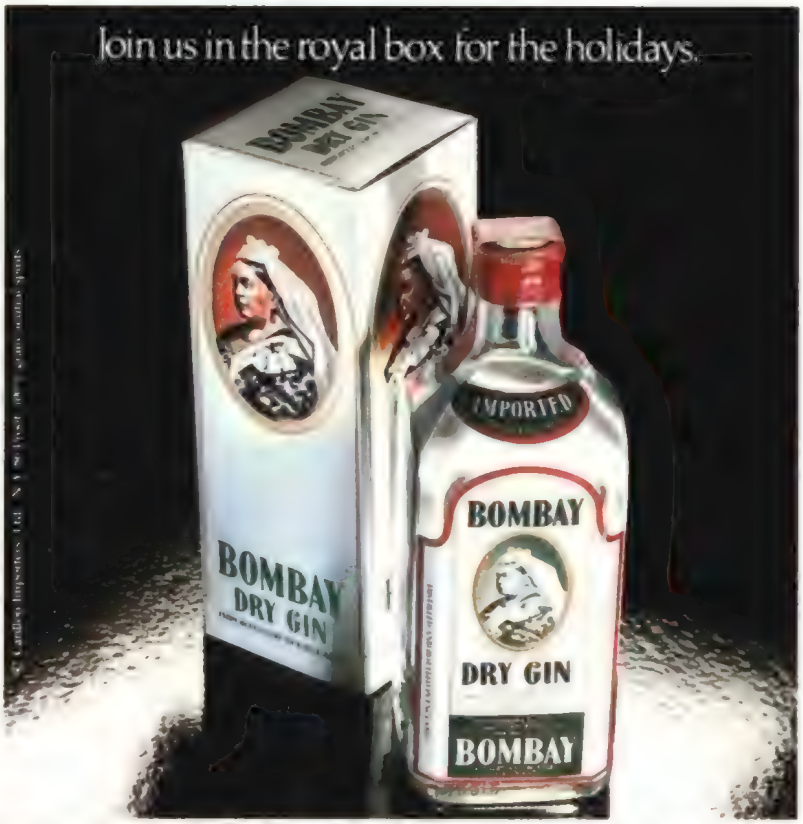

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Books

(MIRVs). Ten years ago, the U.S. was ahead of the U.S.S.R. in the art of MIRVing and could probably have obtained a moratorium in SALT I. But the Pentagon, eager to preserve a U.S. advantage, blocked the idea. The Soviets soon mastered the technology and began putting MIRVs on their own monstrous rockets. As a result, the U.S. ended up less secure than before.

Whenever possible, Smith, a veteran Washington lawyer, tempers his cold analysis with a human touch or an anecdote. He recalls how the Soviet negotiators once entertained their American counterparts with a World War II epic, considerately censoring a scene with an unflattering depiction of Allen Dulles. When it came time for the Americans to return the hospitality, one of Smith's deputies arranged for a screening of *M*A*S*H*, but the military members of the U.S. delegation objected, insisting on *The Longest Day* instead.

Unlike some others who have spent much of their careers amidst the eerie abstractions of doomsday and deterrence, Smith has preserved a sense of irony, and he never quite loses sight of geopolitical absurdities. "The strategic competition was not unlike a game of tick-tacktoe," he writes. "If one knows how to play it and makes no mistakes, one cannot lose. And if both sides know how to play it, and make no mistakes, neither can win. After a while, at least for adults, it becomes a boring game."

Better ennui than cataclysm, he concludes, and if the game must go on, better by the rules of SALT. —*By Strobe Talbott*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1 The Covenant, *Michener (1 last week)*
2 Firestarter, *King (2)*
3 Side Effects, *Allen (3)*
4 The Key to Rebecca, *Follett (4)*
5 Rage of Angels, *Sheldon (6)*
6 Unfinished Tales, *Tolkien (5)*
7 The Fifth Horseman, *Collins & Lapierre (7)*
8 Come Pour the Wine, *Freeman (8)*
9 Loon Lake, *Doctorow (9)*
10 The Hidden Target, *MacInnes (10)*

NONFICTION

1. Cosmos, *Sagan (1)*
2. Crisis Investing, *Casey (2)*
3 The Coming Currency Collapse, *Smith (4)*
4 The Sky's the Limit, *Dyer (3)*
5 You Can Negotiate Anything, *Cohen*
6 Nice Girls Do, *Kassorla*
7 Goodbye Darkness, *Manchester (7)*
8. Nothing Down, *Allen (6)*
9. Number 1, *Martin & Golenbock (9)*
10. Money Dynamics for the 1980s, *VanCaspel (8)*

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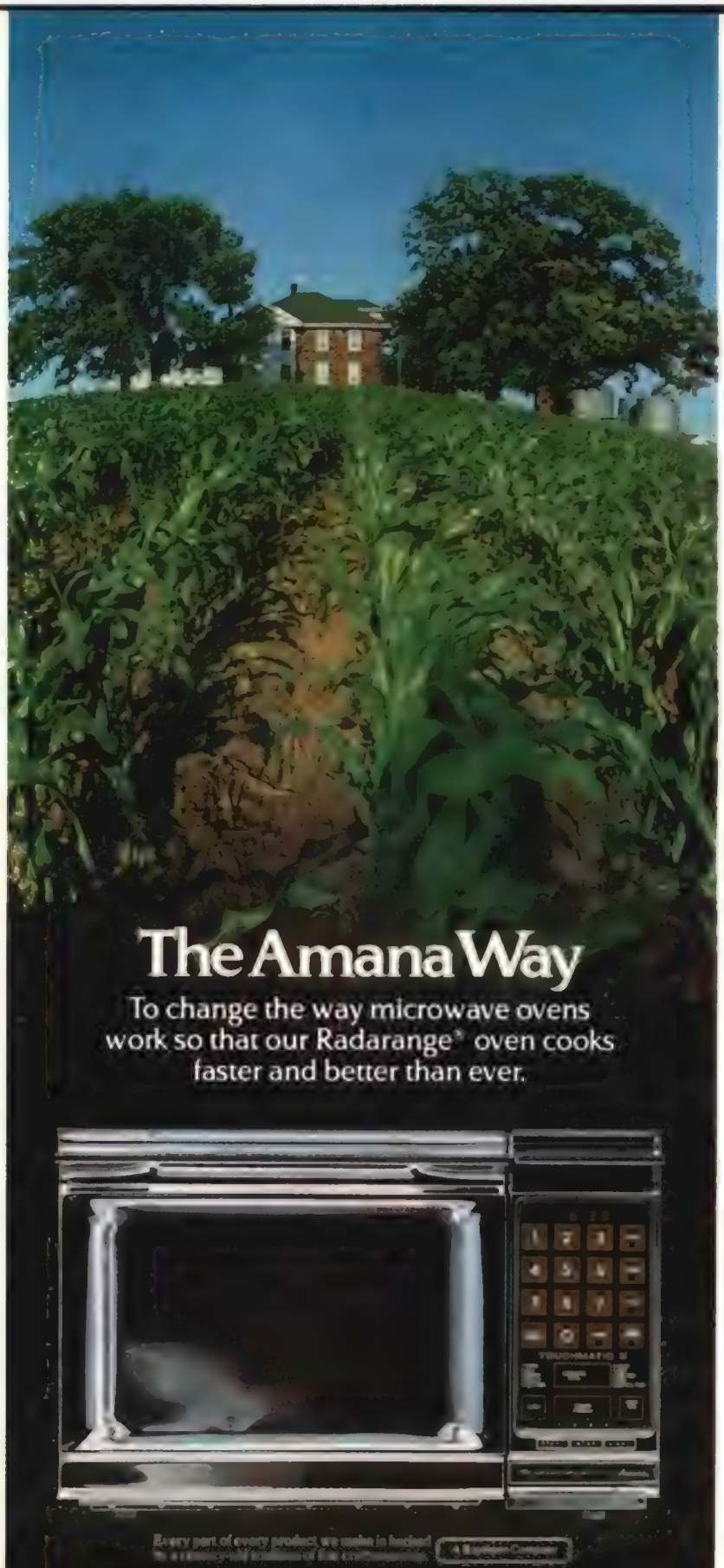

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Tia Maria
"It looks like a Tia Maria night."
Tia Maria

The Endless Rediscovery of the Wheel

A woman writing in a recent issue of *Vogue* began by circling her subject—marriage—like an anthropologist studying some tribal fetish stumbled upon in a clearing in New Guinea, seven days' march from civilization. The author, Lyn Davis Genelli, analyzed the oddity with brisk dogmatic scholarship: "[Marriage] can be seen as an irrelevant residue of an outworn patriarchal society . . ." It looked as if matrimony were in for another of the ideological muggings that have become as common in the past ten years as Mickey Rooney's honeymoons were in an earlier age. But wait. A regressively cuddly, softening note sounded: "Nevertheless, snuggled in bed at night, that small voice inside still says, 'I want to be married.' " And it may even be all right, wrote Genelli, to heed that little whisper. Before she had finished with the subject, in fact, she had not only granted matrimony a grudging endorsement (after all, "for some but not all couples, legal marriage offers tax advantages"), but soared to a sort of Ann Landers altitude of uplift: "[Marriage] is a way of learning how to love."

The serious wedding

Something like an emotional equivalent of the back-to-basics movement in the schools has now swept quietly over vast sections of the American psyche. A sneaking preference for what once, generations ago, was called square has broken into the open. Certain values like stable family, satisfyingly useful hard work, competition and excellence have reappeared here and there: the moral equivalents of Bass Weejuns and button-down shirts. A cynic would say that the culture's manic quest for novelty has simply exhausted some of its adventurously kinky experiments (open marriage, bisexuality, a doctrinaire celibacy, banana smoking and roller disco) and so returned to the Real Thing, temporarily no doubt. It is all transient fashion, the cynic would say, like a return of the '40s look. Jerry Rubin, a Yippie leader back in the Pre-Cambrian '60s, turns up now on Wall Street as a well-dressed broker. The clothes designer Betsey Johnson, a woman who previously went around with her hair dyed pink or green and a lightning bolt tattooed above her left breast, is now being seen wearing a simple little black dress.

Newly studious children

Plato said that mankind never discovers anything new, but comes into the world knowing subconsciously all that can be known and simply exhumes it in a remembering process called anamnesis. In a variety of fields—educational, moral, political, social—anamnesis is busy these days dredging the pools. The process is not the same as the Moral Majority thundering its "Live clean or die!"—the gust of primitive certitude blowing in from the right. The grudgingly delighted little rediscoveries of marriage and other products of anamnesis seem part of a new American talent for throwing open the door to the worthy and obvious, to a solid, modest vista of common sense or even virtue, and treating it as a revelation that the cosmos has, until now, kept hidden. It is like discovering the wheel all over again.

A psychologist reported this fall that, on the whole, children suffer when their parents get divorced. Educational theorists have "discovered" a high correlation between "time spent on task" (a noisome item of educational jargon) and favorable results—meaning that if students work at reading and writing, they get better at them. Tax money sweated from the public brow was spent to reach that conclusion, as well as the revolutionary information that well-educated, experienced teachers produce more successful students than do badly educated, inexperienced teachers. Other recent expert conclusions: people with good nutrition live longer; rising temperatures make people irritable; men think that family life is important, even crucial, to happiness.

For years, Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire presented his Golden Fleece awards to expensively brainless research projects carried out with taxpayers' money. Prizes went, for example, to an $84,000 study of why people fall in love, to a $46,000 Department of Agriculture study to determine how long it takes to cook breakfast, and to a $27,000 Law Enforcement Assistance Administration investigation of why inmates want to escape from prison. Proxmire's approach carried the danger of attacking worthwhile but esoteric research, but it provided useful comment on the flourishing academic industry in what is either too resoundingly obvious to require exploration or too crushingly inane to deserve it.

Benign constabulary

The tendency has international dimensions. In France the New Philosophers have found, amazingly enough, that Communist regimes are frequently repressive and brutal. (Jimmy Carter suddenly experienced a similar insight into Soviet character just after the invasion of Afghanistan.) The Chinese are still discovering, the hard way, that a Cultural Revolution that systematically destroys the country's culture, its very brains, is not, on the whole, thinking of its own future. They have reinvented a number of pre-Maoist wheels, including even the incentives of some private ownership.

In the U.S. the rediscovery of the obvious has outgrown professional boundaries and become a kind of cultural style. The phenomenon is sometimes touching, the drama of a prodigal culture now returning, much bruised, but bizarrely amnesic rather than wiser, from orgies in town. In marriage's new respectability, even the formal wedding ceremony, after all those years of Kahlil Gibran's mystic doggerel exchanged by barefooted couples in meadows, has recovered some of its dignity as a matrimonial rite of passage, a signal that the enterprise the couple means to embark upon is not merely emotional kite flying but a serious, premeditated act with both private and social dimensions. Churches have discovered that their congregations did not want them to follow a hip and with-it agenda. Police tend to be more accepted now as social necessities rather than as ideological symbols. History has regained a little theoretical relevance. Trolleys and trains seem to make sense again. Anita Bryant, the Pasionaria of the *Leave It to Beaver*

Essay

morality, admits that "answers are not so simple now."

The strange part is the air of pleased surprise and originality that attends each rediscovery. It is always odd to realize how short the collective memory is. Evidently, in times of tumblingly surreal change in the world, the human does not transmit from parent to child certain basic lore and procedural data. Knowledge that any peasant instinctively possesses now arrives at the front door in a burst of light, like revelation. A doctor who opened a free clinic for hippies in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco during the late '60s found that his patients were showing up with infections, sores and other maladies that medicine had not seen since the 13th century. The flower children had simply unlearned centuries of civilization's experience in the field of hygiene; in their bedding, clothing and grooming they had reverted to a state of nature that Rousseau never imagined. Then, gropingly and painfully, they went about reformulating the basic rules of body maintenance: they reinvented soap and water.

COURTESY OF PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES

The mature St. Augustine

A pervasive solipsism may account for the need to go around periodically rediscovering the wheel. The notion that all human history began at one's own birth, a common delusion, remains extraordinarily strong, even in an electronic and allegedly literate civilization capable of reproducing the prenatal past at the touch of a button or the cracking of a book. As the Italian writer Giovanni Papini wrote about his generation of World War I, "For the 20-year-old man, every old man is the enemy; every idea is suspect; every great man is there to be put on trial; past history seems a long night broken only by lamps, a gray and impatient waiting, an eternal dawn of that morning that emerges today finally with us."

The past is not always right, of course, nor the innovator always wrong. The desolate eternalist of *Ecclesiastes* ("There is no new thing under the sun") should be profoundly boring to anyone under 70. The problem is that values (these days, even elementary skills in how to raise children) vanish into the cracks between generations. Anthropologist Margaret Mead believed ten years ago that the West had entered an age so headlong in its rush toward the future that the old no longer had much of value to teach the young. Well, the future no longer seems quite so wildly original. But even in rigidly traditional epochs, it was human nature for one generation to reject, dynamite and otherwise ridicule the structures and ideas of the previous generation in order to make room for its own. Often enough, when the Oedipal din has died down, the world has been left with a new wheel rather like the old one. St. Augustine detested his father and rejected him with an unholy vehemence. Yet in his later years, Augustine in many ways came to resemble his father almost eerily.

Generational hubris has always been especially robust in the children of the postwar baby boom; their sheer numbers gave many of them a swelling sense of their own inevitability, their unique moral rightness. Everything they did was done in the incandescent certainty, the grand optical illusion, that it had never, ever been tried or felt before. No doubt as the baby boomers pass on through life, their millennial pretensions will do for middle age and old age what they did for youth in the '60s: in 35 years will come geriatric chic, revolution in the nursing homes. But just now, the baby boomers, in their early- to mid-30s, are grappling for the first time with life's serious, mundane and (in many cases) long postponed business: trying to discover living arrangements more permanent than mere roommating, finding ways to raise children, shelter them, nourish them, educate them, serve as models for them and otherwise turn them into the next generation—a hopeful and sometimes painful drudgery that is invariably hard on narcissists. The aging baby boomers are now daddies and mommies with careers to build and all kinds of adult banalities to face: failures and divorces and alcoholisms and, yes, now deaths.

Up close, the process of generational amnesia and painful relearning seems wasteful; it leaves the countryside strewn with all kinds of debris—dead fathers surrounded by the orphan parricides who exuberantly did them in but do not even know yet how to use a spoon. However, as Albert Einstein once observed, "God is subtle, but he is not malicious." The business of forgetfulness and rediscovery may be part of a vast dialectic sifting and refinement by which history discovers, and interminably rediscovers, whatever is worth keeping.

—By Lance Morrow

Milestones

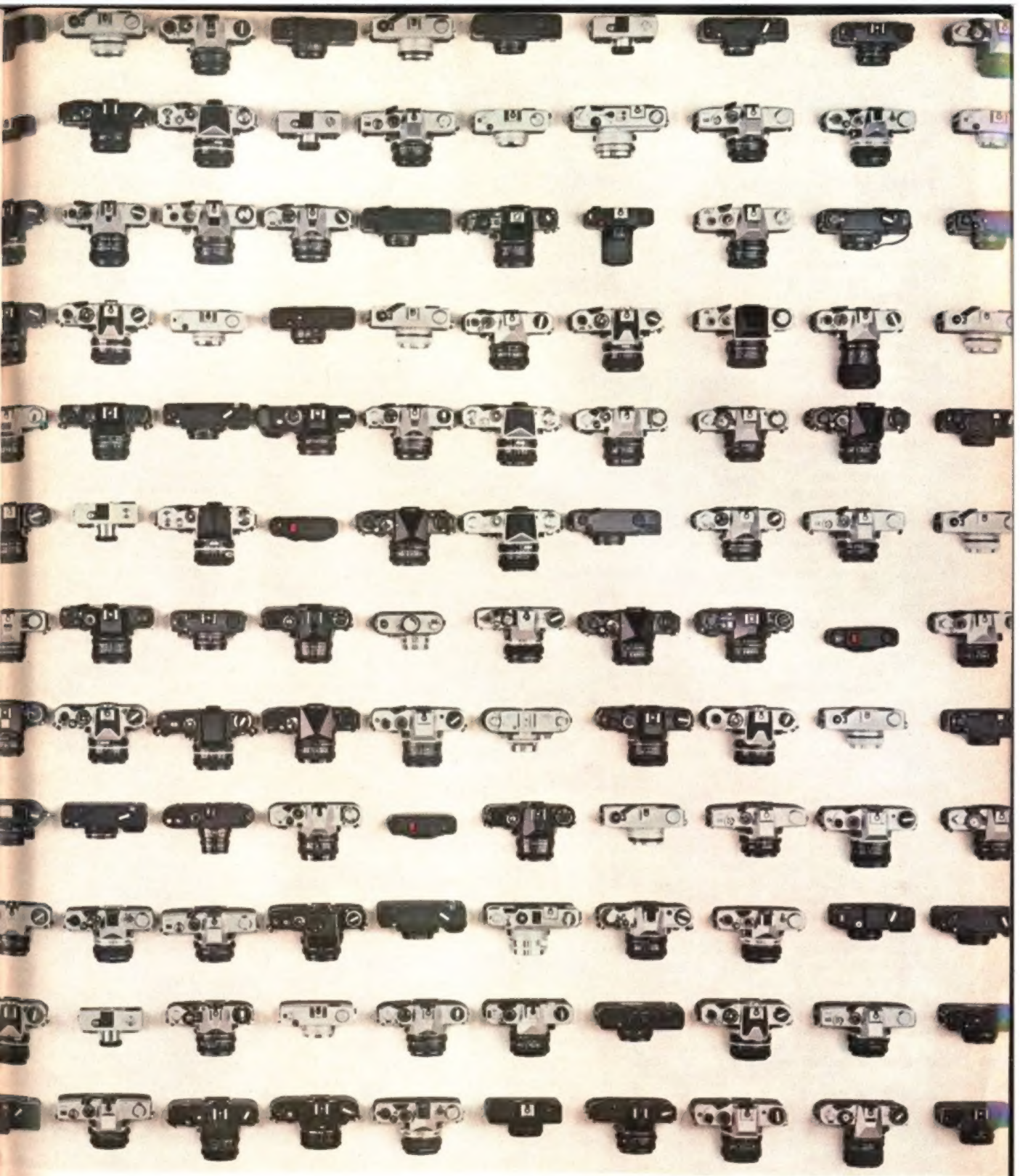
RESIGNED. Ella Grasso, 61, popular, twice-elected Democratic Governor of Connecticut whose victory in 1974 made her the first woman to govern a state without succeeding her husband; by reason of "physical disability" resulting from cancer of the liver; in Hartford, Conn. Daughter of immigrants from Italy's Piedmont region, she rose through the state legislature and the U.S. House of Representatives, marrying a school principal, Thomas Grasso, and rearing a daughter and son along the way. In a typically forthright announcement, she said she would yield to Lieutenant Governor William A. O'Neill as of Jan. 1 because she no longer had "the stamina or the endurance" to handle the job.

DIED. Francisco Sá Carneiro, 46, Prime Minister of Portugal whose rightist Democratic Alliance had given his country its first stable government since the overthrow of Marcello Caetano in 1974; in a plane crash that also killed Minister of Defense Adelino Amaro da Costa; in Lisbon (*see* WORLD).

DIED. Romain Gary, 66, Lithuanian-born hero of the Free French, diplomat and novelist (*The Roots of Heaven, Lady L*), whose former wife, Actress Jean Seberg, committed suicide last year; of a self-inflicted gunshot wound; in Paris. Gary met Seberg, his second wife, while serving as France's consul general in Los Angeles in the late 1950s. They were divorced in 1970. Last year he charged that the FBI had brought on her miscarriage and eventual suicide by leaking a story that falsely claimed she was pregnant by a member of the Black Panther Party. In a final note to his publisher, Gary disclaimed any connection between Seberg's death and his own. In answer to the question "Why then?" he cited the title of his autobiographical volume *The Night Will Be Peaceful* and quoted its last words: "I have finally explained myself fully."

DIED. Dorothy Day, 83, the guiding spirit of the Catholic Worker movement, a tireless activist, reformer and comforter of the poor and downtrodden; of heart disease; in New York City (*see* RELIGION).

DIED. Oswald Ernald Mosley, 84, dashing, charismatic leader of the British Union of Fascists whose army of anti-Semitic Blackshirts fomented hatred in London during the 1930s; in Orsay, France. A brilliant but impatient thinker and a gifted orator, Sir Oswald (he inherited the title from his father, an English baronet) was elected to Parliament at age 22 as a Conservative, later became an independent, then a Socialist Laborite, and finally embraced the ideology of Mussolini and Hitler. Held in detention as a national security risk during World War II, he later exiled himself to a villa in France. His son, Novelist Nicholas Mosley, said of him: "I see clearly that while the right hand dealt with grandiose ideas and glory, the left hand let the rat out of the sewer."



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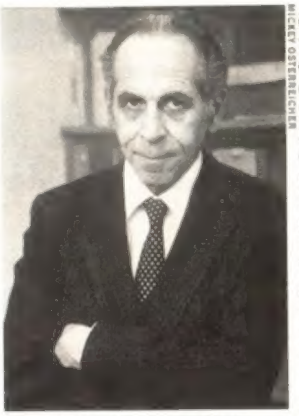

MICKEY OSTERREICHER

Szasz in his Syracuse office

For 25 years, American psychiatry's most persistent critic has been one of its own: Thomas Szasz. Listed as professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York Upstate Medical Center in Syracuse, Szasz, 60, is actually a practicing anti-psychiatrist. In a torrent of books, columns and articles, he has argued that there is no such thing as mental illness, only problems in living and problems with a psychiatric priestcraft that stigmatizes and occasionally incarcerates the troublemaker and the troubled. That credo usually makes Szasz as predictable as, say, William Safire on Billy Carter. But for once, Szasz has ceased pummeling psychiatrists and taken aim at a fresher, softer target: sex researchers and therapists.

His new book, *Sex by Prescription* (Anchor Press/Doubleday; $10.95), argues that sex research, like psychiatry, has invented a set of pseudomedical ailments, among them "sexual disorder," "sexual dysfunction" and "inadequate sexual desire." Says the author: "When we talk about sexual dysfunctions, the implication is that the labels for such alleged disorders name abnormal sexual conditions that exist in the same sense in which, say, cancer of the colon exists. This is simply not true." To Szasz, the use of medical jargon and white coats accomplishes two purposes: it removes sex from the world of values, and it encourages the notion that doctors are equipped as sex experts. Consulting a doctor about how to have sex, he argues, is like consulting a digestive expert on gourmet cooking. "Every educated person knows that if he wants to know about good eating, he must consult Craig Claiborne, not his gastroenterologist."

Is impotence, for example, a medical problem? Occasionally, says Szasz, but most of the time it has to do with the problems in a relationship, or with conflicts over guilt, social norms and personal values —all beyond the proper scope of medicine. In turning sex into a medical specialty, he says, sexologists smuggle in their own moral and social values disguised as diagnoses and treatments. Eighteenth century doctors once cured "sexual excitement" in women by bloodletting; now doctors set out to cure "inadequate" sexual desire. Among the dogmas he sees preached by the sexologists:

▸ Masturbation is essential. "In the 19th century," says Szasz, "masturbating was an illness and not masturbating was a treatment; today not masturbating is a disease and masturbating is a treatment."

▸ Oppressed groups, chiefly women and homosexuals, have a natural sexual superiority. Masters and Johnson, says Szasz, "previously claimed that women were more 'sexy' than men; now they claim that homosexuals are more 'sexy' than heterosexuals. The sexual superiority of homosexuals has, indeed, become an integral part of the sexual revisionist doctrine."

▸ Transsexual surgery is a valuable treatment for a real disease. Says Szasz: "Transsexualism is not a disease; surgigal operations creating fake males and fake females are not treatments."

▸ Sex should be removed from the realm of religion and morals and given to the sexologists. As Szasz sees it, most sex education is based on the notion that the only problem is repression. In many schools, courses endorse masturbation and extramarital lovemaking. A teacher who opposed lust, fornication and masturbation would be laughed out of the system. Says Szasz: "With the sexual Jesuits thus routed, the schools are an easy prey for the sexual Jacobins."

Again and again, Szasz uses the analogy between sex and eating. A man who performs sex too quickly is like "a man whose idea of a meal is to gulp down a hamburger and french fries in three minutes flat." Such a person is assuredly no gourmet, says Szasz, he merely has a pattern he may or may not want to change. Szasz dismisses one of Masters and Johnson's reflections on homosexuality with another food analogy. The sex researchers, in their book *Homosexuality in Perspective*, reported with some sense of discovery that homosexuals are not physiologically different from heterosexuals, and predicted that this finding would disarm some of the hostility toward homosexuals. According to Szasz, this is like saying that because the gastric juices released when eating beef are the same as those released when eating pork, eating pork is not sinful to Orthodox Jews. "The moral nature of homosexual acts," says Szasz, "cannot depend on the physiology of orgasms in homosexuals."

Szasz's broadside comes at a time when some sex researchers themselves are beginning to doubt the value of much of the work done in the field. Last summer, for instance, two California psychologists, both sex therapists, attacked Masters and Johnson for serious "methodological errors and slipshod reporting." But on occasion Szasz sounds like a heartless prosecutor. A man suffering from premature ejaculation may not care to be compared to a rapid hamburger eater. Despite Szasz's argument that the sex Establishment is removing sex from the world of values, many sexologists are clearly careful to respect the values of those they treat. Dr. Mary Calderone, president of the Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S., describes Szasz's charges as "laughable, pitiful." Calderone says that her organization is concerned with returning sex not to the doctors, but "to the individual to whom it belongs as part of his or her total health and personality structure."

Still, Szasz scores valid points about the new orthodoxies being fostered by the sexologists and the mixed blessings of "medicalizing" sex. To those who think a sex researcher has the secret key to satisfying sex, Szasz has a simple message: relax and conduct your own sex life.

—**By John Leo**

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